CHOW-CHOW.

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PREFACE.

It is necessary to say a few words in explanation of the title of this book. The Pedlers[1] in India (there called Bohras) carry their wares from village to village in boxes and baskets; among the latter, there is always one called the Chow-Chow basket, in which there is every variety of merchandize. The word Chow-Chow means "Odds and Ends," and in offering *my* Chow-Chow basket to the public, I venture to hope that something, however trifling, may be found in it, suited to the taste of everyone.

[1] The word throughout this work should be spelt 'Pedler.'

CONTENTS OF VOL. I.

CHAPTER I.

Morning Reception—Contrast between Small-talk in India and North America—Drive in the Native Town of Bombay—Variety of People in Bazaar—Shops—Flying Foxes—Esplanade—Jains at Bombay—Byculla Church—Punkas—Small Seats—Lady in a Difficulty—Toddy Palms—'Griffins'—Hot Nights in Bombay in May—Launch of a Ship—Byculla School—Matrimonial Arrangement for Girls—Yearly Examination of Children—Ruse Defeated—Amusing Incident ... 1—27

CHAPTER II.

Bombay—Air not Cooler—Temporary Bungalows—'Pucka' Bungalows—Scene from Verandah—Table Servants—Meeting with a Priest—Hindoo Religion—Sacred Trees and Objects of Adoration — Numerous Festivals in India ... ... 28—45

CHAPTER III.

The Fort of Bombay—Town-Hall—Jamsetjee Hospital—Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy—Elphinstone College—Few Public Amusements — Races — Malabar Hill—Snake-Charmers — Dust Storm—Burning the Dead — The Ranee's Funeral—Funeral of the Raja of Sattara 46—77

CHAPTER IV.

Bombay—Malabar Hill—Temples of Silence—Parsee Mode of Burial—The Parsees—Zoroaster—Darius' Horse—Religion of the Parsees—Dress—Walkeshwur—Legend—Salsette ... ... 78—89

CHAPTER V.

Bombay — The Cold Season—The East Wind — Balls, Dinners, Etiquette—Arrival of Young Ladies—'Three Hundred a Year, Dead or Alive'—The Harbour—Beautiful Scenery—Evening Drives—Conversation—Mahim Woods—Village of Mahim—Toddy Drawers—Matoonga—Guinea Worm—The Return Home from the Drive 90—108

CHAPTER VI.

Bombay—The Cave of Elephanta—Moonlight Nights in India — Gorahbunder — Bassein — Hooli Fete — The Deewali ... ... 109—131

CHAPTER VII.

Leave Bombay for the Hills—Account of Palkee Bearers—Mahabaleshwur—Delightful Climate—Syhadree Hills—Legend—Wild Animals — Snakes — Sunsets—Views—Wild Scenery—Number of Attendants on Children 132—153

CHAPTER VIII.

The Hills—The Gowlees—The Village and Temples of Mahabaleshwur—Legend—Pertabguhr—Widows of the Late Raja of Sattara—Their Visit to the Governor—Visits to the Widows and a Brahmin Lady—Dinner Sent by Her—Mohurrum ... ... 154—182

CHAPTER IX.

Leave the Hills for the Deccan—Heavy Rains—Journey to Waee—Beautiful Scenery—Travellers' Bungalows—Sight-Seeing at Waee—Legends—Dom—Visit to the Widow of Nana Furnawees — Legend — Enormous Banyan Tree—Monkeys—Visit to Rastia ... 183—213

CHAPTER X.

The Deccan—Rainy Season—The Peishwa—Dapoorie—Major Ford—Garden at Dapoorie — Snakes — White Ants—Insects—Tameness of Birds and Squirrels—Ball at Dapoorie—Emirs of Scinde—Blister Flies—Durbar 214—234

CHAPTER XI.

The Deccan—The Deccan Plains before and after the Rains —Villages—Stories—Pilgrimage to Sacred Places—Legend—Beautiful Sunsets in the Rainy Season 235—250

CHAPTER XII.

Worship of Wittoba ... ... 251—263

CHAPTER XIII.

The Deccan — Kirkee—the Sungum—View — Gosaeens—Suttee—Sacred Trees—City of Poona—Jain Temple—Garden of Diamonds—Temples of Parbuttee—Ceremony of Datchma—Dinners in the Open Air—Bamboora—Hindoo Festivals ... . 264—291

CHAPTER XIV.

The Deccan—Chinchore—The Living God—His Origin—Visited by Lord Valentia—Account of the God by a European Gentleman—Chakun—Hindoo Village early in the Morning—Luxuriant Vegetation after the Rains —The Fort of Chakun—Fort of Singhur—Tolapoor—Story of Aurungzebe and the Ferryman—Story of Grain Dealer—Native Ferry Boats—Guneskondy—Dance of Crishna and his Wife—Candallah—The Dussera 292—310

CHOW-CHOW.

CHAPTER 1.

MORNING RECEPTION — CONTRAST BETWEEN SMALL-TALK IN INDIA AND NORTH AMERICA—DRIVE IN THE NATIVE TOWN OF BOMBAY—VARIETY OF PEOPLE IN BAZAAR—SHOPS—FLYING FOXES—ESPLANADE—JAINS AT BOMBAY—BYCULLA CHURCH—PUNKAS—SMALL SEATS—LADY IN A DIFFICULTY—TODDY PALMS—'GRIFFINS'—HOT NIGHTS IN BOMBAY IN MAY—LAUNCH OF A SHIP—BYCULLA SCHOOL — MATRIMONIAL ARRANGEMENT FOR GIRLS—YEARLY EXAMINATION OF CHILDREN—RUSE DEFEATED—AMUSING INCIDENT.

In the spring of 1848, Lord Falkland was appointed governor of Bombay; and soon after our arrival in India, it became my duty to hold a kind of drawing-room, to receive the ladies, wives of the civilians, of the military officers in the service of the East India Company, and of the merchants, resident in the Island of Bombay, and

it was decided that this grand event should take place as early as circumstances would allow.

Strange as it may seem, it had been customary for some years to have these receptions at mid-day, an hour at which the heat of the climate, during the month of May, is almost intolerable. I thought it somewhat odd such a time should have been selected; however, I obeyed orders, though I made up my mind that it should, if possible, be my first and last morning reception, and that in future I would be 'at home' in the evening; for, leaving the heat out of the question, ladies look much better by candle light, and feeling this strongly in my own case, I fancied I might find others to sympathize with me, especially those who were not so young as they had been, and that the change would be popular. This time, however, preparations went on according to the old fashion, unnecessary furniture was removed from the large, and handsome drawing-room, to give more space for the guests, and I was much amused by——, whose Hindoostanee made but very little impression on the native servants, for when he meant a table to be taken away, a '*peon*,' or footman, seized hold of a chair, and when a sofa had to be removed, a '*hamal*' (a man who acts the part of a housemaid in India),

would carry off a table; nevertheless, all the requisite arrangements were at length completed, and at twelve the company began to arrive.

The ladies were dressed in the newest fashions from Europe, and their toilettes were quite *en règle*. The paleness of their complexions astonished me very much, and gave to many an otherwise pretty face, a washed-out look, like that of a faded miniature on ivory. They sat for a short time, and we 'made conversation' as well as we could. The gentlemen remained standing, looking as if they wished they had not come, which I own did not surprise me.

It may well be imagined that the flow of talk was not lively, for who could be animated and communicative after a long drive in India, and in May! perhaps the hottest month in the year? Our topics were dusty roads, cool houses, the reviving climate of the Deccan (which seemed, from all accounts, to be a kind of paradise), healthy and unhealthy stations, and the coming Monsoon. I heard Mrs. —— could not come to the reception, as she was suffering from a *coup de vent*, occasioned by her sleeping with her window open when the wind was in the east; of one gentleman just recovering from the Scinde fever, and of another individual, who

was still weak from the effects of a jungle fever. How could I help thinking of the person who, on my arrival in India, had said to me, when speaking of the climate, and of the sudden illnesses to which Europeans are liable, "Ah! alive to-day—dead to-morrow!"

When I left England for India, I had not long returned from North America, where the conversation about the weather for the greater part of the year was of a very cool nature, the subjects being icebergs, sleighing, good stoves, double windows, and the 'Barber,' so called, from the effect produced by a vapour that rises from the harbour of Halifax, in intense cold, combined with a wind, that in the winter shaves, or rather flays everybody's face in a most unmerciful manner. This contrast in the conversational topics of the two countries was striking enough.

In due course of time, the company dropped off, the ladies remarking that they should meet the sea-breeze as they drove homewards; and I thought that they did, indeed, deserve some recompense for all the fatigue and heat they had endured with so much patience and amiability.

The same evening we drove through the native town and bazaar of Bombay. Here I was quite

bewildered with the novelty of the scene around me—too much so, indeed—as we passed rather quickly through the streets, to note separately the endless variety of groups and pictures that presented themselves, in all directions; still, I saw a great deal. A bridal-party first drew my attention. The young bride rode *à califourchon* on a miserable pony; and behind her, on the same animal, sat the bridegroom. They both wore gilt-paper crowns; and down their faces hung many strips of tinsel, and coloured beads, completely concealing their features; relations and friends on foot, and men beating the '*tom-tom*' (native drum) and playing on musical instruments, both followed and preceded the happy couple.

The street from that part of the bazaar which is called the 'Bendy Bazaar,' to the esplanade, is crowded from sunrise to nine o'clock at night; and, as the people walk generally in the middle of the streets, the coachmen and 'gorah-wallahs'[1] (running footmen), who attend the carriages of Europeans and wealthy natives, are constantly calling out to the pedestrians to get out of the way.

The most interesting part of the native town begins at the horse-bazaar; where, in the cool of

[1] Literally, horse-fellows.

the evening, the picturesquely-clothed Persian and Arab horse-dealers sit in the open air, sipping coffee and smoking with their friends. All is much 'Europeanized' in Bombay, to use an Anglo-Indian expression; and these men, instead of squatting on the ground, sit on old chairs and stools.

Proceeding onwards, the scene becomes more animated, and one is constantly looking to the right and left, fearing to miss some new and curious sight. Many of the houses are lofty, and the ornaments outside carved in wood. Presently, we pass what I am told is a Jain temple, and I strain my eyes to look inside, but only see the pillars and external ornaments, painted red and green, and I wonder who the Jains *can be?* Some are pointed out, wearing very high turbans, passing in and out of the building. I learn they are a sect of Boud-dhists, and long to know all about them; but there is no time for hearing more just now. A Brahmin priest passes, he is turbanless, his hair floating in the breeze, his white robes falling in ample folds around him; in one hand he holds a copper drinking vessel; in the other, a few sacred flowers—an offering to some god in a temple close by. To the right is a Musjid, or Mussulman temple, into which the followers of the prophet are crowding for their

evening devotions. Near us is a Fakir, or religious (Mussulman) fanatic, with a long beard, calling out to passers-by for alms; close to him stands a Hindoo saint who has devoted himself by a vow to a life of begging, meditation, and idleness; his face and matted hair are besmeared with ashes, as also his body, on which he has as little covering as may be. I have scarcely time to look at this unpleasant specimen of humanity, when I see a group of women, with their heavy anklets, 'making a tinkling with their feet,'[1] their sarees[2] folded over their heads and persons, and carrying little chubby children on their shoulders, or astride on their hips; and now these are lost to sight, a fresh group appears, consisting of Hindoo women of various castes, clothed in jackets and sarees of divers colours, and wearing 'the chains and the bracelets,' 'the ear-ring,' 'the rings and the nose-rings.'[3] I must not forget the toe-rings, which are thick and heavy, and must cause, I should think, some pain and inconvenience to the wearers. On their heads

[1] Isaiah iii. 16.

[2] The name of the mantle or veil worn by the Hindoo women; one end forms a very voluminous kind of skirt or petticoat; the other end is then drawn over the head and shoulders, somewhat in the style or form of a *Maltese Faldetta.*

[3] Isaiah iii. 19—21.

they bear large copper water-pots, and they walk with a stately and measured step, though the crowd presses on them, some not even holding the vessels with one hand. Next comes a hackery, or peasant's cart, drawn by two pretty little Indian bullocks, with rings through their noses, through which a cord is drawn, which serves the purpose of a bridle. In the vehicle are several native women, returning from a fête, with flowers in their black hair; then a European carriage, painted light blue, and elaborately mounted in silver, in which a fat native gentleman is sitting, rushes furiously past, driven by a Parsee coachman.

On all sides, jostling and passing each other, are seen—Persian dyers; Bannian shop-keepers; Chinese with long tails; Arab horse-dealers; Abyssinian youths, servants of the latter; Bohras (pedlars); toddy-drawers, carrying large vessels on their heads; Armenian priests, with flowing robes and beards; Jews in long tunics and mantles, their dress, half Persian, half Moorish; Portuguese, small, under-sized men, clad in scanty short trousers, white jackets, and frequently wearing white linen caps. Then we meet the Parsee priest, all in white from top to toe, except his dark face and black beard; Hindoo, Mussulman, and Portuguese nurses, or at-

tendants on European children and ladies, mingle in the crowd, and everywhere I see something new to look at every moment. What bits to sketch! what effects here! what colouring there!

At times the crowd is broken into by the gorah-wallahs belonging to the carriage of a 'burrah bibi' (great lady), wife of a European sahib, ('*high up*') in the military or civil service of the honourable company.

I have as yet said nothing of the shops, where the sellers sit squatting and waiting for purchasers. In the East, it is usual for all the members of a trade to live in the same vicinity, and thus we find a row of many shops here, all tenanted by coppersmiths, there by cutters of stones, by vendors of gold and silver ornaments, of wearing apparel for the natives, each having their proper *locale*—a custom we read of among the ancient Jews; for 'Zedekiah the king commanded that they should commit Jeremiah into the court of the prison,' and that 'they should give him daily a piece of bread out of the *bakers' street*.' [1] Amidst such a variety of novel sights it is impossible to note all. There are sellers of flowers for weddings—of flowers for offerings at temples; shops where rice, split-peas, salt, oil,

[1] Jeremiah xxxvii. 21.

vinegar, ghee or clarified butter, made from the milk of the buffalo, betel-nuts, pawn-leaves, and fruits are retailed; besides confectioners, dealers in snuff and tobacco, or copper vessels for household use among the natives, and lamps, some of which are very curious, and indeed classical in form. Here and there the foliage of palms, and other trees, particularly that of the pipul, mingles with the houses. From the branches of the last-named tree hang clusters of flying foxes, head downwards, apparently by one leg: these animals are in a dormant state from sunrise to sunset, at which time they show signs of life, and commence their nocturnal wanderings. They have the wings, body, and legs of the bat, and the head of a fox most exquisitely and delicately formed, resembling that of the quadruped alike in colour, shape, and fur. The body is generally about a foot long, and the wings, when extended, from three to four feet between the extremities. By day, when seen suspended from the pipul, they look like very large *côtelettes à la maintenon* attached to the frailest boughs; but while flying, in the dusk of the evening, they have the appearance of crows of a large size. Their flight is heavy, and apparently slow, as if they were never quite awake.

The variety of colour exhibited in the turbans and costumes of the natives astonishes a European. The dresses of the men (at least of those who do wear clothes) are frequently white, but the turbans are of all colours, and the forms various—the reds are particularly fine; indeed, all the dyes are beautiful.

Such were my impressions on my first drive through the native town of Bombay, and, after all, I saw very little compared with what there was to see.

After leaving the native town, we drove to the esplanade, which is near the fort of Bombay. The band was about to play, and the fashionable world just arriving in carriages or on horseback, and many European children on ponies, or in small carriages drawn by native servants. It was nearly dark when we reached this 'prado,' and as there is scarcely any twilight in the tropics, we sat for half-an-hour in the dark, with our faces turned to the western breeze. The only lights were those for the musicians, who were playing from notes, and the lamps of the numerous carriages. The ladies remained in their britzkas, and the gentlemen flitted about from carriage to carriage, paying their *devoirs* to the fair occupants, who were just recovering from the unusual and overpowering heat of the day.

The children were led by their attendants round and round the band-stand, which I thought would give the little things a decided taste, or dislike, for music in future years.

We returned home by the native town again; it was still animated—marriage festivities were going on, many of the houses were gaily lighted, discordant musical instruments were heard in all directions; some shops were still open, and from their ceilings hung heavy brass lamps, throwing a dim light on dusky Hindoos, enveloped in large white cloths, their heads just peering over baskets piled up with rice and all kinds of grain; while over our heads passed the flying-foxes with their lazy and mysterious flight.

The Jains, of whom I have spoken as a sect of Bouddhists, are spread all over India, and many of their doctrines and ceremonies resemble those of the Brahmins; but the Jain, though he burns the dead, does not make offerings to them, when the rite, called Shraddhu, is performed, for he says, "Of what use is it to pour oil into the lamp, after the wick is burnt to ashes." The Hindoos believe that the soul of the dead must remain in purgatory for a certain time, that the performance of Shraddhu releases it after a given period, and that

by means of gifts to the Brahmin priests in the name of the deceased, it is translated to heaven. Shraddhu means literally, 'firm faith,' and is a ceremony that reminds one of the Roman Catholic masses for the repose of the soul of the dead.

The Jains bear a very strong resemblance to the Bouddhists in their religious doctrines; they believe that there is a God, but affirm that he can be known only by such as become absorbed in his essence; that, therefore, a person knowing God, ceases to possess identity; that hence, it is absurd for a human being to pretend to know him. The moment you discover him, your identity ceases. They deny that God was ever incarnated, and, like the Bouddhists, believe that men, by their virtuous conduct, became omniscient, and may thus be considered infallible. They hold, that since the beginning of time, only twenty-four such superior beings have appeared for the reformation of mankind; these they style the 'Tirthankar.' Their priests, the Jatis, not only never put anything to death, but never eat anything that has had life. The Jains resemble the Hindoos, in having caste, which the Bouddhists have not. In the Mysur and the south of India, the Jains admit also certain of the Hindoo deities into the courts of their

temples, which is never done, as I can learn, either in Bombay, the Mahratta country, Guzerat, or Marwad, in all of which places there are numbers of Jains."[1]

The Jains are easily recognized by their lofty turbans, and by the sectarian mark on their foreheads—a straight line of sandal-wood powder, drawn from the roots of the hair to the junction of the nose with the forehead. When they pray they cover their mouths with a cloth, lest they should swallow any insect, and gently brush the place where they intend to sit, lest they should crush one. When they find a stray bird, or animal, they take the greatest care of it.

Ward, in his work on the literature and mythology of the Hindoos, says, that the Jains carry this principle so far, that "they cannot allow that any crime justifies the taking away of life; hence they, like the Bouddhists, consider kings, as the administrators of justice, the greatest of sinners."

On the Sunday, I went to the church at Byculla. It is certainly very unlike a church in England. There are large windows with Venetian

[1] Mr. Erskine's account of the Cave Temple of Elephanta. —*Bombay Literary Transactions*, vol. i.

blinds, well suited to the climate. Outside the church, close to the walls, and at equal distances from each other, stood several natives. What could they be standing there for? curiosity, perhaps, had attracted them to see the 'Governor Sahib' attend his place of worship. I soon discovered the reason of their presence. They were to pull the punkas,[1] which were inside the church. The cords attached to these huge fans, which are suspended from the ceiling, being run through a hole in the wall, they are easily set in motion, as soon as the congregation begins to arrive. There were separate punkas for the clergyman in the reading-desk, and for the preacher in the pulpit. These gigantic fans are indispensable in a church in India, and prevent flies and mosquitoes from annoying one during divine service. The pews are very narrow, and I was astonished to find arm-chairs instead of what are called 'seats,' and thought it odd to sit in an arm-chair at church, nothing doubt-

[1] The punka is a frame of wood about twelve feet long, three or four feet wide, and two inches thick, covered with canvass, and suspended by ropes from the top of the room. It is generally hung over the dining-table, and is drawn and let go again, so as to agitate the air, by a servant standing at one side of the room.—*Ward's History, Literature, &c., of the Hindoos.*

ing, however, that I should become accustomed to this, as well as to many other strange things in my new abiding-place. The pews are so contracted, and the doors so unnecessarily small, that a large woman, with her own breadth, and eight breadths of silk besides, must find it difficult to enter one of them. I heard of a lady, the folds of whose gown were so ample, that on one occasion, after having, with difficulty, succeeded in settling herself in the pew at the commencement of the service, she found, on its conclusion, her stiff dress so entangled in the arms of the chair, that she could not move; and there the poor thing remained, perfectly helpless, her position becoming every moment more embarrassing, till a kind neighbour came to her assistance, and extricated her from her painful predicament.

When the offertory was read, a person came round, as usual, with a plate to receive the offerings of the congregation. Those who did not give money at the moment were presented with a slip of paper and a pencil, and wrote their address, and the amount of their donation, in order that it might afterwards be paid at their residence. It struck me as a somewhat strange proceeding; but it has this advantage, that no one in a certain position in society can escape giving something.

There are so many things to observe during the day, and all so new, that, in addition to my usual occupations, I can scarcely find time to ask, "Why is this, and for what is that?—what is the name of that tree, or plant, or flower?—what is toddy, and where does toddy come from?" In reply to my question, I learn it is a juice extracted from the different species of the palm tribe, and is converted into arrack, of which great quantities are sold in the bazaar.

I have alluded to the marriage festivities I saw going on late in the evening, when we returned through the native town from our drive.

The marriage expenses of all classes of natives are very great. It is very rarely that the two families are so much on an equality as to make each side equally anxious for the union. Sometimes, and in particular tribes and castes, it is the wife who is difficult to obtain, and then the friends of the bridegroom must pay high sums to the bride's family to induce them to give their consent. More frequently, and in most tribes and castes, to get a husband is the greater difficulty, and then the family of the lady has to pay, directly or indirectly. Something here, as in Europe, is generally done to screen the real character of the trans-

action, and to avoid the reproach of 'buying' or 'selling' a wife or husband, with which the parties would be taunted if the transaction were placed in its real light.

There is one tribe in Bengal, the Coolin (literally, 'well born,' 'men of good family') Bramins, who are in such request as husbands, that the parents of Bramin girls of lower degree give enormous sums to obtain a Coolin Bramin husband for their child. Some Coolins have fifty such wives, some of whom they have never seen. When the abuse of paying for a good match becomes as obvious as in this case, something may be done—and I hear something is in contemplation by the Legislative Council—to check the evil.

The providing clothes and jewels for the young people is another expense. A man earning ten or twelve shillings a month, will sometimes give his daughter clothes, gold and silver ornaments, and copper cooking-pots, to the value of six or eight pounds, and other classes in proportion. Of course, the parents often get hopelessly in debt to effect this, and so far the custom is mischievous; but 'there is something to show' for the money, and the young pair are to some extent the better for their parents' want of sense.

Then the fees to Bramins, the eating, drinking, largess-giving, dancing, tom-toming, piping, &c., form a great source of marriage expenses. The whole of the caste of both parties living in the neighbourhood expect to be invited as a matter of course, and the *parvenu millionaire*, or the broken-down man of good family, generally keeps open house for some days.

Among old families, as in Rajpootana, something has been done in a few localities, by a sort of common agreement among the heads of the oldest and most influential families, to limit the expenses of marriages; but it is less easy to cure the folly among the millionaires of the large towns, who ought to be wiser, but who are the great offenders in this respect.

The heat in the month of May in Bombay is really very great. Old Anglo-Indians feel it, and how much more must 'griffins'[1] feel?

The mosquitoes make a rich harvest on new-comers; fair checks are swollen, delicate white hands disfigured, by the constant attack of those little monsters, and should a careless hamal have

[1] Griffin means a Johnny Newcome, a fresh, raw hand, who, for want of local knowledge, makes all kinds of foolish mistakes. It is said, that it is only after a two years' sojourn in India, that a person has passed his 'griffinage.'

omitted to expel even a solitary one from beneath the mosquitoe curtains, the unfortunate occupier of the bed within is doomed to misery for a whole night. I suffer from the heat most between the hours of three and five in the afternoon. During these two hours, one *does* grumble, and one *is* impatient. It is too hot to take a siesta—too hot to do anything in comfort; however, here, as in other places, 'when things come to the worst, they mend,' and at five in the afternoon, we eagerly watch for the coming western breeze. Our windows look over what are called 'the flats'—a plain, which in the monsoon is converted into rice-fields, but is now brown, dried up, and full of stubble. Beyond these flats is an extensive wood of palms, which reaches as far as the sea-shore. About five o'clock, we see the tops of those fine trees gently agitated, and we know the breeze will not long tarry, that it will soon travel over to us, panting, breathless mortals—and so it comes. The trees seem to bow in deference as it approaches, and the few flowers in existence (at this time of year), and the dried-up-looking plants, are watered by the gardeners, and all—trees, plants, and flowers—alike appear to receive new life.

At last it enters the apartments, and becoming

each moment stronger, often makes the pendant drops of the chandeliers tremble, and produce, by their contact with each other, a pleasing harmonious "carillon," as if they too were grateful for the visit of the western breeze; but alas! this visit is of short duration at this season, it dies away towards dusk, leaving us again to pant till five o'clock the next day.

During the night, in the month of May, it is impossible to sleep with closed windows, and nearly as impossible to do so with open ones. Thus, sleep is almost hopeless. The beasts, the birds, the insects, the reptiles, appear to join in one universal tumult, and even human beings seem to take very little repose. In a temple not far off, a priest is beating a drum, and I conclude, invoking the help of some god or goddess. When the drumming ceases, I sink into a doze, but to be again roused by howling jackals, tearing over the flats in pursuit of prey, by the hooting of the 'night hawk,' (as it is called here, though it is in fact a screech owl,) then by the deep toned note of an enormous frog, mingled with the 'chip, chip,' of many a grasshopper, and about daylight, a lively bird, anxious 'to be up and doing,' begins a merry chirp, or a crow with his very vulgar 'caw, caw,' destroys all hopes of rest. At last, as day

dawns, I see, outside the bed, those little greedy mosquitoes clinging to the curtains, and staring at me, thinking how good I should be! and I rise, weary and but little refreshed, to go to the launch of a ship at the dock-yard, in the fort.

Round the vessel were suspended festoons of mango-leaves. Complaints have been made, that, at the launch of ships in Bombay, ceremonies and customs of an idolatrous tendency are observed. This was, I hear, very much the case formerly; and I own that, in the ceremonies I witnessed on this occasion, there was a mixture of Christianity and heathenism; which, in my opinion, it would be desirable to avoid. I cannot see why any idolatrous customs should be preserved; but, as they have in some measure been discontinued, it is to be hoped they will cease entirely. After the ship had left its cradle, the principal ship-builder, who was a 'parsee,' and his assistants, received presents from the government.

It devolved on me to give shawls to these persons, who, in their turn, presented nosegays to the ladies, and sprinkled rose-water on their pocket handkerchiefs, giving betle-nuts to every one, intimating that it was for good luck.

The betle-nut is the nut of the *Areca catechu*, a most beautiful and graceful palm; and the paun is

the leaf of the 'piper-betle.' It is very sharp to the taste, and the natives are very fond of it.

An annual examination of the boys and girls of the Byculla school, situated about two miles from our residence, takes place at this time of year; it is attended by the Bishop of Bombay, and all the European gentlemen and ladies of the island, who take a great interest in the welfare of the poor children.

This school is of long-standing, and is in all respects an admirable institution. The children admitted into it, are all half-castes—many are orphans, and some foundlings. They receive a very good education; and, *hitherto*, have not been over-educated, merely learning what will be necessary for them when they go forth into the world. In all the various *ologies* which could be of no possible use to them they are not instructed. They have, in the first place, as a ground work, without which all their learning would be of little use, a sound religious and moral training; and I hear it is of rare occurrence that in after life they disappoint their benefactors by ill conduct.

The children enter the school when very young. The girls remaining either till they marry, or are engaged as attendants on European ladies. The

boys when old enough, become clerks in government offices, or tailors, or butlers and valets to European gentlemen.

The matrimonial arrangements for the girls are somewhat peculiar, but having always been the same, and having been sanctioned for many years, by the heads of the clergy of the diocese and the ladies-patronesses, I conclude they are not (taking into account the peculiar circumstances and exigencies of society here), to be deemed unbefitting, though they must strike a stranger at first as very singular.

Should a European, or a half-caste, in the middling rank of life desire to find a wife, the mistress of this establishment being apprized of his wishes, he is invited to her tea table, where she has taken care that several of her pupils of fitting age shall be present. From among these dark beauties, the aspirant selects one for his help-mate, and making known his choice to the governess, he is at once accepted (of course with the consent of the girl and that of the committee of ladies belonging to the school) if on enquiring into his character he is found to be respectable.

All however who go to the above tea parties are not equally pleased with the appearance of the young ladies, for I heard of a serjeant in a regiment

who, when asked by his captain if he had made his choice, replied—"*Lor! sir, no; they ain't got no 'air on their 'eads!*"

The girls are certainly singularly plain; their complexions being of all kinds of neutral tints and shades of yellow; their hair is cut short; their dress is one of the greatest simplicity, and so scanty that they would find no difficulty in entering a pew at Byculla church.

The school-room is almost one hundred feet long, very airy, and well ventilated. The windows large and many. It serves as a dormitory for the girls, who lie on the floor on carpets, which are easily removed in the morning. This primitive way of sleeping seems odd to Europeans, but when we become acquainted with the climate of the east, and see the natives requiring no luxuries—indeed, scarcely what we deem necessary comforts—our surprise ceases. Several of our servants pass the night in verandahs, with merely a pillow, and a warm, dark cloth over them; and the ayahs, or native maids of European ladies, frequently sleep on the ground in some unoccupied rooms in the bungalow.

The yearly examination at the school to which I went, was very interesting; but everywhere I find

that these exhibitions are too long for the children, as well as for the visitors. I, therefore, on being asked to select a chapter in the Bible, in which the scholars were to be examined, chose a short one; when, however, it was finished, and the young people had answered to the satisfaction of all the listeners, I was somewhat overcome by one present, who was high in authority, saying—"Had we not better have the chapter over again."

Prizes were awarded to the pupils after they had passed an examination in geography, history, and in writing, and it did one's heart good to see them look so happy, a few small wee creatures, scarcely able to toddle, and too young to learn, received each some trifling toy. Before quitting the school, we went to see the children at dinner, which was not a very pretty or interesting sight, as their manners were very primitive, and some exemplified the truth of the old adage, 'that fingers were made before forks.'

As we descended into the hall, a ridiculous incident occurred, and one of the gentlemen of the party, who had just arrived from England, found himself in a very unforeseen position. A very little child, an inmate of the institution, with large black eyes, a flattish nose, and a complexion shading off from bistre into yellow ochre clung round his legs; and

looking up most imploringly into his face, cried out, "Pa-pa! Pa-pa!" All the efforts of our friend to disentangle himself from the affectionate embraces of the poor little innocent were useless. It only clung closer, and cried "pa-pa! pa-pa!" more vehemently. How long the struggle lasted I know not, for I hastened to escape from a scene which was much too laughable. But the *victim* having never been in India till within a month previous, had no reason to be annoyed at this small episode in his early eastern career.

A few days after, while we were at dinner in a very large verandah open at the sides, and covered in at the top with flags, a violent thunder-storm came on —vivid flashes of lightning dazzled the sight, and tremendous peals of thunder shook the building. We had barely time to have the table removed, ere the rain came down in torrents, and in a few minutes, what had been our dining-room, was converted into a tank or pond. The air was cooler for a short time, while the rain was falling. We seemed to breathe more freely, and I almost wished to go into the flooded verandah and enjoy the monster shower bath.

Such was the commencement of the monsoon.

CHAPTER II.

BOMBAY — AIR NOT COOLER — TEMPORARY BUNGALOWS — 'PUCKA' BUNGALOWS—SCENE FROM VERANDAH—TABLE SERVANTS—MEETING WITH A PRIEST—HINDOO RELIGION —SACRED TREES AND OBJECTS OF ADORATION—NUMEROUS FESTIVALS IN INDIA.

THE first storm did not cool the air; we still grumbled on at the heat; and the atmosphere was sultry and oppressive. Some good, however, resulted from the tempest; for it furnished matter for conversation for a day or two, as people had not seen rain, probably, for eight months.

It is very unusual to talk of the weather in India (except during the monsoon). You never hear people say to one another, as they do in England, 'what a fine day! or 'here's another fine day!' for, although the heat is very great, and there may be an east wind sometimes, still all the days are, what in England would be called, fine. Thus the storm was discussed with animation; one

said 'it was very '*solemnizing*,' and another, that 'we had had a *plumping* shower.'

The lightning had done some mischief. A party which had been dining under canvass, at the commencement of the storm, had scarcely removed to the drawing-room tent, when it struck the dinner-table, cleaving it in two!

It is to be understood, that, during several months, many persons live on the esplanade of Bombay, in temporary bungalows and tents. The former are houses of one story, and of such construction that they can at once be levelled to the ground. The walls are of lath and plaster. The ceilings are of wood, or calico, stretched on a frame-work, and plastered; while for the roofs, and, as a protection to the exterior, mats are much used. Those called 'cadjans,' are merely the gigantic fan-like leaves of the palmyra palm, dried and used in their natural shape. Another kind is made of the cocoa-nut leaf, by interlacing the leaflets on the opposite sides of the strong midrib of the frond. These temporary bungalows are taken down when the rains begin; and people who do not go to Poona in the Deccan, remove to what are called 'pucka' bungalows,[1] edifices almost as substantial

[1] A 'bungalow' has, strictly speaking, no upper story.

as a pucka-house,[1] which is built of stone, or burnt or sun-dried bricks, lime cement, or clay, or mud cement, and with tiled roofs.

As yet, I had seen very little of Bombay but the drives in the environs, which are beautiful. It was too hot to visit the Braminical caves in the island of Elephanta, and a few other places which I was told were well worth seeing; so I had to defer this to what is called 'the cold season.' Still, without going far from home, there was so much to look at and admire, that I was amused with almost everything I saw; and, fortunately, I retained this faculty of being interested in all the common scenes and events of every-day life in India, during a sojourn there of five years.

But this distinction between a 'bungalow' and any other house, is not very exactly observed in ordinary conversation —the word 'bungalow' being constantly used for house.

[1] Pucka means, originally, 'ripened,' and hence comes to mean 'cooked,' and anything which is the opposite to '*cutcha*,' or raw. A 'pucka-man' is a 'shrewd, smart fellow,' as the Yankees would call him, as opposed to a 'cutcha-man,' one raw and inexperienced. A 'pucka appointment,' is one to which the nominee is permanently attached, and not acting for another party, which would make the office 'cutcha,' or acting and temporary. A 'pucka juwab,' or rejection, is when a refusal is so vouched as to leave the unhappy suitor no hope of success by further perseverance.

Parell, our residence, six miles from the fort, was very pretty. The house was a decided '*pucka*' house, containing some very handsome rooms. It stood in what is called in India, a 'compound,' corresponding to a small park, or paddock in England.

I had not been long in Bombay, before it became my habit to sit at early morning, in a verandah, overlooking the beautiful garden attached to our house, wondering at everything.

There was nothing in the scene to remind me of Europe, except perhaps, at very rare intervals, an English servant, determined to wear a black beaver hat, and doing all he could to have a sun stroke. Despite the early hour, it was always overpoweringly hot. There were no clouds rising in the deep blue sky, and the sun would pour down its heat on the burnt-up grass, and trees, and drooping shrubs, Nature herself as well as human beings, apparently sighing for the rains.[1]

The flower garden, though not large, was tastefully laid out; and a terrace at the end of it, having mango trees on one side, and a large

[1] All the trees in India do not lose their foliage; but soon after the rains it becomes thin, and remains so till the fresh leaves make their appearance. The tamarind is a tree, which in this state, looks very untidy just before the monsoon.

piece of water on the other, rendered it a pleasant walk in the evening.

Along the sides of all the walks of this garden are stone channels, into which, the water runs from the wells, and thence into the beds of plants and flowers, which for a time stand in a refreshing pool.

The trees were all new to me, especially a teak, (*Tectona Grandis,*) with its last year's foliage, the large leaves being very much 'the worse for wear.'

At the end of the garden were superb mango trees so famous for their delicious fruit, that comes into season in April, but unfortunately only lasts till June. I have met with some persons who do not like the mango, but they are 'few and far between.' It is perfection—you do not wish it larger, nor smaller, nor is it too sweet or too sour. When you have eaten one, it is enough, but a second is by no means too much. The flavour combines that of the melon, apricot, and strawberry. The blossom is beautiful, the rind has tints of green, red, and orange. It must have been the fruit which tempted Eve, and that weak man, Adam, who afterwards threw all the blame on his poor wife.

Near me was the Asoka,[1] which in spring bears

[1] This tree is sacred to Mahadeva. (Siva) In some places in India it is more esteemed than at others. At Brahma-

beautiful red blossoms, many casuarinas with their light and graceful foliage being intermixed and contrasted with the broad leaves of various kinds of palms, among them the lofty *Caryota Urens*,[1] and the traveller's palm, from which a watery juice is extracted, and the broad leaves of which grow in a complete fan-like form; the beauty of the whole scene being enhanced and enlivened by the brilliant-coloured turbans worn by the native servants belonging to the establishment of the 'burra sahib,'[2]

putra the women bathe in some holy stream with the blossoms floating in it. The Hindoos say that the contact of the stem of the Asoka tree with the foot of a woman of superior beauty, is supposed to make it blossom. This tree is often alluded to in 'Select Specimens of the Theatre of the Hindoos,' translated by Mr. Wilson. In the 'Toy Cart,' *Maitreya* says, describing a garden—"And here the Asoka tree with its rich crimson blossoms, shines like a young warrior bathed in the sanguine shower of the furious fight."

[1] The late Mr. Graham, author of a catalogue of the plants growing in Bombay and its vicinity, remarks, that this tree is the most ornamental of the whole tribe, with its long pendulous clusters of dark-red, succulent, acrid berries. The pith of this tree yields a species of sago, and the sap, or toddy, is in common use in the Deccan, for the purpose of yeast for raising or fomenting bread. Mr. Graham died at an early age in India. He is buried at Candallah, in the Deccan, where I saw his grave. His work was one of much interest to me, containing a list of all the trees and plants I was in the habit of seeing daily.

[2] Great gentleman.

of which there are so many that it is not easy at first to know their different offices.

First, a very tall, portly parsee, who is the *maître d'hôtel*, would walk forth to begin his day's occupations, and then appeared sundry parsee and mussulman-servants carrying tea or coffee to their different masters' rooms. These would be followed by the durseys or tailors going to their work. Everybody has a private tailor in India; the governor has a tailor, captains, councillors, and cadets, ladies, lords, and secretaries, all have one a piece. A separate tailor seems to be considered essential to Anglo-Indian happiness. Then the dobie (washerman) passed by with a red turban, and a long white dress, carrying a basket full of linen, which he meant to wash by beating and slapping it on a stone in the tank, at the back of the garden. Then at a quick pace came the gardeners (mali), having on their heads red cloth skull-caps, and very little other apparel, carrying on their shoulders a long bamboo-stick,[1] at each end of

[1] The bamboo is applied to innumerable uses by the natives, as for roofs, posts, sides, and doors of their houses, the oars and roofs of their boats, their baskets, mats, umbrellas, fences, palanquins, fishing-rods, scaffolding, ladders, frames for clay idols. A native showing the necessity and importance of early discipline, to illustrate his proposition, referred to the bamboo used in a wedding palanquin, which,

which hangs a large copper chattie[1] full of water, with which they were going to refresh the drooping plants. Such was the scene from my verandah, looking outwards.

If I turned round in a room immediately adjacent was an individual (wearing moustaches, like all the natives) clothed in white drapery (twisted round his body and descending to the knees), a white jacket, and a blue and white turban—his black, shining legs and feet being uncovered; over his shoulder hung his badge of office—a duster—with which he occasionally rubbed a chair or table; he represents the housemaid; and, as I have before said, is called a hamal. Near him was another Hindoo in a similar dress, except that he wore a blue turban, and held a tray of small glasses full of cocoa-nut oil to place in the lamps suspended round the room; he is called a mussal; and the lamps and lights are his especial department.

Many of the native servants speak and understand a little English, particularly the parsee ser-

when quite *young*, is bent at both ends, to rest on the bearer's shoulders, and is tied and made to grow in this shape, which it retains ever after; so that, at the time of cutting, it is fit for use.—*Ward's Literature and Mythology of the Hindoos.*

[1] A chattie is a copper vessel resembling a cauldron.

vants, some of whom write, as well as speak, it very tolerably.

Sundry native shop-keepers, also, are, in different degrees, masters of the language of their European customers; but the extent to which they possess this accomplishment, is very unequal, and sometimes very limited, as the copy of a letter —which I will transcribe—to an English lady in India, from her Mahomedan butcher, will sufficiently evince.

To Mrs. Collector —— Sahib, Esq.

"Honoured Madam,

"Madam's butler says that madam is much displeased with poor butcher, because mutton too much lean and tough. But sheep no grass got, where get fat? When come rain, then good mutton. I kiss your honour's pious feet.

"I have the honour to remain, madam,

"Your affectionate butcher,

"Mahomed Cassein.

I, on one occasion, sent a hamal to tell my maid I wanted her; when he returned, he said to me— "Door shut—she wass." Seeing I could not understand what he meant, he took his duster, and, rubbing his face, continued saying, "she wass." I then guessed she was dressing.

The servants who wait at table in India are many in number; consisting, in Bombay, of Mussulmans, Parsees, and Portuguese. The two former wear long, white dresses, with shawls twisted round the waist. The head-dresses are different; the Mussulman wearing a red or green turban; the Parsee, the ugliest cap that can be imagined. It is high and stiff, made on a strong but light framework, covered with highly-glazed, dark-coloured chintz. Both Parsees and Mussulmans are often tall, fine-looking men, and the diminutive Portuguese,[1] in his tight white jacket and trousers, is

[1] The Portuguese in Bombay are a very mixed race. The original stock is more Concanee Hindoo than anything else, but largely mixed with European blood. When the Portuguese from Europe made settlements on the coast, they converted the natives in great numbers, mainly by bribery and intimidation, contenting themselves with a very superficial conformity, on the part of their converts, to the Roman-catholic faith. These natives were very similar to the cultivating and fishing castes of Hindoos still to be found, unconverted, on the coast of Bombay and its neighbourhood; and many of the so-called Portuguese keep up all their own caste customs, and are still Hindoos, except in dress and a few—very few—religious forms, and neither eat nor intermarry with their fellow-converts of other castes. Thus, even Sir Roger de Faria, who was lately Portuguese consul at Bombay, with a Portuguese order or two, and considerable education in history, &c., was in reality descended from a converted Hindoo carpenter (or goldsmith), and his family would ordinarily intermarry with none but their own caste.

not seen to advantage by the side of the other native servants, whose ample white dresses are well starched, so that when they move about the room, their garments create a rustle much like that which is caused by the very stiff petticoats worn by ladies.[1]

This rule, however, was always relaxed in favour of European Portuguese; and before Sir Roger lost his fortune (which, for a man of his class, was a large one), he bid very high, but unsuccessfully, to induce a Portuguese lady, who formerly lived in the fort at Bassein, to let his son marry her daughter.

Besides such occasional admixture of European blood, there was a very considerable infusion of pure negro blood. Up to a very late period, negro slaves were brought in large numbers from Mozambique to the Portuguese settlements in India; and every family of any pretensions to rank had one or more negro slaves in their service. They were well treated, and intermarried with the lower orders of converted Hindoos; and their features are often traceable in the quarters where the so-called Portuguese mostly reside.

If, therefore, I were required to define the race to which the native Portuguese belonged, I should say they were converted Hindoos of the coast, partaking of all the physical peculiarities of the present Hindoo inhabitants—small, black, and ill-favoured, with an occasional infusion of European and negro blood.

[1] The sound caused by a strong wind among the large fronds of the palmyra palm is very peculiar. There is a continual crackling, as if the tree were about to fall to pieces. It is really an imposing sound; but a lady once remarked to me, it was like the stiffened dresses of the native servants. I did not think it was a happy simile.

This sound is, however, far preferable to that of creaking shoes, which are never heard among the servants here; and for the simple reason, that in the presence of their masters they wear no shoes at all, but leave their slippers at the door before they enter the room.

One morning, before the sun had attained its full force, I went out to sketch, and sat near a Hindoo temple. The priest had just begun his religious ceremonies. He first sprinkled the pipul (*Ficus religiosa*) with water. This being one of the most sacred of trees, and considered an emblem of Vishnoo,[1] the natives often plant one[2] near their dwelling, and usually build a low wall of rough stones round it.

He then approached a large black stone bull, offering flowers and rice to it. This image is worshipped as the attendant of Siva. The bull is represented lying, or rather kneeling down under a canopy resting on four pillars.

[1] "Vishnoo is represented in the form of a black man with four arms—in one of which he holds a club, in another a shell, in the third an iron instrument of destruction, like a wheel, and in the fourth a water-lily."—*Literature and Mythology of the Hindoos, by Ward.*

[2] I heard of a Brahmin having once said, alluding to the Pipul tree, "It is Vishnoo's darling," certainly a proof of his taste, for it is a very beautiful tree. Every Hindoo considers it a meritorious act to plant one.

The Brahmin had on a very long loose white garment, twisted round his body and hanging gracefully around him. His hair was combed back and flowing down his shoulders.

He soon saw me, and said in very good English, "You call your temples churches, I worship Vishnoo. We have a Trinity like you. It is the same religion as yours, but we are of a different caste from you." Not agreeing with him I tried to explain in what respects our religion was totally different from his. On my inquiring if he were the priest belonging to the neighbouring temple, he said, "I am not a priest, I am a 'Saint.'" On my inquiring where his saintship had learned to speak English so well, he informed me he had been 'in the council.' I was much amused at this answer, and on further investigation, I learnt he had been a clerk in some office under Government, which he had left, and turned himself into a 'Saint.'[1] I continued my sketch, and he said to me, "if you want any information about my Creator, I am always to be found here. It is prayer time and I must go now." So away he went, and worshipped again his sacred tree and stone image.

[1] Any Brahmin knowing the formularies of his religion may officiate as a priest.

It is to be feared that pure spiritual devotion, such as is required of a Christian, is hardly known among the Hindoos.

The forms of their religion are really innumerable, and their prayers frequently consist of little else but calling out repeatedly the names of their numerous gods and goddesses.[1]

It is difficult to give any correct or adequate idea of Hindoo mythology within a reasonable compass, and anyone curious in such matters must go deep into many voluminous and learned works. One of the difficulties which the student will encounter, arises from the great variety of belief which he will find prevailing in the many Hindoo castes which exist in India.

Besides the three principal deities, Crishna, a form of Vishnoo, Ganesa, Wittoba, and the monkey-god, Hunooman, are especially worshipped in the presidency of Bombay.[2]

[1] The three principal gods are Vishnoo, Siva, and Brahma; and the three goddesses Doorga, Luckshmi, or Luximee, and Saraswatee. Doorga or Durga, is often called Parvati, or Parbuttee, or Bowani, Bowanee or Bhowani. Kali or Kalee, sometimes Devi, and the reader will find her spoken of under all these several denominations in different parts of this work.

[2] Of these, Wittoba is, I believe, a god of very questionable orthodoxy, but he is very popular among the Mahrattas, and, therefore, the Brahmins admit him with the best grace they can into their Pantheon. The same is the case with

It is strange that all these gods should be more or less monsters, being represented with an unusual number of arms; and as to the three principal goddesses, much cannot be said in favour of their personal advantages.

Besides this innumerable crowd of deities, the Hindoo worships almost everything in nature: rivers, beasts, birds, trees, plants, flowers, books,[1] and pillows of stone and wood.[2]

The river Ganges and Crishna are very sacred streams. The latter rises in the Deccan, in the presidency of Bombay.

Kundoba, who is yet more popular among the lower orders of Mahrattas, and, if possible, less orthodox. They are probably the ancient deities of the Mahratta race, which the Pantheistic spirit of Brahminism has admitted as Hindoo divinities.

[1] The Vedas and Shasturs are worshipped.—*Ward's Literature and Mythology of the Hindoos.*

[2] In ISAIAH lvii. 6, where the Jews are reproved for their idolatry, stones are mentioned as one of their objects of worship. "Among the smooth stones of the stream is thy portion, they are thy lot, even to them hast thou poured out a drink-offering, thou has offered a meat-offering; should I receive comfort in thee?"

Veneration for stones may be traced among all nations; the following instance from our Scripture reminds one strongly of Hindoo simplicity: "And Jacob rose up early in the morning, and took the stone he had put for his pillow, and set it up for a pillar, and poured oil on the top of it. (Gen. xxviii. 18.)"—*More's Hindoo Pantheon.*

Among the beasts, the bull and cow are universal objects of Hindoo veneration. The wilder tribes pay especial honours to the tiger.

Above all stones, the shalgramu is held in the highest estimation. Mr. Colebrook, in the 'Asiatic Researches,' vol. vii., p. 241, says that these stones are found in a part of the Gundaci river, within the limits of Nepaul. Major More, in his 'Hindoo Pantheon,' says they are black, mostly round, and commonly perforated in one or more places by worms, or, as the Hindoos believe, by Vishnoo, in the shape of a reptile. Others are violet and oval.

The possessor of a shalgramu, observes the same gentleman, "preserves it in a clean cloth; it is frequently perfumed and bathed, and the water thereby acquiring virtue is drank and prized for its sin-expelling property." It is always placed near persons when they are about to die. They are, in fact, pebbles in which a fossil *cornu ammonis*, or some other fossil *univalve* is to be seen.

The sacred trees are too numerous to mention; but, as I have elsewhere remarked, the pipul is the one most highly venerated.

Among plants, the tulsi (*ocymum sanctum*) is worshipped every morning. It is seen at temples, near native houses and huts, and in flower-pots

suspended often at the windows. It is also placed on a small stone altar, and part of the worship consists in walking round and round it.

Ward relates that the origin of the worship of the tulsi is thus related in the 'Vishnoo Poorana:' "Tulsi, a female, was engaged a long time in religious austerities, and at length asked the favour of Vishnoo, that she might become his wife. Lukshmee, Vishnoo's wife, hearing this, cursed the woman, and changed her into a tulsi; but Vishnoo promised he would assume the form of a shalgramu, and always remain with her."

Ward in his work on the 'Literature and Mythology of the Hindoos', mentions the confession of faith of a Brahmin, which he gave him. "God is invisible, ever-living, glorious, uncorrupt, wise, the ever blessed, the Almighty, his perfections are indescribable and past finding out. He rules over all, destroys all, and remains after the destruction."

Some religious ceremonies are going on all day at the temples, but it is in the morning and evening that the Hindoos (especially the priests) are fully occupied with them—bathing, placing lights before the images, offering flowers, putting them on the idols, and reading out of their sacred books the exploits of their gods, particularly those of Crishna

(who is the Hindoo Hercules). Then there is no end of fasts and festivals—weekly, monthly, and annual, besides lunar days;[1] pilgrimages and visiting holy places; and what with ceremonies at births, marriages, and deaths, the office of a priest is no sinecure if he does his duty.

It is very sad to think of this false religion of the Hindoo, yet however we may deplore it, there is something very beautiful in thus, as it were, continually acknowledging the presence of God in all His works. And one can only hope, the time is not far distant, when, "He whom they now ignorantly worship," may be revealed to them in all His pure and simple grandeur, and receive the homage due to himself alone, which they now bestow upon the works of his hand.

[1] My tailor who was a Brahmin, was often interrupted in his work, by having to attend to these religious duties. He asked leave one day to go home, saying he must retire and remain shut up in a dark room, as it would be unlucky for him to look at the moon before a certain hour.

CHAPTER III.

THE FORT OF BOMBAY—TOWN-HALL—JAMSETJEE HOSPITAL SIR JAMSETJEE JEEJEEBHOY—ELPHINSTONE COLLEGE—FEW PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS—RACES—MALABAR HILL—SNAKE-CHARMERS—DUST STORM—BURNING THE DEAD—THE RANEE'S FUNERAL—FUNERAL OF THE RAJA OF SATTARA.

WHAT is now called the Island of Bombay, was, in times of yore, divided into at least two, or three islands, Colaba being one; but they are all now united to each other by raised causeways, and by the filling up of the shallow estuaries, which formerly separated them.

The length of the island is eight miles, with an average breadth of three miles. It is about twenty in circumference.

My readers are aware that the port and island of Bombay were ceded and granted in full sovereignty, to the crown of England, in 1661, by the eleventh article of the treaty of marriage, between Charles

the II, and the Infanta Catherine of Portugal, being in fact, the dowry of that princess.

Unforeseen obstacles, however, were raised to the cession of the place by the Portuguese officers; and it was not finally completed till January, 1665, (translations of the ancient record, regarding the delivery of the territory, will be found in the appendix.) The crown of England soon came to consider the island and its appurtenances as an unprofitable and chargeable possession, and transferred it to the East India Company, by letters patent, dated 27th of March, 1668.

The harbour is beautiful. The traveller, even after visiting other spots in the world, justly celebrated for their beauty, would never be disappointed with the harbour of Bombay; about which several islands are dotted; the two largest of these are, Elephanta and Carinja. In the monsoon they are clothed with verdure of the most brilliant green. There are smaller islands having very unromantic names, one called Old Woman's Island, another Butcher's, and a third, Gibbet Island. To the east, the scenery is lovely, hills descend to the water; behind them are ranged higher hills, backed by faint blue outlines of the mountains in the Deccan of all shapes, with rocky summits, some look at a

distance like either forts, castles, or towers, and several of those in sight were, during the time the Mahrattas ruled the country, armed with hill forts, those mountain strong holds which are so frequently alluded to in all histories of Mahratta warfare.

Except for those who are curious with regard to Mints and Dockyards, there is little to see inside the fort of Bombay. The town-hall is, however, a very handsome building—few cities can boast of a finer one. The entrance-hall is beautiful; many of the apartments are used as public offices. There is an admirable library, a good museum, and some fine statues, by Chantrey, of Mr. Mount Stewart Elphinstone, Sir John Malcolm, and Sir James Carnac, former governors of Bombay, and one of Sir Charles Forbes, an eminent merchant. [1]

Outside the fort, one of the most interesting public buildings is an hospital, built by Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy, who, as Mr. Ramsay remarks in

[1] The inhabitants of Bombay lately held a meeting, at which Lord Elphinstone presided, to erect a statue by the side of those here mentioned to Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy, the well-known parsee merchant and philanthropist. This, I imagine, to be the first instance (for many centuries, at all events) of such a tribute being paid by Asiatics to one of their fellow-countrymen.

his 'Memoir of the Life and Public Character of Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy,' is among the "most remarkable of the natives of India now living, if not at the head of them." Many are the instances of his princely benevolence. He gave £16,500 sterling for the erection of this hospital; he has been a general benefactor to Bombay; and in Mr. Ramsay's book, above alluded to, will be found most interesting matter connected with the life and public charities of this munificent merchant.

Outside the fort, also, is the Elphinstone College, which was built as a memorial of Mr. Mount Stewart Elphinstone, who was many years governor of Bombay, and very justly beloved by all classes and creeds. It has been in existence about twenty-five years; and the native students, of whom there are several hundreds, receive there an excellent English education. Their studies are directed by English professors, amongst whom are to be found men who have been distinguished scholars at our universities; and few things are more surprising to a stranger than the knowledge of English literature and science displayed by some of these young brahmin or parsee pupils.

The Grant College is an excellent medical school, attached to the Jamsetjee Hospital. It was built

and endowed as a memorial to the late Sir Robert Grant, who died when governor of Bombay. There are several other admirable schools and institutions for purposes of education; some supported by government, or by the various missionary bodies; others supported by natives, amongst which latter are some very large parsee schools. Even girls are now educated. The Hindoo having fortunately forgotten the old adage, "that if a woman learns she will become a widow."[1] The

[1] The Hindoos, however, though they do not discourage women learning, still are of opinion they are quite as well without it. A gentleman told me he once showed a fine telescope to a Brahmin, who was delighted with it. The gentleman said to him, that the ladies of his family would probably like to see it. "By no means," was the reply; "if once they made acquaintance with it, all peace would fly from the house."

Mr. Forbes (in his Oriental Memoirs, I think) tells a story of a Brahmin, who was an intelligent man, and anxious to be informed on all subjects. It happened that a solar microscope was shewn him, when he discovered all the insects he drank in the water. He begged so often and earnestly for this instrument, that at last it was given him. Immediately the Brahmin ran away, and knocking the glass against a rock, broke it to pieces. He said he was miserable, ever since he made the discovery of all the living creatures in the water, and that were this known to others it might make thousands and thousands of human beings like himself for ever miserable. For this reason he broke the instrument. He certainly was of opinion that 'where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.'

quickness of the Hindoo children in arithmetic is really astonishing. In the missionary schools at Bombay, the children read the Bible translated into Mahratta. I was told of one girl who positively refused to worship her gods after having attended the school.

'I once attended an examination of a Parsee school, at Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy's house. It was a very pretty and interesting sight. The little girls sat in rows on benches, and from the variegated colours of their drapery and glittering jewels, they looked like parterres of the gayest possible flowers.

When we were at Poona, we visited the native schools there for young men, boys and girls.

Among the young men were several classes—one class was studying Sanscrit poetry; one English; another astronomy, and several others different branches of science. In one room two men were employed at a turning-machine; a Brahmin, who was with us said, "here are two Brahmins turned into carpenters;" adding it was quite a new thing.

The school is held in an old palace, once belonging to one of the sirdars or nobles of Poona, and which was formerly called the 'Palace of Delight.' It had, however, ceased to be so; and although deeply interested in the schools, the odour from a

small tank in the court-yard rather checked my enthusiasm, and I was glad when it was time to go home.

Dinners, balls, occasional pic-nics, and two or three days of races, are the only amusements at Bombay; or, indeed, in any part of the presidency.

There is a very pretty theatre; but it is rarely opened, and when it is, it is seldom filled. There are no public picture-galleries, no private ones; a concert is rarely heard of; for, somehow, poor Bombay is out of the beat of artists. No great singer ever dreamt of coming here; and when a mediocre one arrives, very little encouragement is given, because he or she may not be a Mario or a Jenny Lind.

Every European gentleman in Bombay, from the governor downwards, is busily employed all day, and hard-worked officials are generally too glad to repose in their family circle to like going out in an evening. The general dinner-hour, also, being necessarily late to admit of their taking the recreation of an evening drive or ride after office hours, renders it impossible for them to attend any early party without inconvenience, and thus all public amusements are little patronized.

A travelling troop of equestrians had, however,

a great success when they came to Bombay. Everybody went; the governor went, and so did his wife, and also captains, judges, and treasurers, counsellors, sheriffs, and 'all the rulers of the province,' with their wives and little ones.

The races at Bombay take place in the afternoon. It is sure not to rain but it is certain to be very hot. It is a pretty gay sight. All the natives go; and there is such a strange mixture of people. You may see in the crowd a Bombay European exquisite by the side of a dirty fakir. Here is a group of parsees—there is a Jew; and there are Hindoos of all castes—Mussulmans, people from Scinde, with square caps (very much like those of the English Lancers), Portuguese, English sailors, Chinese with long tails, native soldiers, and Armenians.

We remained in the island of Bombay during one 'hot season,' but removed from Parell (our usual residence) to Malabar Point. It was certainly hot; and the snakes, I conclude, thought it so too, for they were frequently to be seen crawling out of their holes in old walls, particularly towards evening. We therefore thought it would be a good opportunity to send for snake-charmers, and see their performances, which were a complete failure.

The men, after piping and drumming for some time, went to a heap of stones; we remarked one man holding a bag under his arm. He began to move away the stones gently; in a few minutes he called out the cobra was close at hand, and one appeared twisted round his arm: he evidently had this snake concealed in the bag. We desired him to kill the reptile; he said it would bring him ill-luck, and that he would not be able to find another till the next eclipse of the moon. We insisted, however, on the execution, which took place in spite of all the man's remonstrances.

A gentleman, long resident in India, furnished me with the following information and remarks regarding snakes and snake-charmers:—

"Snakes are really sensible to the charms of music! *Educated* snakes, who have been for some time in the hands of a snake-charmer, are, of course, more susceptible than wild ones, and manifest their pleasure with less reserve, possibly, because they have become used to the musician's appearance, and are less inclined to try to escape, which would probably be the first impulse of the wild one. But all the family have a natural taste for music, which may be proved by any one who has kept one of the harmless English snakes as a pet. The animal

will always pay attention to any rather monotonous tune played on a flute or flageolet. This taste, by the way, is shared by many of the lizard tribe, by some pigeons, and very generally by hedgehogs; at least I have known three or four instances of a hedgehog, kept in the lower story of a house, as an exterminator of black-beetles and cockroaches. If, after nightfall, when the hedgehog generally awakes and runs about in search of prey, he heard the sound of a violin or piano, he would always endeavour to make his way to the place whence the sound came, and if admitted into the room where the instrument was, he would stand entranced as long as the music continued. I mention this merely as a proof that several of the lower animals are attracted by music.

"But as regards Indian snakes, I have seen cases in which I had no room to doubt but that the charmer, by his monotonous piping and drumming, *did* tempt really wild snakes from their hiding places. It is not often, however, that the charmer trusts entirely to his music. I have known them, when sent for to catch a large, and apparently very dangerous cobra, which had a hole in a dry stone wall, inconveniently near a gentleman's house, come provided with a tame cobra, whose fangs had been

extracted. The cobra was carried in a bag, very cleverly concealed under the arm of one of the charmers. The musician commenced piping, and all the spectators naturally directed their attention to him. He walked along the wall, and when he got near the supposed hole, piped more vigorously than before, and directed his own eyes and those of the spectators to a particular spot. On a sudden his accomplice gave a loud cry, and on looking at him, he was seen on the ground, grasping the neck of a large cobra, which he appeared to have seized as it was in the act of issuing from a hole in the wall, and whose tail was twisting round the man's arms and body. The other charmers came to his aid, and the snake was at length duly deposited in a basket, and covered with a cloth.

"The imposture was discovered by the gentleman who owned the house insisting on shooting the snake. The charmers remonstrated, said 'it was their god, had come out in consequence of their invocations, and would, if killed, haunt and ruin them,' &c. The gentleman was obstinate, but at last told the charmers he would spare their snake, if they confessed the cheat he suspected. This they did, and showed him the bag in which the reptile had been concealed under the arm of one of their number,

and satisfied him that the snake was destitute of fangs, and must therefore have been previously caught, and deprived of his weapons of offence.

"There is much which our philosophy has yet to learn, relative to the habits and tempers of these reptiles, and there is no doubt that there are particular individuals who are very little obnoxious to snake bites; just as there are particular people whom bees will never sting. I knew two very decided and well authenticated instances of this. One was a half-witted boy of the wild tribe of Bheels, in Candeish. He was found by his relations playing with wild snakes, and had the power of attracting and taming them. He had numbers of all kinds of snakes in the jungle, near the hut where his parents lived, and these snakes would come to him and allow him to handle them with impunity. After some months he began to be known to the people round about as a prodigy, but as the part of the country where he lived was very remote, it was long before his fame spread to any distance; and soon after he had been heard of by the government officials, and official enquiry had been made to an extent sufficient to verify the main facts of the story, the poor boy was bitten by one of his favourites and died.

"The other case occurred in the Sattara territory, about twenty-five years ago. It was noised abroad that the son of a Brahmin, not far from Waee, had the power of attracting the most venomous snakes, and handling them with impunity. Numbers visited him, and seeing the story was true, spread his fame, and his relations finding that his reputation was likely to be profitable to them, added all sorts of marvels to the current tales. He was one of the promised avatars of the God Crishna, which are yet to come. He was to restore Hindooism in its purity, and re-establish Brahminical superiority in the Deccan. Thousands flocked to see him, and pay their respects, and bring oblations; and so great was the excitement, that the Raja of Sattara and the English Government officials got alarmed. The poor boy however, like the Candeish Bheel, was not permanently proof against snake bites, and was bitten and died just when his village had become the point, to which every devotee in the Deccan was hastening, and the excitement subsided as quickly as it arose.

"I think I mentioned that a snake visiting a house is always looked on as a sign of luck; and when a snake discovers how to get at the eggs and milk in the larder, no native will on any account,

kill what he regards as the good genius of the house."

Malabar Hill, about five miles from the fort of Bombay, is beautifully situated. Several pretty bungalows, with beautiful gardens, belonging to Europeans and opulent natives, are scattered on its summit. The view is very fine. The large trees and rocks are in parts watered by Back Bay, which is enclosed between Malabar Hill and Colaba. The extremity of the promontory is called Malabar Point, where the governor has a residence consisting of several good-sized bungalows. Here the sea rushes up against the rocks, both on the eastern and western shores of the bay, and the constant sound of the waves rolling in on the beach is very refreshing, and soothing, during a hot day in the month of October—a month as oppressive as that of May. Sometimes the hot winds are troublesome in the former month, but they are not so severe in Bombay as in other parts of India. There is a quaint book of travels, written, in 1758, by Mr. Ives, a surgeon in H.M.'s navy. It appears he was travelling at Bagdad, where he describes the hot east wind as very pestilential. After speaking of the precautions adopted by travellers to escape the sudden death caused by this wind, called

'Samiel,' he says—"And when it is over, they get up, and look round for their companions, and if they see anyone lying motionless, *they take hold of an arm or a leg, and pull and jerk it with some force; if the limb, thus agitated, separates from the body*, it is a certain sign that the wind has had its full effect! but if, on the contrary, the arm or leg does not come off, it is a sign life is remaining, although to all outward appearance the person is dead; and in that case they immediately cover him or them with cloths, and administer some warm draught to cause a perspiration, which is certainly but slowly brought about."

Though the hot winds in India do not cause such an effect as that above described, they are more trying to bear than the cold in North America, where the glass in winter, is many degrees below zero, and where, when out sleighing with a friend, you find it necessary to agree to watch each other's noses, lest they should be frost-bitten.

At Malabar Point there are the ruins of a very ancient black stone temple, and many fragments strewn about, with a variety of images sculptured on them.

Major More mentions that this temple was dedicated to the Hindoo Trinity in Unity. He found,

some feet below the ground, the triform head well carved, the front face being that of Brahma, having on his right, Siva, on his left, Vishnoo.

Major More brought this stone to England, and gave it to the Museum at the India House.

Below the point among the rocks, there is a cleft, well known to the natives, and esteemed very sacred. It was not easy to get to this hole, as it required much scrambling over, climbing up, and actually sliding down rocks. I did not attempt to enter, as I should have been obliged to crawl in, then climb up about five feet to the top, where there is an exit; it is a difficult task, as there is nothing for the hands to take hold of. The Hindoo, after passing through this cleft, is considered to be 'regenerated,' and his sins forgiven. It is a place of pilgrimage, and often resorted to by the natives.

Major More relates that when the Peishwa Rugonath Rao was exiled from Poona, in 1776, he fixed his residence at Malabar Hill. "He was in the habit of passing through the cleft in question, and being a Brahmin of considerable piety, was doubtless much benefited by such regeneration."

It is said that Sivajee, founder of the Mahratta empire, visited this place secretly, "to avail him-

self," as More says, "of this efficacious transit," and this at a time, when, had he been discovered, it would have brought on him complete ruin and captivity.

It is further related of the same Rugonath Rao, that during his exile from Poona, and residence at Malabar Point, he sent Brahmins to England on an embassy; on their return however, they were considered outcasts, having travelled in countries inhabited by impure tribes. Learned Brahmins were consulted to discover how the ambassadors could be purified from the contamination they had undergone, and it was decided that they should pass through this sacred place, and by that means recover their caste.

In Fryer's travels, begun in 1672 and finished in 1681, there is an account of the island of Bombay, and of Malabar Point. He says of Bombay castle, that on Cooke's[1] landing in Bombay in 1664, "he (Cooke) found a pretty well seated, but ill-fortified house; four brass guns, being the whole defence of the island, unless a few chambers housed in small towers, convenient places to scour the Malabars who were accustomed to seize cattle and

[1] Cooke was vice-governor for and in behalf of his Serene Majesty Charles II, king of Great Britian. *See appendix.*

depopulate whole villages by their outrages. About the house was a delicate garden, voiced to be the pleasantest in India; intended rather for wanton dalliance, love's artillery, than to make resistance against an invading foe; but the walks which were before covered with nature's verdant awnings and lightly pressed by soft delights, were (on Fryer's arrival in 1672), open to the sun and loaded with the hardy common. Bowers dedicated to ease were turned into bold ramparts, &c., &c., within the fort were mounted 120 pieces of ordnance, and in other convenient stands 20 more, besides 60 field pieces ready in their carriages to attend the militia and bandaries, &c., &c.

"At a distance enough (from the fort) is the town, in which confusedly live the English, Portuguese, Topazes, Gentoos, Moors, Cooly, Christians, most fishermen. It is a full mile in length, the houses are low, and thatched with oleas of the cocoa trees, all but a few the Portugals left, and some few the Company built. The custom-house and warehouse are tiled or plastered, and instead of glass, use panes of oyster shells for their windows, there is also a reasonable handsome bazar at the end of the town, looking into the field where cows and buffaloes graze. The Portugals have a pretty house and

church, with orchards of Indian fruit adjoining.

"The English have only a burying place called Mendam's Point, from the name of the man first interred there; where are some few tombs that make a pretty show on entering the haven, but neither church nor hospital, both which are mightily desired. Off the back of the towns of Bombaim and Mayin, are woods of cocoes (under which inhabit the Bandaries, those that prune and cultivate them) these Hortoe (Oarts) being the greatest purchase and estates in the island, for some miles together, till the sea breaks in between them, over against which, up the bay a mile, lies Masse Goung, a great fishing town, peculiarly noted for a fish, called Bumbolo, the sustenance of the poorer sort who live on them, and batty, (rice.) The ground between this, another great breach is well ploughed, and bears good batty. Here the Portuguese have another church, and religious house, belonging to the Franciscans. Beyond it, is Parell, where they have another church, to which appertanes, Siom (Sion)." He goes on to state that "In the middle, between Parell, Magin, Siam and Bombaim is an hollow, wherein is received a breach running at three several places, which drowns 40,000 acres of good land, yielding nothing

else but samphire, athwart which, from Parell to Mayin, are the ruins of a stone causeway, made by penances. At Mayin, the Portuguese have another complete church and house; the English have a complete custom-house and guard-house; the Moors, also, a tomb in great veneration for a peer or prophet. At Salvesong, the Franciscans enjoy another church and convent; this side is all covered with tree of *Cocoes*, jaukes (probably the jack-tree), and mangos; in the middle lies Verulle (Worlee), where the English have a watch.

"On the other side of the great inlet to the sea, is a great point, abutting against Old Woman's Island, and called Malabar Hill—a rocky, woody mountain; yet sends forth grass. A-top of all is a Parsy Tomb, lately reared; on its declivity towards the sea, the remains of a stupendous pagod, near a tank of fresh water, which the Malabars visited it mostly for.

"Thus have we completed our rounds, bringing in the circumference twenty miles, the length eight, taking in Old Woman's Island, which is a little, low, barren island, of no other profit but to keep the company's antelopes and other beasts of delight.

"The people that live here are a mixture of most of the neighbouring countries, most of them

fugitives and vagabonds, no account being here taken of them: others, perhaps, invited hither (and of them a great number) by the liberty granted them in their several religions, which here are solemnized with variety of fopperies (a toleration consistent enough with the rules of gain, though both Moors and Portugals despise us for it), here licensed out of policy, as the old Numidians to build up the greatest empire in the world. Of these one among another, may be reckoned 60,000 souls; more by 50,000 than the Portugals ever could. For which number, this island is not able to find provisions, it being most of it a rock above water, and of that which is overflowed, little hopes to recover it. However, it is well supplied from abroad, both with corn and meat, at reasonable rates; and there is more flesh killed for the English alone here in one month, than in Surat for a year for all the Moors in that populous city."

Fryer's account of the power and state of the president or governor two hundred years ago, is so very amusing that I must quote it.

"The president has a large commission, and is vice regis: he has a council here also, and a guard when he walks or rides abroad, accompanied with a party of horse, which are constantly kept in the

stables, either for pleasure or service. He has his chaplains, physician, chyrurgeons, and domesticks, his linguist, and mint-master. At meals he has his trumpets to usher in his courses, and soft music at the table. If he move out of his chamber, the silver staves wait on him; if down-stairs, the guard receive him; if he go abroad, the Bandarines and Moors under the standards march before him. He goes sometimes in his coach, drawn by large milk-white oxen, sometimes on horse-back, other times in palankeens, carried by cohors, mussulman porters, always having a sumbrero of state carried over him; and those of the English, inferior to him, have a suitable train.

"But for all this gallantry, I reckon they walk but in charnel-houses, the climate being extremely unhealthy; at first thought to be caused by bubsho (rotten fish); but, though that be prohibited, yet it continues as mortal. I rather impute it to the situation, which causes an infecundity in the earth, and a putridness in the air, what being produced seldom coming to maturity, whereby what is eaten is undigested."

While residing at Malabar Point, I saw a dust-storm, which gave me some idea of those tempests

in other parts of India, where people must lie on their faces till the storm has passed away.

At about four o'clock one very lovely afternoon, while in my verandah, overlooking the sea and beautiful view, embracing Back Bay, Colaba, the Fort of Bombay, the harbour, distant mountains, and the extensive cocoa-nut wood of palms, to the left, I heard some one say, suddenly, "what is that?" "It is a fire." "No, it is a dust-storm." Over the far distant mountains, dingy, yellow, red clouds were stirring. With us at Malabar Point, all was bright, calm, and beautiful. In a few minutes the mountains, Colaba, the fort and town of Bombay became quite invisible, as if they had suddenly sunk into the ocean. But we were not to escape unmolested; soon a low, murmuring sound was heard; the sea close to us became gently agitated. The leaves of the trees, till now quite undisturbed, began to rustle; the sky was overcast, but the sun was not quite obscured; the colour of the sea was magnificent; there were streaks of deep purple, green, and lilac; the waves looked like rainbows; the wind became stronger every minute; kites and crows could not fly, they perched themselves on rocks and trees, waiting for the storm to be over. Myriads of dragon-flies were tossed up and down by

the wind, which now rushed through the bungalow, bringing with it clouds of dust, which covered everything in its passage; and then fell torrents of rain, and everything was refreshed for a time.

The distant view was still scarcely to be seen, and a cloud swept over the ocean to the right, seeming to disappear at the islands of Kennery and Hennery. When the storm subsided, the sky did not recover its usual serenity, and the evening closed with murky-looking clouds still moving about.

On the shore, about two miles from Malabar Point, are to be seen, every evening, large fires, kindled to burn the dead.

When the Hindoo is dead, his body is laid on a bier; he is carried usually to the sea or river, where the funeral pile is ready prepared. His face is exposed. Over the corpse is thrown a white cloth, on which many flowers are strewn. Before the body is taken to be burnt, it is anointed with ghee or clarified butter. Arrived at the side of the water, the nearest relation sets fire to the pile, which is soon in a blaze. It takes three hundred pounds' weight of wood to consume the body of an adult. The ceremonies are numerous, and a description of them would fill a chapter.

The ashes are afterwards thrown into the river or sea, and more ceremonies go on, called 'Shradhu,' which consists of rites for the repose of the soul of the departed: it is strictly attended to, and often costs a great deal of money, the priests receiving very handsome presents from the relations. These presents being more or less valuable, according to the wealth of the family.

It is sometimes the case that Hindoo families are too poor to buy wood to burn the body, and to give presents to the Brahmins; under these circumstances it is buried. '*Saints*' are often buried, and also Hindoos of very low caste, and infants under two years of age. Self-inflicted death, by causing oneself to be buried alive, was in former days a sure title to the honours of sanctity; and there are few places of pilgrimage where the attendant priests do not show a tomb of some devotee who had performed 'samadh,' or suicide, by being buried alive; and the place is often shown with something like an expression of regret for the good old days of orthodox Hindooism, when such things were allowed and encouraged.

I was fortunate enough to obtain an account of the funeral ceremonies of a ranee of Sattara. The poor lady died while I was in India.

I give the account in full. The details are curious. To some they will be new and interesting; those who find them tedious can 'pass them by.' They are, for the most part, a translation of the official Mahratta statement of what took place, and are headed:—

"Funeral Ceremonies performed on the death of Her Royal Highness Buya Sahib, third Ranee of His Highness the late Rajah of Sattara.

"As soon as her highness's death was known, the female relations of the family came to condole with the surviving ranees, and the male relations to condole with Venkajee Rajé, the heir of the deceased.

"The body was then decked in rich clothes and jewels, and placed in a palanquin; the face, turned upwards, and looking towards the east, was strewed with sprigs of tulsi and other sacred plants. The palanquin was borne by the deceased's relations, repeating the mournful wail of 'Ram Ram Jug Jug Ram' (*i.e.*, Rama, Rama, Victory to Rama), and carried southwards out of the city to the banks of the sacred Crishna, preceded by Venkajee Rajé, carrying in his hand the fire that was to light the funeral pile.

"After applying the light to the pyre, Venkajee Rajé thrice walked round the body with an earthen pot on his head, which he then broke with a stone. This stone he carefully preserved, as it was supposed to contain the soul of the deceased for ten days.

"After the body had been consumed, the mourners cleansed themselves from impurity in the waters of the sacred Crishna, but the chief mourners remained unclean for eleven days. The heir is then closely shaved.

"On the day following the ranee's death, the 'Shradhu' ceremony was three times performed. This consists of various incantations by Brahmins. This day the heir throws a ball of rice into the river at the place of burning, which is supposed to restore to the deceased her head.

"The second day, two balls of rice were thrown into the river to renew the deceased's nose, eyes, and ears.

"On the third day, three balls of rice were thrown into the river to restore the deceased's hands, breast, and neck. This day, the Shradhu was twice performed.

"The fourth day, four balls of rice were thrown into the river to restore the deceased's sides, waist, &c.

"On the fifth day, five balls of rice were thrown into the river to restore the deceased's knees, &c. This day, Shradhu was again performed.

"On the sixth day, six balls of rice were thrown into the river to restore the fingers, &c.

"The seventh day, seven balls of rice were thrown into the river to restore the deceased's flesh, &c., when another Shradhu was performed.

"On the eighth day, eight balls of rice were thrown into the river to restore the deceased's hair, nails, &c.

"The ninth day nine balls of rice were thrown into the river, to complete the restoration of the body, when another Shradhu was performed.

"The tenth day ten balls of rice were thrown into the river, to appease the hunger and thirst that the decease was supposed now to begin to feel. On this day the heir erected a raised triangle of clay, which he surmounted with thread, and placed an earthen pot on the north, south, east, and west of it, and another pot in the centre. A ball of rice was placed on each of the earthen pots. The relations and others watch till a crow touches the ball of rice on the pot placed on the west, after which, they bathe and perform the 'Teel' ceremony. Should a crow not light on the western earthen

pot, the deceased will have to return to the earth in another human form. The 'Teel' ceremony is done by placing the 'Teel' or oil seeds, on the palm of the heir who, after repeating incantations over them, washed them with water on the stone containing the deceased's soul. The stone was then thrown by the heir backwards into the river.

"On the eleventh day a greater number of Shradhus were performed, the most important of which was that in which a Brahmin is bribed to take thirty-two mouth-fuls of food, by which he takes upon himself the sins of the deceased. A male and female calf were then given to a Brahmin, to insure the deceased's early marriage in her second birth. Incantations were then repeated over a cow, which was given to a Brahmin to carry the deceased over five rivers full of blood and other impurities that bar the approach to heaven.

"Ten gifts were also conferred on Brahmins, as a bed, an elephant, a horse, a carriage, a palanquin, an umbrella, a chowree, (kind of fan), land, a pair of shoes, three milch cows, &c., &c., as well as presents of such things as the deceased enjoyed.

"On the twelfth day, a number of shradhus were performed, in which water, food, and money are given to a Brahmin for the use of the deceased.

"On the thirteenth day, a feast was given to the deceased's relations, and presents conferred on Brahmins. The guests, on this occasion, give presents of clothes to the heir.

"This ceremony is supposed to appease the wrath of the gods of the place where a death, or a conflagration, or the fall of a lamp from a person's hand, has occurred.

"A shradhu was then performed every month on the date of deceased's death during the first year.

"In subsequent years the shradhu is only performed on the anniversary of the deceased's death."

All of the gifts[1] given on these occasions, which are to Brahmins, are supposed to convey more or less ill-luck to the receiver; but some are more unlucky than others, especially such as are of a black colour—the buffalo or elephant, the palanquin, or any black article of furniture; and it is often necessary to give a very large sum of money in

[1] Although the funeral presents to Brahmins carry ill-luck —they are accepted for the good of the soul of the *deceased*, and to avert evil from it—to the recipient, whose motive in taking the present is avarice to get the intrinsic value of the gift, to which is added sometimes as much as eighty pounds, or one hundred pounds in hard cash. Moreover, as the recipient is alive, he can avert the evil from himself by austerities and other religious rites.

hard coin, in order to induce any one, having the requisite qualifications, to accept the ill-starred gift.

When the last Raja of Sattara died, great difficulty was experienced in getting any one to take the elephant, though nearly one hundred pounds were to accompany the gift. At last a Brahmin was found, who, from poverty, had been unable to perform the funeral ceremony to his own parents, and who was consequently unable to get a wife! Tempted by the double prospect of removing his parent from purgatory, and of getting a wife for himself, he agreed to take the elephant.

The gifts to the Brahmins must be accepted on the bank of the river, in presence of all the mourners; and the recipients of the more valuable gifts have to be attired for the occasion in a full suit of royal garments; silks and rich brocades, with a shield, sword, &c. This also has to be done, '*en pleine assemblé*,' and as the people to be decorated are generally Brahmins of the poorest and most ignorant class, the whole operation becomes so ludicrous, as often to give rise to shouts of laughter from the spectators, and to convert the scene into the reverse of one of mourning. At the funeral of the Raja this was particularly the case with the

man who took the elephant; he was a vulgar, and rather repulsive looking Brahmin, who seemed greatly to enjoy his temporary dignity, as he was clothed in regal costume, while his awkwardness in disposing of such unwonted appendages as his sword and shield, in climbing into the howda, caused great merriment among the crowd. He at length seated himself, and looked round with an air of consequential satisfaction, when the elephant rose, and the movement, for which he was quite unprepared, nearly threw him out, and converted his expression into one of the most ludicrous terror. He however, quickly recovered his self-possession (as what Brahmin will not) and clutching at the bag of money which was handed up to him, the last of the presents he was to receive, he was carried off amidst the loud laughter of the crowd.

CHAPTER IV.

BOMBAY—MALABAR HILL—TEMPLES OF SILENCE—PARSEE MODE OF BURIAL—THE PARSEES—ZOROASTER—DARIUS' HORSE—RELIGION OF THE PARSEES—DRESS—WALKESHWUR—LEGEND—SALSETTE.

In a secluded part of Malabar hill are two temples of silence or dakhmas, surrounded by walls; no one is ever allowed to enter the gates but parsees. They are common round stone towers without roofs, and to those temples the dead bodies of parsees are brought, and there left to be devoured by vultures and other birds of prey. The place is well chosen for this melancholy purpose. No dwelling is near; nothing heard but the waves beating against the rocks on the western shore, or the leaves of the palmyra palm crackling as the wind passes through them, nothing seen but large vultures flying from palm to palm.

As I could not approach the dakhmas, I procured a small model of one, desirous of knowing how they were made. Inside the large round roofless tower are stages or stories of stone pavement, slanting down to a circular opening, like a well covered with a grating, into which the bones are swept after the birds have done their duty. On the upper tier are placed the bodies of men, on the second, those of women, and on the lowest those of children. At Poona and other towns in the provinces, where the Parsee population is smaller than at Bombay, the towers have usually but one stage or story, the pavement of which is divided into three compartments by low stone walls running from the outer wall of the tower to the edge of the well-like aperture, and separately appropriated to men, women, and children. The vultures are always on the alert, seeming to know by instinct when a funeral procession approaches; and it is not long after the body has been placed in the temple that the birds are seen hovering over it; should they first attack the eye of the dead person, it is considered a favourable omen for his soul. The reason the Parsees assign for not burying their dead, is, that receiving so many blessings from the earth they consider it defiled by placing dead bodies in it.

They give a similar reason for not adopting the Hindoo practice of burning their dead, which they argue would defile the pure element of fire.

So attached are they to their own mode of disposing of the bodies of the dead, that their only strong objection to any new or distant settlement is usually founded on the difficulty of meeting the expense of building the solid tower necessary to the observance of their customs in this respect.

The Parsees form a very large and industrious part of the Bombay population. They are generally engaged in commerce, and the most wealthy and enterprising merchants in the island belong to their community, and the greater part of the China trade is in their hands. Some are shop-keepers, others ship-carpenters, numbers are servants, and many sell spirituous liquors. Few good works are in their estimation more meritorious than the planting of trees,[1] as Mr. Erskine observes in his paper in the 'Bombay Literary Transactions' on the sacred books and religion of the Parsees. The Parsees are followers of Zoroaster, who lived, it is generally believed, in the reign of Darius Hystaspes.

[1] Sheik Sadee, a great Eastern poet, says—"The man who has left behind him a great number of works, in temples, bridges, reservoirs, and caravansaries, for the public good, *does not die.*"

There is a very amusing story connected with the birth of Zoroaster. It is said to have been attended with a notable miracle. When he was born, he immediately laughed outright. The women were envious, and the unclean and evil were stung to the heart at that laughter. The magicians said, "This is a calamity for us; we must remove the child from the world."

The chief magician went to the house of the child with the intent to stab him with a dagger, but the magician's hand was withered up. Of course, many other strange tales are told of his youth, and among others that he was once carried up to heaven. He visited the court of Darius Hystaspes, who received him gladly; there he declared himself to be a prophet, and his wisdom and learning astonished all.

Subsequently he fell into disgrace, and, from envy, the sages advised his destruction. However, a miracle performed on Darius's black horse settled all, and caused the general erection of fire temples.

It is related that the legs of the king's favourite horse disappeared into his stomach. Zoroaster promised to restore the animal's legs, on four conditions, to which the king agreed. Zoroaster first demanded that he should be considered a prophet:

this being granted, one of the horse's legs re-appeared. Next, that the heir to the throne and the queen should embrace the new faith. These conditions complied with, two more legs returned. For the restoration of the fourth leg, he required that all who had conspired against him should be given up to punishment; to which, in order to have his darling horse perfect, the king consented. "Zoroaster, regarding fire as the purest symbol of the ever-acting divinity, was led naturally to recommend the special worship of that element; and as of all elements fire is the only one which is not perceptible (unless when kindled), the legislature ordered the erection of altars, or fire-places, on which it might be kept up. In this manner fire became the most useful and striking object in the Persian worship."[1]

The *Zend-avesta* has been ascribed to Zoroaster, but Mr. Erskine is of opinion that the liturgies of the Zend-avesta, "if any part of them was really taken from the writings of Zoroaster were reduced into their present shape by another compiler," this being, as he considered, "sufficiently proved by

[1] "Critical View of the Theological and Ceremonial System of Zoroaster." Translated from the French of Anquetil de Perron, by the Rev. J. Murray Mitchell.—*Journal of the Bombay Branch, Royal Asiatic Society.*

numerous addresses to Zoroaster to his *ferwer*, or soul, and to his descendants." [1]

There is a curious poem, called Kissan-i-Sanjan, after the place where the Parsees first settled in India.[2] It has been translated by Mr. Eastwick, and is a history of the arrival and settlement of the Parsees in India, written about A.D. 1599. The arrival of the Parsees in Hindostan from Khorasan, was caused by the persecution to which they were subject, after the Mahomedans conquered Persia. A slight sketch of their religious tenets may not be unacceptable. They recognize a first principle. The word which preceded all created beings, and by which Ormasd and Ahriman, secondary principles, and all things were created. The former is the cause of all good; the latter the source of all evil. The Parsees address their prayers to time without bounds, which is *the word*, and to Ormasd; they adore the sun, moon, and stars, and the whole of nature; for the Parsees say the whole of nature exposed to our eyes deserves our adoration, because

[1] "The Sacred Books and Religion of the Parsees, in a Letter from William Erskine, Esq., to Sir John Malcolm."—*Bombay Literary Transactions. Vol. II.*

[2] Sanjan is situated in a creek, between Bombay and Surat, twenty-four miles south of Damaun, and four or five miles inland.

it proceeds from Ormasd. "The worship of fire, as well as all other creatures, is subordinate to that of Ormasd; the ascription of praise to whom begins and ends all offices of religion." [1] The Parsees say there are two kinds of fire; they pay reverence to the Behram and the Adaran: the former is more highly esteemed.[2]

Mr. Erskine, in his paper alluded to, informs us the Behram fire, to which high reverence is paid, is found only in three temples in all India, at Udipur, a town near Damaum, at Nausari, and at Bombay; the Adaran fires are much more numerous, there being five or six of them in Bombay alone, and many in other places. When a Parsee dies, a dog must be present, as it is thought to drive away evil spirits, who are on the alert to carry away the dying man's soul: this precaution is called the 'Sagdad' (dog-gaze). As soon as the man is dead, the body is dressed in clean but old clothes, and conveyed to the temple of silence on an iron bier;

[1] 'Critical view of the Theological and Ceremonial System of Zoroaster,' translated from the French of Anquetil De Perron, by Rev. J. Murray Mitchell.

[2] The more sacred of the two Parsee fires is said to have had its origin from the natural bituminous fires on the shores of the Caspian, and to have never been extinct. It is supposed to be fed with sandal, and other precious and aromatic woods, and is kept burning on a silver grating.

meat and drink are placed near the body for three days, as during that time the soul is supposed to hover around in hope of being re-united to it.

The ordinary dress of the men is somewhat similar to that of Hindoos and Mussulmans—the men wearing a sacred cord[1] like the former; it is called Kusti. The parsee cap, elsewhere described, is extremely ugly. On occasions of ceremony, the usual tight-fitting, narrow vest is exchanged for one with very voluminous skirts, like a very full petticoat, and on such occasions a shawl is usually

[1] The sacred cord, worn by the Hindoos, called 'Zennar,' is regarded by the brahmins as of a highly mysterious and sacred import; and they do not consider an individual as fully member of his class until he have assumed this holy emblem. A brahmin should be invested with it at the age of eight years, by the hands of his father, who, with his tutor, twists that first put on.

The Zennar must be made by a brahmin: it is composed of three threads, each measuring ninety-six hands; they are twisted together, and folded into three, then twisted again, making it to consist of nine threads; these are again folded into three, without twisting, and each end fastened with a knot. It is put over the left shoulder, next the skin, and hangs down the right thigh as low as the fingers can reach. Of these Zennars, a brahmin wears four; the other privileged tribes but three. Some writers call this the brahminical, or priestly, or sacerdotal thread; but not, it would appear, in strict correctness—it not being confined even to the priestly tribe, but worn by three out of the four tribes of Hindoos—*More's Hindoo Pantheon.*

worn round the waist, which is at other times omitted. The costume of the women combines that of the Hindoos and Mussulmans, consisting of the short body and saree of the former, with the full trowsers of the latter; but there is a peculiarity in the dress of both men and women; they all put on at about seven years of age the sacred shirt, which is not worn next the skin, but over the trowsers, it is called the '*Sadra*,' made of a thin transparent muslin, and is meant to represent the coat of mail the men had when they arrived in India, which they were forced to abandon.

They believed with their coat of mail they could resist the spiritual assaults of Ahriman, the evil principle.

This muslin shirt was therefore adopted in lieu of the coat of mail, which, of course, the women did not wear. The hair of the latter is not visible, and they wear linen skull-caps, fitting tight to the head; they are fair in comparison with the other native women in Bombay. Some are handsome; but they soon lose their good looks, gradually acquiring at an early age too much 'embonpoint.'

The priests wear a cap shaped much like that of the laity; but white instead of being of a dark colour.[1]

[1] Those wishing for more detailed information regarding

Near Malabar Point, on the right hand as you drive towards the compound in which the Governor's bungalows are situated, is to be seen a wall and an entrance in it, from which a long flight of steps leads down apparently to the sea. The further you proceed the more is your curiosity excited. Half way down this flight there is a handsome temple to the right, where I stopped to sketch a small curiously carved window, and beyond are more and more temples, with red-flags waving on their roofs. Continuing to descend, I found myself in the midst of a small village, full of life and animation—it was like a dream. This little town or village, is called Walkeshwur.[1] In the middle of a large square is a tank, round which are built temples, houses, and tall white obelisk-shaped

the religion and customs of the Parsees, will find it in a letter from Mr. Erskine to Sir John Malcolm, published in the Bombay Literary Transactions, upon the 'Sacred Books and Religion of the Parsees,' and in 'A Critical view of the Theological and Ceremonial system of Zoroaster,' translated from the French of Anquetil de Perron, by Rev. J. Murray Mitchell; also Dr. J. Wilson's standard work on the Parsee Religion, Bombay, 1843.

[1] Walkeshwur means 'the Lord of Sand.' Rama came to Malabar Point, in the course of his travels, tired and thirsty, and found no water, so he shot an arrow into the sand on the sea shore, and water immediately appeared where the present tank is.

pillars, called deepmals, painted in parts red and green, on which lamps are suspended on greatfestivals, and numbers of little altars containing the *Tulsi* plant. Temples of all sizes and forms are here: there is the lofty one shaped like a sugar-loaf—here one with a domed roof, on it a pinnacle and turret, with similar ones at each corner, and a third elaborately carved, in which are small images of gods in niches placed in the numerous turrets on the roof. Then there are flat-roofed temples, and little square ones, standing about four feet high, with pointed roofs, and built under trees.[1]

It is a village of temples, full of busy Brahmins, and lazy fakirs, who sit on the ground, under a dirty bit of canvass stretched on four poles, with a hubble-bubble (a pipe, the smoke of which is made to pass through a cocoa-nut filled with water; being an humble imitation of a hooka) with their long hair twisted round their heads, and covered with ashes and dirt.

A wall surrounds this little corner of the island of Bombay on three sides, towards the west it is open to the sea. The narrow passages (for streets they cannot be called) were dark and gloomy; on each

[1] 'And they set them up images and groves in every high hill, and under every green tree.'—2 *Kings*, xvii., & 10.

side were temples, houses, and dingy walls, with the foliage of tall trees overshadowing the way, and nearly obscuring the day-light; and on all sides there were numbers of mysterious corners, little barred windows in walls; small, dark inlets here, and outlets there, so that I almost expected Hunooman (the monkey-god) would creep out from one of them, and Gungutty (the elephant-god) with his trunk, grin at me, through an open, carved window in a temple. Every now and then, a Brahmin, in white drapery, flitted by like a ghost, and religious mendicants slunk along the wall, looking like spirits from the nether world.

After passing through this singular town, I came to a staircase, and when half way up the numerous steps, I was startled by a cow, driven by a man—it came ungracefully bustling down; scared, as all Hindoo cows are, at a European, it endeavoured to turn back and retrace its steps; my servant drove it up, and the owner drove it down, while I stood on the low parapet of a wall, till it was decided which way the animal was to take, and at last I found myself on the top of the staircase, and in the world again.

CHAPTER V.

BOMBAY — THE COLD SEASON — THE EAST WIND — BALLS, DINNERS, ETIQUETTE — ARRIVAL OF YOUNG LADIES — 'THREE HUNDRED A YEAR, DEAD OR ALIVE'—THE HARBOUR — BEAUTIFUL SCENERY — EVENING DRIVES — CONVERSATION—MAHIM WOODS—VILLAGE OF MAHIM—TODDY DRAWERS — MATOONGA — GUINEA WORM — THE RETURN HOME FROM THE DRIVE.

FROM November to March the climate of Bombay is, comparatively speaking, cool; these and the intervening months are, therefore, called 'the cold season,' but though not near so hot as at other times, I never could deem it really cold.

Occasionally at this time of year, the east wind prevails. All over the world it is a wind which 'brings no one any good.'

The numerous allusions to this wind in the

Bible,[1] show how detrimental it was always considered in Palestine.

When this wind blows in India, it is dangerous to sleep with the windows open, or to sit in a draught. I have heard of persons losing the use of their limbs temporarily from having omitted to close the windows at night.

In the cold season, in Bombay, there are more dinner-parties and balls than at any other time. The former are very much like dinners in England, except that there is the punka to cool one; the room is better lighted, and there is a very great number of servants in attendance, and more space allotted for each guest here than in Europe. The ladies at Bombay are more tenacious of their rank than we are in England. A 'burrah bibi' (a great lady), or wife of a gentleman high in the East India Company's service, is a very great person, indeed. Of course, the women going into and leaving to the dining-room, take precedence according the rank of their husbands, as they do in Europe: but I was, at first, surprised that at the end of the evening no one moved to go away till she whose

[1] It is mentioned as 'breaking the ships of Tarshish,' or supping up, as 'the east wind,' or 'drying up fruit,' and 'blasting ears of corn.'

husband held the highest official position rose to depart. This was not the case at balls; for, perhaps, the burrah bibi might be very young, fond of dancing, and, therefore, stay late, which it would not suit an older dame to do.

I once saw a lady, far from well, after a dinner-party at Government House, and wishing very much to go home; who, on my urging her to do so, hesitated, because another person in company—the wife of a man of higher official rank than her own husband—did not seem disposed to move. I took the opportunity of impressing on the poor sufferer, that the sooner this custom was broken through, the better. However, she did not like to infringe it, and so she sat on.

'On the other side of India,' I hear that the feeling on points of etiquette is even more strict. The ladies carry their *burrah bibi-ship* into the steamers when they go to England. My informant travelled home with several from Calcutta, and they did not forget, on board a ship, the relative rank they had held on shore. My friend endeavoured in vain to persuade them that whatever their social importance might be in the 'city of palaces,' they would be but 'small folk' in London.

But it is not only the ladies who are thus par-

ticular as to position. The gentlemen are not always exempt from the same weakness. An officer in the Queen's service, the son of a peer, and holding an appointment under the East India Company, came out from England with an officer of the company's army; they were both of the same grade of rank; but it happened, that on leaving England, the Queen's officer had taken precedence at dinner. On reaching Aden—the first place belonging to the East India Company—the company's officer said to the other—"Now, sir, I take rank of you," which he did in virtue of his very slight seniority as a military man—(family rank not being recognized in the service of the East India Company in their dominions)—and actually displaced my friend at table.

It is very rarely that the heat is felt in a ball-room in India. The rooms are lofty and capacious, the windows many and large; no one is afraid of an open window at a ball. There are no old ladies to be afraid of night air and draughts, and to be always shutting up the windows near which they sit; for in India, those verging towards the 'sear and yellow leaf' generally leave the country with their husbands who have 'served their time;' indeed, the rarity of old, or even elderly people, is

ment with a young ensign, who has not yet joined his regiment, and has probably little but his pay, has as little chance of being recognized by papa and mamma, as a school-girl's attachment to a penniless younger son, just come from college, would have in London.

With reference to this expression of 'three hundred a year dead or alive,' a very droll incident took place while I was in India.

A newly married young couple were dining at a friend's house, soon after their arrival, when the subject of the civil fund was discussed. The bride begged some one to explain to her what the fund was. Having ascertained all that was necessary on so interesting a subject, she called out to her husband, who was sitting at some little distance from her:—"John, John, it's a *do* after all! It *is* a *do*!" It appears she had imagined that 'the three hundred a year,' was already settled on her, and that, from the first hour of her marriage, she would be entitled to that yearly income in case of the demise of her husband. Whereas it is necessary that a specified amount should have been

comes the current mode of expressing the prospects of the young lady who links her fortunes to those of a junior civil servant.

subscribed by him to the fund during his life, to entitle her to it, and, therefore, he must have lived in India a certain time to enable her to claim such an income as a widow.

From the size of Bombay, it would be imagined that the drives would be circumscribed—far from it, they are very numerous and extensive, and they are besides very varied, the roads are excellent; the great charm of these drives is, that you rarely lose sight of the sea for long together, the breeze in the evening being very reviving after the heat of the day.

There are two drives especial favourites with the Bombay fashionable world; one to the esplanade, the other to the "breach" on the western side of the island. To one or other of these places, most people either drive or ride every evening, when the latest news of the presidency is discussed.

The topics of conversation are generally local in their nature. Those who have passed, perhaps twenty or thirty years in India, have lost much of their interest in the 'courts, camps, and cabinets' of Europe; and the younger members of society, have all their hopes and expectations centred in the country, to which their future belongs. It is, therefore, natural, that, who is to be the new

councillor,' or who has the vacant collectorate, or who is the newly-appointed chief-secretary; should be subjects of greater interest, than whether Lord Palmerston will lose his election, or who is to be the first Lord of the Admiralty.

I knew in Bombay, an old officer, who had been at least forty years absent from Europe; during which time, he had served his country well in a military capacity; had been in many climates, and seen many countries. His face was like a map; here you could see a corner of Sierra Leone, there you could trace a bit of Canada, and here was Bermuda. His career was engraven on his face.

I happened once to mention to him a great event which had lately taken place in Europe. He stared at me, and said, "I know nothing at all about it."

Not discouraged, I started another topic connected with public affairs in England, when I received a decided check by his answering, "I take no interest at all in it." I still hoped to rouse him from such a state of apathy, and spoke of the admirable speech of some well-known politician, when to this he calmly replied, "I know nothing at all about him."

This person belonged quite to the 'old school.' People now 'run home,' as it is called, oftener—

get their ideas brushed up, and, what is far better, bring out new ones with them.

It is seldom that members of the *Company's service* remain so long in India, but worn-out queen's officers are occasionally sent there from our colonies by the authorities at home. Of this last class was my friend above mentioned. I afterwards knew an ancient general officer, who was appointed to a command in India. He was nearly blind and deaf, and, though the 'pink' of courtesy and an amiable man—distinguished, moreover, as a soldier in earlier life—of course, could no longer be active in the discharge of his military duties. His aides-de-camp were for ever occupied in preventing his falling over the footstools in the drawing-room, when he went out to dinner. He was not exactly 'the right man in the right place.'

To return to the drives in the island of Bombay. Those in the Mahim woods are particularly beautiful. The cocoa-nut (palm) woods give a delightful shade all day; besides the palms,[1] there are many

[1] Palms, the splendid offspring of Tellus and Phœbus, chiefly acknowledge as their native land those happy regions seated within the tropics, where the beams of the latter for ever shine.—*Von Martin.*

The majestic palm (*borrassus flabelliformis*) is a sacred tree with the Hindoos, and, however much we may deplore its being regarded with superstitious idolatry, no one can find

large forest trees, the jack-tree especially, a very fine one; its enormous fruit grows not from the end of the branches, but directly out of its trunk.

Here and there are tanks, entirely surrounded by trees. Some of them are nearly covered with the huge floating leaves of the lotus, and, at one season of the year, the flowers, which are very large and of two colours, pure white and a rich pink, add greatly to the beauty of the scene.

The drive in these quiet, retired woods is very agreeable after having been in the noisy, animated bazaar, although that too is full of interest.

The huts of the peasants are very small, nearly concealed among the palms, or, as they are called, 'toddy-topes,' and are usually thatched with leaves of those trees.[1] Human beings, and all kinds of domestic animals, live in a complete state of *liberté, égalité, et fraternité;* and one member of the commonwealth is generally a quarrelsome cur, which rushes out, barking, at every passer-by.

fault with the native for prizing a tree to which he is indebted for so many of the comforts, as well as necessaries of life It has been justly called 'fair palmetto, the chief of palms, and pride of the Indian grove.'

[1] It is a saying among the natives that a cocoa-nut-tree delights in conversation.

Many Portuguese live in the village of Mahim, and Christian natives, who have been converted to the Roman faith. In the vicinity are two churches —both Roman Catholic—and the very picturesque ruins of what was once a large Portuguese college.

The conversion of natives by the priests of the Roman Catholic persuasion has certainly been, as far as numbers go, to all appearance more successful than the conversions by those of our church; but I fear it is rarely a thorough conversion. The converts retain many of their idolatrous practices and caste customs. I heard of one of these so-called Christian natives, who, when asked in a court of justice by the judge by whom he would swear, said it was immaterial, and that he would willingly swear either by the Virgin or by Bombai-devee, the goddess of Bombay. [1]

The village women at Mahim are remarkable for wearing the 'marygold' in their back hair; and many wear a cross or crucifix suspended from their throat.

During the evening drive in these woods, one sees the toddy-drawers climbing up the palms to extract the juice which is converted into that

[1] The church at Poona was called by the natives for many years the 'Temple of Bombai-devee.'

liquor. They look like monkeys to a person who sees them for the first time. They often stop, look down, and you are in momentary fear lest they should fall head over heels into your carriage.

The mode by which a toddy-drawer ascends, is as follows:—"He takes the dry stem of a creeping plant, and forms it into a circle, about a foot in diameter, into which he puts his feet. He then raises himself up a little on the stems of the trees, by means of his hands, draws up his legs, and, subsequently, supports his whole weight upon the feet and the connecting ligature which is round the stem of the tree; then stretches up his arms again; and so, by the alternate motion of his hands and feet, he reaches the top. The ordinary implements of a toddy-drawer are the shell of a large gourd, capable of containing several pints of the sweet juice, and a broad knife, which he suspends to a belt, tied round his waist. In Bombay, the stem is sometimes notched on each side, to enable the toddy-drawer to ascend the tree. The more common mode of ascent is there performed by putting a belt (which fastens with a kind of button at one end, and eye at the other) loosely round the body of the toddy-drawer and the trunk of the tree; leaning back against the belt, he presses the soles of the

feet close to the stem, while he at the same time raises the encircling band; so, alternately stretching upwards, and then leaning back against the belt, and drawing up his feet, gains the ascent of a foot or two at a time." [1]

The word 'toddy' is, perhaps, a corruption of *tari*, or *taree*, the Mussulman name of the juice of the palmyra palm, of which *tar* or *tal* is the Sanscrit name.[2]

The toddy-drawers are of the Bhundari caste. They say that their ancestors were 'Kshetrigas,' or of the warrior class, and that they were once the rulers of the Concan,[3] where old inscriptions and copper-plate grants have been discovered, which give some colour to the tradition. In more modern days they claimed, and till very lately exercised the right of preceding the sheriff of Bombay with large horns, and other discordant instruments of native music, when he went with Her Majesty's judges to open the sessions of the supreme court of Bombay; whence they derived such a privilege (if privilege it were), I am quite unable to explain.

[1] Rhind's Vegetable Kingdom.

[2] Rhind's Vegetable Kingdom, in which work there is much interesting information on this subject.

[3] The mainland near Bombay, between the sea and the ghauts.

The neighbouring island of Salsette, now united to Bombay by a bridge and causeway (one of Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy's numerous good works, which with the road cost more than £18,000) is in parts beautiful, especially about Bandora; in the vicinity of which are two Roman Catholic churches. One is placed at the end of a point jutting out into the sea, from whence there is a magnificent view of the distant mountains, and nearer are houses among groves of trees, in a position where a fine city would be well placed. In the middle distance is the sea, to which more than ninety steps, having cocoa-nut and palmyra palms on either hand, lead down from the platform whereon I stood.

In the church, which is not kept in order, were suspended votive offerings in wax from the native Christians, presented by persons as tokens of gratitude for some signal blessing, such as a small doll for the recovery of a baby, or the miniature model of a leg, the use of which has been restored to the owner, or of a little boat from a sailor escaped from shipwreck.

My Parsee servant said to me, as I was looking at the wax limbs, babies, &c., &c., "priest then make wax candle of all—leg, child, and boat," which I thought very probable.

I must not forget a drive about a mile or so from Parell. The road passes through gardens and among houses, evidently built for European residents of the upper classes, but all now deserted. A tennis-court, a building used as a church, and some grave-yards on the hill-side, all going to decay tell the same story.

These are the remains of Matoonga, once a large station, and the head quarters of the artillery, till the regiment was removed to Ahmednuggur, in consequence of the suffering caused by the guinea worm to the soldiers.

Among the mysteries of Indian disease, there are few more obscure than this guinea worm—known by the natives as 'Narroo.' A slight irritation is felt by the patient, generally in the leg or foot. The part swells and becomes very painful, after a while, the end of a small transparent thread is seen under the skin. This thread is the guinea worm. If injured, or wrongly treated, extreme pain must be endured for many weeks before the worm is got rid of, and the part healed. European medical science is quite in fault in its treatment, and the most experienced of our medical men, when they discover the nature of the ailment, send at once for the nearest native barber,

who knows even less of the scientific name of the disease, than the English M.D., but he has wonderful patience, and most delicate fingers. So he gets hold of the end of the transparent filament, and winds it on a feather or straw. Nothing will now avail but patience. Only an inch or two of the filament will come out daily, and the whole animal is often a couple of feet in length. If it breaks, a tedious abscess is the inevitable result, but if the barber be skilful, and the patient not *im*patient, the creature is generally extracted entire, and the place soon heals.

I have called it a 'worm,' and an 'animal,' but of its exact nature little is known; and that little is chiefly negative. The most scientific observers with their microscopes and lenses, can literally 'make neither head nor tail' of it, no organs can be discovered in the transparent thread. The unhappy patient declares he can plainly feel it in continual, and to him, very painful movement; but no such motion is visible to the doctor's eye, either before or after the filament is extracted. Still it seems generally agreed among the learned, that it *is* an *animal*. How it got into the body, and under the skin of the human victim is a still greater mystery. The natives attribute its origin to the water; and in

this Englishmen of science seem to concur; for it is generally found to affect people only in the neighbourhood of particular wells. But then, the mode in which it transfers itself from the water to the body of the human being is very obscure. One person brings numerous cases to prove that the worm gets into the skin when the patient is bathing, on which he is immediately met by as numerous instances to prove that it has attacked people who never wash. Another philosopher tries to show that it is swallowed, on which he is met with cases of men who have been attacked, though they never drank water. The only point on which all seem to agree is, that very little is known of the animal or its mode of acting on the human frame. Horses sometimes suffer from it; and though it is more frequent among natives, it is no respecter of persons; for, during my stay in India, I heard of several cases among Europeans.

The evenings close in early at Bombay during what we call in England the winter months, and the drives are of short duration. As we return home from Mahim, we meet the peasants coming from their day's labour.

Some drive before them cows and buffaloes, on one of which a man has placed his little boy, tired

with his long walk. The little fellow is not troubled with too much clothing, a red turban on his head, and a silver chain round his brown stomach, being the only covering he can boast of. Close behind the man is his wife. All Hindoo wives are required by the shasters to walk behind their husbands. She carries a child (astride on her hip), a large bundle, and a chattie.

As we pass the wells the women are drawing up water. In the tanks are many buffaloes taking their evening bath, their huge black heads and staring eyes only being visible.

CHAPTER VI.

BOMBAY—THE CAVE OF ELEPHANTA—MOONLIGHT NIGHTS IN INDIA—GORAHBUNDER—BASSEIN—HOOLI FETE—THE DEEWALI.

THE Island of Elephanta,[1] in which is the well-known brahminical cave, should be visited after the Monsoon, during the month of November, when the vegetation is still rich and brilliant.

On the occasion of our visit, we enjoyed several beautiful views of the harbour of Bombay, in ascending the steep paths leading up to the cave.

The name Elephanta is derived from a stone elephant, which carried a tiger on its back, and which formerly stood near the landing-place on the south side of the island. It has now nearly disappeared, and can scarcely be recognized.

[1] The natives call this island, usually, Gahrapooree, which signifies 'cave town,' or the 'town of excavations.'

We passed an entire day in this wonderful place, becoming every hour more interested in it.

Over the entrance grow large bushes, creeping-flowers, and climbing-plants.

"The length of the cave is one hundred and thirty feet, measuring from the chief entrance to the furthest end of the cave; and one hundred and thirty feet broad from the eastern to the western entrance." [1]

On each side as you enter are large columns, and at the end is an enormous three-faced bust, which stands nineteen feet high. It is much injured, but the faces are untouched. This bust represents Siva, in his threefold character of Brahma, Vishnoo, and Roodra. The expression of the central face, which is that of Brahma, is one of deep contemplation; it is a full face, grand and beautiful in its calm serenity. To the left is Vishnoo the Preserver. To the right, Roodra. Both these faces are in profile: that of the latter is very handsome, but the expression is a remarkable contrast to that of Brahma. Roodra's being severe, with a 'determined-looking' mouth and chin; and he gazes at a cobra he holds in one hand.

[1] 'Account of the Cave-temple of Elephanta, by William Erskine Esq.'—*Bombay Literary Transactions*, vol. i.

Nearly in the middle of the cave is a chapel, or shrine, approached by steps; gigantic figures, which lean on dwarfs, guard the entrance.

In the different compartments are sculptures representing gods and goddesses, having reference to stories relating to the heroes and heroines of the Hindoo pantheon. One being that absurd legend about Ravana, who is sitting under the heavenly hill with the intention of removing it to his kingdom of Ceylon; and with it Siva, who sits on the top, and who would, as Ravana thinks, protect him against Rama. Parvati, Siva's wife, is on the hill also; and, it is related, that, feeling it shaking under her, she uttered a scream, upon which Siva raised his leg, and fastened down Ravana between heaven and earth—where he is to remain ten thousand years.

There is another very ridiculous story represented in another compartment. It is a celebrated legend in Hindoo mythology. It runs that Daksha, a priest of very high caste, invited all the gods and goddesses worshipped according to the ritual of the Vedas, to be present at a particular sacrifice. Siva and Parvati, his wife, not being included amongst those worshipped, were not invited. Parvati was very angry, and urged Siva to avenge this insult;

upon which Siva appeared just as the sacrifice began; seized poor Daksha by the tuft of hair on the top of his head, which he cut off; but did not leave Daksha headless, for he placed the head of the ram, which had been sacrificed, on the priest's shoulders, in order that he might never forget his misdemeanour.

None of the figures are in a perfect state; some are headless, others legless; many without arms; and as one walks round the cave, it is impossible to repress the feelings of indignation which arise at the barbarity of the Portuguese, who, it is believed, caused the mutilation of the statues.

What interested me most in these representations was to observe among them scenes in domestic life, with customs and costumes that still exist in this country, and to see how completely unchanged they are since the formation of this cave, the date of which Dr. Stephenson puts between the eighth and twelfth centuries of the Christian era.[1]

In one compartment is portrayed the marriage of Siva and Parvati. She dines with her husband, as the Indian women at this day do, on their nuptial day only. There is a vessel which, Dr. Ste-

[1] See Dr. Stephenson's paper on the 'Theory of the great Elephanta Cave.'

phenson says is probably full of sweetmeats, "such a one," he observes, "he has seen at Bombay."

I remarked a child being carried on a woman's hip, in the same way that children are carried now in India. There was a god sitting, with a figure waving over his head the 'chowrie.'

The handle of the chowrie is often made of silver, into which peacocks' feathers are inserted. They are marks of royalty, and none but royal personages may use a chowrie made of peacocks' feathers. Then the gods and goddesses at Elephanta have ornaments similar to those which all Hindoos are still in the habit of wearing. But there is something certainly unlike the fashions of the present day in India—many of the figures have on wigs, and there are wigged women and boys, and Garuda had one also. Major More, in his accounts of some of the gods at this cave, describes him, 'as wearing just such a wig as Sir Joshua Reynolds has given in his portrait of Doctor Johnson.'

Not long before I visited the cave, two 'leogriffs' had been discovered; they stand to the left of the triad, and near a staircase leading up to a small black stone shrine.

The whole day was not too long for the visit to

this remarkable cave; and a sketch I attempted of the magnificent bust occupied a great deal of the time. It was very hot weather, even for India; but the coolness, the pleasant subdued light in the cave, made me almost wish I could live there during the very hot months.

At night, the whole of the enormous place was illumined with the blue lights, which rendered all the gigantic figures around us perfectly visible, lighting up the remotest corner, and entering into the mysterious dark shrines which I had not courage to go into during the day.

The blue light suited well the expression of Roodra's face, which looked more stern than it did in the morning; but it seemed especially adapted to that tragic scene, where Siva seizes poor Dakma by the tuft of hair, and cuts off his head.

We returned home by moonlight. In India the nights are always beautiful, but when the moon is at the full they are particularly so. She seems nearer the earth in the tropics than in Europe, and certainly has more power and influence, especially in fevers—the invalid generally suffering more at certain of the moon's phases. I have heard persons affirm that sitting bare-headed, by moonlight, in the open air, they have felt the heat

of the moon on their heads. But, be this as it may, she is glorious here; by her light the flowers seem to be of silver, and those parts of the shining foliage of trees which catch her rays appear dotted with pearls.

Of all places of European origin that I visited in India, Bassein is the most curious. I took the first opportunity of going there, knowing by experience how unwise it is to put off, from day to day, seeing anything which one supposes to be within reach at any time.[1]

As I could not remain at Bassein, my head-quarters were at Gorahbunder, in the island of Salsette, situated on the opposite bank of Tannah river.

Having heard much of the beauty of the scenery, I was somewhat disappointed on my passage up the river; still it was in parts extremely pretty. The banks are high and wooded, the ruins of a Portuguese church being occasionally seen on rising ground.

The *Bombax Malabaricum* was in full blossom. The flowers are large and of a rich scarlet colour. The tree at the season of my visit was quite denuded of

[1] While in India I was always going to the caves in Salsette; the time slipped by, and I never went.

leaves, as was also the *Erythrina Indica* which likewise bears beautiful red flowers.

The Bombax is often called by the natives the hooli tree, as the blossoms appear at the season when the hooli fête takes place.

The town of Tannah, about twenty miles from Bombay, is prettily placed, its English church and houses being surrounded by large trees, but much more lovely is the situation of Gorahbunder. Palms and other trees shade the huts of the village, as well as the road which leads up to the ruined and now deserted Portuguese church, which at a distance, with its domed roof and ornaments like small minarets, has very much the appearance of a mosque.

The collector[1] of Tannah resides at certain seasons of the year at Gorahbunder, and the only place he can live in is a part of the old church. As he was absent, I was allowed to take up my abode in the sacred edifice, which was fortunate, as there was no other shelter for me.

[1] It must be remembered that an Indian collector is an officer in a position very different from what the name would lead any one to suppose. The collector is the chief fiscal and magisterial officer, and the principal representative of the government in a district varying from 5,000 to 30,000 square miles. His situation and powers are very like those of a Roman prætor, or an intendant-general of a province under the old régime of France.

I had to mount ninety-three steps, with high walls on each side of them, to reach the church, which was on the hill. At the top there is a small platform walled in on two sides, from whence the view is enchanting; looking down on the Tannah river, are high wooded hills, the ruins of a convent nearly hidden by foliage, and in the extreme distance a long, low point of land, on which you can just distinguish walls apparently bathed by the water, and over the walls the towers of one or two buildings. This is Bassein.

I was anxious to become acquainted with the place which was to be my home for two days, so I turned to examine the church.

The entrance was on the square platform; round the sides of the church ran a corridor, the inner wall of which was ten feet high, and was divided into small rooms opening from the body of the church. In the rooms were unglazed windows, having very primitive shutters made of boards and fastened by wooden bars.

My bed-room was what had once been the chancel, and close to where I slept the piscina was still in the wall. The door, which opened into the body of the church, was secured by a rudely made iron bar and hook.

It was too late in the afternoon to go to Bassein; but there was much to look at and sketch near the church at Gorahbunder.

At night the prospect had scarcely lost anything of its beauty; and the only drawback, as I sat outside the church, was hearing the wild cries of the natives celebrating the hooli fête. Below me I could distinctly see large fires, round which they were dancing, while sending forth discordant and almost unearthly yells. The noise they made really suited the appearance of the poor creatures, for they looked like demons.

I felt strangely when, on retiring to rest, I heard the large heavy doors of the church close for the night. By some, no doubt, sleeping in a church would be considered a sacrilege; but this one had long been ruined and desecrated before it was converted to its present use. Besides, it was a case of necessity. Had I slept outside I should not perhaps have been alive to have related my adventures—as one is not always in a state of health to sleep in tents at night in India, and malaria-fever is peculiarly rife in that part of Salsette.

The church at Gorahbunder was built by the Portuguese about 1605. The ruins I saw from the platform, immediately below the church, are

those of a convent of friars; but I could not find out to what order they belonged, nor when the convent was built.

The next morning I left the church, embarked in a bunder boat, and went to Bassein. The landing is difficult. The boat could not approach sufficiently near the shore, the water not being deep enough, and I was in consequence carried on to the beach by bearers in my ton-jon, or sedan-chair.

The island of Bassein is separated from the mainland by a narrow tidal channel, fordable at low water. The fort and town are at the entrance of the estuary, which separates Salsette from the mainland of the Concan. Bassein was acquired by the Portuguese, in 1534, from the kings of Guzerat, and was captured by the Mahrattas in 1739.

In the beginning of that year the Mahrattas "invested the place; and having, on the ninth of February, taken possession of Versova, which had been abandoned by the Portuguese, pressed the siege with the greatest eagerness. John Xavier de Pinto, the commandant, endeavoured to appease the enemy by humble messages and an offer of tribute, but nothing short of absolute submission would be accepted. Soon after operations had been commenced in earnest, De Pinto was killed, and

was succeeded in his command by De Sonza Pereira, who repeatedly wrote to the government of Bombay, stating the condition of the besieged, and joining his entreaties with those of the general of the north, that timely succour might be sent to them. When the enemy had approached the wall by sapping, and were preparing a mine, he desired that the English would instruct him how their approaches should be destroyed; upon which Mr. John Brown, engineer, and Bombardier-Major Joseph Smith were called upon to give their opinions. Neither of these gentlemen had seen Bassein, or even a plan of the fortifications; but, reluctant to lose the opportunity of displaying some professional knowledge, they declared that, as the soil was sandy, the enemy could not dig mines of sufficient depth to injure the walls; and that, as their works must be superficial, the best way to annoy them would be 'by sally, or raining shells plentifully upon them.' Deriving small benefit from such sage advice, the besieged next supplicated for what was far more needed. In March their ammunition was nearly exhausted, their money spent, and the greater part of their church-plate melted down, to purchase supplies. Summoning the senate of the city, the heads of religious orders, and principal in-

habitants, the general of the north called upon them to devise means for averting the danger now imminent; but they could only recommend that fresh appeals should be made to Bombay for military stores, and a loan of a hundred thousand rupees. The president and council, on receiving this request, were in some perplexity; for a little sympathy had at last been awakened in their breasts, and they felt as men usually do when the house next their own is in flames; but, on the other hand, they knew the repugnance which the Company had to advancing loans, except on approved security, and remembered how they had visited Governor Horne with their severe displeasure when he had lent money to the Siddee. At first, therefore, they resolved to send 'a handsome excuse,' as they called a sorry evasion, and when delay would be ruin, to tell the besieged that a definitive answer must be deferred until the arrival of a ship from Great Britain, of which they were in daily expectation. But, contrary to usual precedent, more generous impulses, a sense of shame, or reasonable apprehension, succeeded. What, they reflected, would the world say, if they should refuse to assist, in the hour of its greatest peril, an European nation which was in close alli-

ance with their own? And was it not notorious that the interests of Bassein and Bombay were interwoven, for the fall of the former would assuredly be followed by encroachments upon the latter? Might not the Portuguese be enabled by a little assistance to hold out until the annual rains should wash the besiegers out of their trenches—until the onward march of the Persian invader, Nadir Shah, might call them to meet a more formidable enemy; or, lastly, until the raja of Sattara might be appeased by an embassy from the viceroy of Goa? Influenced by such considerations, they at length agreed to lend fifteen thousand rupees on two securities. One security was the remaining church plate, which the commandant had, after some vain efforts, induced the clergy to resign, and which was to be redeemed at the end of the year. The other was remarkable; it was some brass guns which the Portuguese officer, with a chivalry amounting to Quixotism, determined to remove from his defences. "It should be known to the world," wrote this gallant blockhead, "how, for the preservation of their king's city, it was stripped of its artillery, the principal instruments of its defence, whilst they put their trust more in their personal valour, in

their constant fidelity and zeal, than in the extraordinary force or hardness of metal."

In the meanwhile the siege was carried on with such extraordinary vigour, skill, and perseverance, as perhaps Mahrattas have in no other instance displayed. They sprang twelve or thirteen mines; and at last made a practicable breach in one of the bastions. Here their troops rushed in many times with unwonted fury, and seemed to have securely established themselves; but they were as often driven back with great slaughter, and hundreds were blown into the air by the explosion of one of their own mines. With singular alacrity, the besieged repaired their defences; but at last their assailants secured a position on the walls, from which they could not be dislodged. Even then the brave Portuguese disputed every inch of ground, until, after a contest of two days, the commandant, seeing that there was no prospect of aid, that eight hundred of his best officers and men were slain, that his ammunition was exhausted, his surviving troops worn out by continued fighting, enfeebled from want of provisions, and dispirited, held out a white flag, and offered to capitulate. Chimnajee Appa rejoiced to possess a city which he had conquered with a loss of no fewer than five thousand

men, according to his own admission—of twenty-two thousand, according to reports current at Bombay—offered most favourable terms to the garrison. The brave commandant showed a liberal anxiety to secure the safety of all who had lived in the district; and stipulated that high and low, Christians, Mussulmans, and Hindoos, should continue to reside there, if they pleased, and be allowed to worship God according to the forms of their religion. Such as did not wish to remain in the city, were to have free egress with all their moveable property, and the garrison were to march out with all the honours of war. The articles of capitulation were signed on the fifth of May, one week being allowed for the evacuation of the city, and fulfilment of all the conditions."[1]

Bassein is fortified, after the European fashion, and is surrounded by high ramparts, some parts of which are in a ruinous state. On entering the gates, you stand amazed at seeing yourself in the midst of ruined churches. There are traces of streets, and the principal square, or *place*, is distinctly marked. On the mounds of dust and dirt heaped up, *may* have been houses and palaces for

[1] Art. iv.—The First Wars and Treaties of the Western Presidency.—*Bombay Quarterly Review.*

aught one can tell. The sand was deep—quite a foot deep; the sun was rising higher and higher every minute; and, although it was only half-past eight in the morning, the shade of the trees I often passed under was of little use in sheltering me from the excessive and increasing glare. But I knew I might never return here, so I went on wading through the deep sand, and it was impossible to say whether I was most astonished or delighted with my walk. Wherever the sand did not prevail, vegetation was luxuriant. It was a city of the dead. On the floors of the churches were numerous flat tombstones, on which are engraven the names of many long since forgotten—of Portuguese dons, donnas, nobles, soldiers, and dignitaries of the church.

The walls of the fine old cathedral are standing, and are very perfect; but for the pillars in the aisle are substituted the straight, lofty trunks of the palm-trees, which, rising between the roofless walls, wave their leaves as if in triumph over the poor fallen edifice; branches of flowering shrubs are intertwined about the windows, forming more beautiful patterns of tracery than was ever designed by any human architect; while the pipul-tree, so destructive to buildings, has taken deep

root everywhere, and its branches are forcing their way through windows, and spreading themselves in all directions. It was a strange sight to see these churches, of which there are several, besides the principal cathedral, some very Italian in their architecture, surrounded by tropical vegetation.

I had not time to enter all, not even the parish church of our Lady of the Annunciation, which belonged to the Augustine friars.

There were the remains of three convents, and a Jesuit college all in ruins—all graceful and beautiful.

The college is known by the name of St. Paul's Church. It must have been one of the handsomest of all the churches here. It was founded by Don Sebastian, King of Portugal. The principal benefactress was Isabel d'Aguir, who rented three villages in Salsette—one of which she gave to the college during her lifetime, and the others at her death. She married at Bassein, where she died, and is buried in the chapel of the college, with an epitaph over her grave.[1]

[1] "Bassein, reminds me," wrote Bishop Heber, "of some story of enchantment which I had read in my childhood; and I could almost have expected to see the shades of its original inhabitants flitting about the jungle, which now grows in melancholy luxuriance in the courts and arenas of churches, convents, and houses."

The hooli, one of the principal fêtes among the Hindoos, takes place towards the end of March or beginning of April. The chief amusement seems to be throwing yellow and red powder on the dresses of persons passing in the streets. All the native servants ask for one or two days' holiday, to join in what seems to us a silly amusement. My tailor, a dignified brahmin, used to mingle in the general uproar that goes on, and I often saw him on those occasions in the bazaar with his white dress covered with red powder. The faces of the natives are sometimes smeared with the powder, when, really, they look like something diabolical—their black eyes glaring out through a mass of red paint.

It is somewhat singular that towards the end of the 'hooli' the Hindoos have a similar custom to ours of making what are called 'April fools.'

At night they have large fires, round which they dance and howl, as I saw them at Gorahbundar. The fête is in honor of Crishna. In the general license, which, during its continuance, seems to level all distinctions of rank, it has often been compared to the Roman Saturnalia.

In Mr. Wilson's translation of the Hindoo play, "Retnavali or the Necklace," there is mention made of a smiliar fête; it is called Kamadeva, and in a

note, Mr. Wilson makes this remark. "This Vasantotsava, Madhutsava, or Kamotsava, is a festival held on the thirteenth and fourteenth of Chaitra, at which Kamadeva was formally worshipped. The season was one of much merriment, and the genial influence of returning spring was hailed with music and jollity. Part of the amusement of the people consisted in throwing over each other, by means of syringes, water or fine powder, coloured with saffron, or with yellow or red pigments, and scented with perfumes. A more elegant missile commonly used in some places is rose leaves, large baskets and trays of which are prepared for that purpose. The festival of Kamadeva holds its place in the kalendar; but its observance is restricted to a few places. In fact, it seems to have merged into the Phalgunotsava or holi, celebrated a month before, when the like merriment and affusion of coloured powder or water takes place. In the south of India, Kama is worshipped at this period also, which still further identifies the origin of the festival; although it has undergone some important modifications in date and purpose."

The Deewali, or more properly Deepwali, another great festival, is more civilized in its character. It is held in honour of the goddess Kali, who is in

fact Parbuttie. Deewali is derived from a Sanscrit word which means a 'row of lamps,' and it is a kind of 'feast of lamps,' such as one reads of in China. It is nominally held in honour of Doorga, Kali, or Bowani, the goddess of destruction.

But a different divinity is worshipped on each of the five days of the feast. Luckshmi, the goddess of wealth or prosperity, is the most popular of all, and the feast has thus come to be regarded, popularly, as peculiarly hers. If you ask a common Brahmin, he will tell you probably it is the feast of Kali or Doorga. One of the vulgar will tell you it is the feast of Luckshmi, while a philosophical Brahmin will probably explain—that 'destruction is, as we see in vegetables, a necessary preliminary to reproduction and increase, thence the two principles embodied in the two goddesses, Doorga and Luckshmi of the vulgar Pantheon, are essentially the same.'

Some days before the fête begins, the natives are busy suspending lamps in and outside their houses, which are also well cleaned and swept.

At night-fall the lamps are lighted, and then the streets become more and more crowded, till at last they are almost impassable from the dense crowd of pedestrians, and the number of carriages which

go at a slow pace. There is every kind of vehicle —rich natives in gaily coloured English coaches; Europeans in the more modest calêche or barouche. Shigrams, which are little else but palanquins on wheels, full of half-castes; palanquins and native carts, drawn by bullocks, which are generally caparisoned with red and blue housings, and adorned with a multitude of small jingling brass bells. The vehicle has usually a red cloth covering on four poles, and is curtained all round.[1]

Here sit women and children, the latter wearing gay silver-tinsel caps. And then comes a carriage full of Parsee women, their sarees wrapt close round them, and nothing seen but large dark eyes and handsome jewelled nose-rings.

The windows of the houses—some of which are lofty—are all wide open; one can see into every corner of the rooms. Chandeliers and coloured lamps are suspended in numbers from the ceilings. On the walls hang paintings, generally of a kind which are done on glass, and come from China, and European prints of all kinds—an expensive engraving of Landseer's close to a common gaudy caricature—but all in very gay gilt frames. Many ceil-

[1] There is another vehicle in use with only two wheels. It is very like the *war-chariots* seen in the Assyrian sculptures at the British Museum.

ings, and the walls inside the windows, have been freshly coloured, generally of a bright vermilion.[1] At every window 'upstairs, down-stairs, and in my lady's chamber,' are turbaned heads of all colours: little men looking over small children's heads, and tall men looking over the little men; so that they seem to be a heap of heads without any bodies at all. And the women, too, crowd at the windows, enveloped in their sarees, chattering and laughing with their friends below in the streets. The gods and goddesses have not been forgotten, nor the temples. They have their full share of lamps and flowers, and the tom-toms seem louder and the trumpets shriller than usual; and however humble the house, it has its lights, and every hovel and hut its lamps.

The Parsees and Mussulmans join in the festival, and vie with the Hindoos in brilliantly illuminating their houses.

[1] Jeremiah xxii. 16.

CHAPTER VII.

LEAVE BOMBAY FOR THE HILLS — ACCOUNT OF PALKEE BEARERS — MAHABALESHWUR — DELIGHTFUL CLIMATE — SYHADREE HILLS — LEGEND — WILD ANIMALS — SNAKES — SUNSETS — VIEWS — WILD SCENERY — NUMBER OF ATTENDANTS ON CHILDREN.

THE heat in Bombay begins to be very oppressive about March, and all those who can do so hasten to the Mahabaleshwur hills; among such fortunate people we were included.

We left Bombay in the evening in a steamer, which took us as far as the Mhar river, which enters the sea at Bancoot. We then went in bunder boats, and were landed at the village of Mhar by twelve o'clock the next morning, finding carriages ready to take us on to the travellers' bungalow,

about half way between Mhar and the foot of the Ghaut.[1]

The scenery was pretty, both on the river between Bancoot and Mhar, and during the drive. The hot wind was, however, so trying it was impossible to enjoy the journey. We covered our faces when a gust of wind passed. My little dog was panting and restless, and we all were impatient to reach the bottom of the ghaut, where the palanquins (called by natives 'palkees') were waiting for us. To each palanquin twelve bearers are usually allotted, who carry it six at a time, frequently relieving each other; and numbers are required, also, to carry the baggage, although some of it is borne by camels.

All was darkness when we reached the place from whence we were to ascend the ghaut: we heard the loud voices of the bearers and villagers; but in a minute a hundred large torches were lighted, and what a curious and novel scene we then saw around us! Including our servants, and bearers for eight palanquins, there were more than a hundred persons. The servants were scolding and giving orders; the bearers wrangling with each

[1] 'Ghaut' means, literally, a step, and hence comes to be commonly used for any steep pass or ascent of a mountain.

other; then there were numbers of women holding copper dishes, in which were small lights, and who were calling out for 'pice.'[1] Not a breath of air was stirring, and the heat from the numerous torches was overpowering.[2] I was very glad to creep into my palanquin, with my poor little frightened dog, and to shut the doors.

All being ready, we began the ascent of the ghaut, and the bearers began to chatter, groan, and grunt. As I preceded the rest of the palanquins, I could, by looking back, see them winding up the steep mountain paths at every turn of the road, while the torches lit up the rocks and trees, and occasionally, for one minute, some deep and dark ravine; when I lost the lights, the stars became visible through the dense foliage. Occasionally the bearers below would give a wild shout, to which those belonging to my palanquin immediately

[1] A small copper coin.

[2] This is a curious custom common among the Mahratta villages. The mhars are a class of village servants, who show the way to travellers, and carry their luggage. When a stranger of rank comes to a village, the women of the principal mhars come out to welcome him, one of them carrying a small lighted wick in the middle of a large copper dish; this is waved before the stranger, and is understood to be an act of homage, for which the old woman usually expects a small present

responded. This way of travelling is at all times fatiguing. As it is not easy to prevent the bearers from talking incessantly, it is almost impossible to sleep; should you fall asleep, you are apt to incline too much to one side in the palanquin, and are sure to be immediately aroused by the bearers, as it is difficult to keep it steady under these circumstances. Thus this mode of conveyance is not pleasant at night; in the day it is not so disagreeable.

Knowing I should often travel in this way during my stay in India, my curiosity was very much excited respecting the caste and customs of the bearers. I therefore sought for all the information I could collect on this subject, and a gentleman obtained for me some curious particulars, which he translated from the account given to him by a working hamal.[1]

This is the hamal's account of his tribe and their profession:—

"We begin to learn about seventeen; an old hand is placed in front, and a young one behind, under a pole, with heavy stones at each end, slung with rope, to give the weight of a palanquin, and so the step is learnt; some take to it immediately, others are very long in learning.

[1] Bearers of palanquins are often called hamals; this, I believe, is an Arabic word, signifying a porter.

Banians will trust us to the extent of twenty rupees for the whole set in one month, which must be paid generally before a new score is commenced. Our usual daily food is one seer (two pounds) of bajree flour, which equals two Bombay seers, for one man, and fish or meat, when we can get them, we generally manage to have one good, large dinner in a month. A set receives a few rupees in advance when ordered for a journey, and then we purchase food on the road, as opportunities offer; the remainder of the hire is paid us on our return.

"Noon and eight at night are our feeding hours, three times a day if rich.

"If our first wife dies we take another, with a binding, but less expensive ceremony. Widows never marry again, but 'nikkur,' that is a less expensive ceremony. We marry our children when infants, if we can afford to do so, otherwise wait until they grow up, for a regular marriage costs a deal of money.

"We all speak Mahratta amongst ourselves, but the best of us can generally speak Hindustani. You see I can. We sing because it lightens the burden and shortens the road; we forget the distance; always improvise the songs according to the circumstances of the road, the weather, the weight,

travellers or animals we meet, or people or things we all know about at a distance. Some men make quick and amusing observations in their song, the rest answer, as it were, or acknowledge their merit together in chorus.

"When very tired, we walk up and down each other's backs, after which we feel greatly refreshed; this is done when the tired man is lying flat on the ground. If a man is too much knocked up to proceed, then 'the set' must, at any cost to themselves, get another on the road, and sometimes have to pay a great deal for the assistance they cannot do without. It is a point of credit and character among us, that every man shall do his best on the road. I have five fingers on this hand; none of them are alike: some long, some short,[1] it is the same with us all. Some are strong and stout-hearted, others are so in different degrees; but, if every man does his best, whatever that may amount to, we are all satisfied, and equally distribute the pay received for the whole set. If a man is stout and hearty, it is by the favour of God, and the best of the stout man does not cost

[1] Besides the hands being somewhat deformed, there is a lump on the shoulders, caused, I conclude, by the pressure of the pole of the palanquins.

him more than the best of the weak man costs him.

"At first the pole gives pain to the shoulders, but the flesh becomes thickened after a time, and at last quite callous.

"We sometimes get swollen (varicose) veins in the legs, but they get well, at least for a time, after bleeding them. We are nearly always well when employed; but sicken when idle, and nothing to do—no pay, the heart gets sad, and body unwell.

"We all acknowledge 'Bugwan' as the supreme ruler of Heaven and Earth.

"We are Mhars, and considered of low caste; other Hindoos will not eat with us, or let us draw water from their wells, neither are we permitted to go within those portions of the temples in which the images of our deities are placed; but, notwithstanding, we are the first in the land—every one admits that.

"We are the children of the soil; the land is ours, though the law will not let us enjoy the fruits of it, as it was intended we should do, but if it be unproductive, if men, women, or children are possessed of the evil spirit, it is the Mhar who is called by the other castes of the Hindoos to wrestle with and drive him out, and to intercede with the deities; and by these efforts and intercessions only can the

object be gained. Ask all the people about you, if this is not the case. Who has the honour of swinging with hooks on his back before our images at the feast of the Dussera? It is the Mhar alone, and no one else can be so honoured.

"If a Hindoo of any caste has a domestic affliction or personal grievance, and he repairs to one of the shrines to pray for relief, he places his offering (a cocoa-nut or other fruit) before the image, and pours water on it, but he says nothing; it is I, the Mhar, who from the outside of the door, but looking on the image, must first address the god in the petitioner's favour, for nothing will be granted unless I do so; it is my acknowledged right. If, on these occasions, the petitioner, or any other Hindoo, lays down, or accidentally drops anything on the earth, even money, it is mine, and all that so touches it, and he cannot, if a good Hindoo, take it back again; but if his heart is small, he may redeem it, because there is no order of government by which I can retain it.

"We bury our dead, and do not burn them; some other Hindoo castes bury as well as burn, but with them, as you know, to burn the dead is considered the more correct course; but we are content, and think it right to bury.

"We throw flowers, if we can get them, into the graves, but there is not any particular ceremony or prayers used at funerals."

Only those who have lived in the plains of India, can understand the feeling of an attenuated and exhausted European, the first day after his arrival at Mahabaleshwur, a very long word, which is, however, shorter when pronounced, than when written, being usually called Mableshwur. The word signifies 'The Lord of great strength.' The latter syllable, 'eshwur,' being one of Siva's designations, and nearly equivalent to 'Lord,' as we use it in speaking of the Deity.

In the morning, when you wake, you think you have received a new set of bones: you get up refreshed, and your feet seem to run away with you.

The windows can be closed without your feeling it too warm, and open without feeling too cold. There are fire-places in the bungalows, and how often have I known people have a fire for the pleasure of seeing one, and in order to make them think that they were 'at home.'

Then a fog! when it *does* come (which is the case some times), how it is welcomed by many!—who say, "Oh, it reminds one of 'home!'" And

I plead guilty to having gone out and stood in a shower purposely to receive the refreshing drops.

It is often possible to remain out till nine in the morning, when it is cloudy, and also to go out early in the afternoon.

The air is spring-like, light and crisp; when the slightest feeling of keenness arises, a soft breeze comes to your relief immediately.

Early in the morning—as is the case in all hilly countries—the mountains are partly covered with floating mists, which run along, visiting every rocky peak, which looks instantly cooled and refreshed.

The Mahabaleshwur Mountains are properly the Syhadree, deriving the former name from a small village about three miles from that part of the table-land where the European community reside.

If we may believe the true history of the Syhadree Hills at Mahabaleshwur, though now less than 5,000 feet high, they once reached to the skies; for the legend is: "That the sun used to find it very difficult to drive his day's journey in consequence of these hills, which used formerly to reach the skies, like the Himalayah. He sought counsel from Aguste Rishi, who was 'Gooroo,' or spiritual adviser, to the mountain. The holy man set out, and coming to the hills they of course bowed their heads before

him. He said: "Stay there, my children, till I return," which he has never yet done; and hence the hills are still in the same position, lying in ridges along the plains of the Deccan; and the sun has never since had any difficulty in driving his chariot."

I always felt grateful to the gooroo for having lowered the hills, as it enabled us to see over their summits the beautiful sunsets, which are particularly fine.

These mountains are about 4,000 feet above the sea, which was visible in certain lights from a window of our bungalow, at the distance of thirty miles as the bird flies; and when the sun declined we could sometimes see little white specks on the distant ocean—they were ships; at other times the blue line of the water became a sheet of gold. This was the usual effect of the afternoon sun on it. Then there were lights and shadows for ever changing, throwing the sketcher who attempted to colour from nature into the depths of despair.

The bungalows where the Europeans reside are scattered about the table-land, and all are prettily placed and command lovely views.

The drives remind one very much of those in an English park; they are numerous, and have been

well arranged.[1] One missed the singing birds in the Concan, and here there were none; but we heard occasionally a few with wild abrupt notes, and saw some with lovely plumage.

It will readily be believed that at the hills wild animals are not rare; cheetahs, or panthers, hyenas, and jackalls, begin to prowl about at sunset; pet dogs are not unfrequently carried off by the panthers. Tigers, though by no means common, are occasionally 'marked down,' when the gentlemen go out on foot after them with beaters, sometimes to the number of a hundred, and the sportsmen are occasionally successful in bringing back a large royal tiger, or more frequently a cheetah. One year when we were at the hills, an acquaintance of mine was riding on one of the beautiful roads, when suddenly his horse stopped, and to his great surprise he saw a tiger descending a high bank into the road, it looked at the rider and horse for one minute, then slowly crossed over and disappeared in the jungle.

Snakes are more common than tigers. At the hills, there are long bright green ones: these often cling to the boughs of trees, and I have seen one

[1] The only drawback to the hills in the spring months, is the red-dust, from its quantity, its extreme fineness and its colour, it pervades and spoils everything which can be spoiled by it, and is a very serious nuisance.

dart down from a tree into the verandah of a bungalow, where two servants were sitting. It was soon killed. There is a small dark snake, called the carpet snake; it often enters houses, and being of the same colour as the mats, when lying on the floor, it is not always visible. I nearly trod on one once, under these circumstances.

Considering the number of these reptiles, it is astonishing how the natives, whose feet are only protected by slippers, escape being bitten. In our household, during a period of five years, one servant only was bitten; but he, poor fellow, died.

There is a tiny frog, known by the name of the flying frog; it has a singular power of jumping, and attaching itself to anything and everything. One of the creatures leaped up and fastened itself on the face of one of my maids. It was not pleasant, I admit, but there was something very ludicrous in it.

However, it is surprising how indifferent one becomes to frogs, snakes, cheetahs, hyenas, and tigers.

One evening, I was highly amused by a person coming to dine with us, exclaiming—"I have just killed a snake at the door!" Another guest followed, saying—"The hyenas are howling dread-

fully;" while a third came in and told us there had been a cry among his servants of 'baugh!' (tiger), in his compound.

When the hill season commences, the fact is soon made known by the quantities of furniture, which may be seen carried up the ghauts on men's heads. The bungalows are generally unfurnished; therefore visitors to the hills are obliged to send all they may require, and as the furniture has to go down the ghaut again in two or three months to prevent its being spoiled by the heavy rains, one can well imagine it is not in a very good condition at the end of the two journeys.

We often see a bath on one man's head; while another carries part of a bed, or a table; one has his head covered with a small tub; others carry a cane-bottomed sofa, and chairs, through which, their heads are making an outlet, giving reason to fear the weary travellers will have very little to sit on when they arrive.

The roads above the ghauts are admirable, there are different points of views to which, in the evening, the visitors either drive or ride. One is Bombay-point, so called from its commanding the view of that part of the Ghaut, which the travellers ascend, when they come from Bombay.

This is the finest of the many splendid views at the hills, and when I was in India, this was the point *par excellence*, where the society generally met in the evenings. Many came only to converse with their friends, and turning their backs on the view and sunset, were wholly occupied with the latest news, discussing whether Lieutenant this of the——th Regiment, was really going to marry Miss ——, if Mr. —— was going home on 'sick leave,' and who would do his duty, the odd appearance Captain —— presented with his head shaved after his fever, or the report that a cheetah had carried off Mrs. ——'s pet dog on the evening before.

The sunsets viewed from Bombay point are magnificent. We look over masses of trees, and mountain after mountain receding into a middle distance, where Pertabguhr [1] rises in the deepest possible shadow at this time of day.

[1] On this mountain is a ruined fort and temples, in good preservation. It possesses much historical interest as the scene of the meeting between Sivajee, the founder of the Mahratta empire, and Afzool Khan, who commanded the forces which the king of Beejapore had sent to put down Sivajee's insurrection. They met, by appointment, outside the fort, to confer as to the terms of Sivajee's submission. As Afzool Khan advanced to embrace him, Sivajee smote him in the stomach with a 'wagnuck,' or tiger's claw—a small bar of iron, with small, curved blades fixed to it, and fastened on the hand by small rings, so that, when the

On its summit the trace of walls and temples can just be made out. But there is still much beyond Pertabguhr, for we see ranges of retiring mountains, seeming to touch the dark-blue line of the horizon. This is the ocean, and just above it is a ball of fire about to disappear into that dark-blue line. When the sun is gone we often see it reflected for a minute in the sea.

Every evening there was a different sunset; all beautiful, except when the sun looked 'bilious' and 'out of sorts,' as it frequently does in England. Then the dark grey clouds looked cross too, and soon shut it out from our view.

Among these mountains there is the wildest scenery that can be imagined, and spots where no human foot can ever have trod. It was always a strange feeling to me to look down on those wild solitudes, so completely inaccessible even to the

hand is closed, the blades are concealed. Afzool Khan dropped, and was immediately despatched by Sivajee, who, taking advantage of the confusion created among the Delhi troops by the unexpected fall of their general, attacked and defeated them. The mausoleum, erected over the head of the hapless general, so treacherously murdered, is still to be seen in the fort; and also a temple, erected at the same time by Sivajee, in honour of his tutelary goddess, Bowanee, to whose immediate inspiration he attributed the suggestion of the foul deed, as he did its success to her aid.

children of the soil, who never could have set their feet among the dense jungle, nor climbed up the perpendicular sides of the abrupt surrounding mountains, among which wander bisons, tigers, cheetahs, hyenas, small-deer, jackalls and monkeys.

New points commanding glorious prospects are often discovered, to which narrow paths are cut in the jungle. The sides of such a path form high tapestry walls of long reeds, grass, rushes, and ferns entwined with wild flowers, while overhead, the trees with their boughs and leaves form a ceiling of network. One such point was discovered the last time I was at the hills. I saw it for the first time at sunset when the most delicately tinted little rosy clouds were floating on the soft greyish-blue sky.

Below us were ravines and rocky precipices, where we watched the shadows falling lower and lower till seemingly lost in fathomless depths, where even the rays of the Indian sun could scarcely penetrate. In the distance were countless ranges of mountains almost the same colour as the sky, with the high lights here and there on their rocky peaks of a similar rosy tint to that of the clouds.

Nearer to us, mountains, thrown up in the strangest form, stood out in bold relief—some appearing to have been suddenly raised, and almost

looking as if 'rearing up;' others, that seemed to have been torn asunder, stood as isolated pyramids; others, again, appeared to have been cut into square blocks; and from some of the more conical shaped ones, it was almost disappointing not to see smoke and flames rising up into the blue sky.

The fore-ground was all an artist could desire: it was beautifully broken, with masses ot rock embedded among tall, waving fern, and low, thorny bushes, underneath which little humble wild-flowers seemed to have retreated and taken shelter. Then there were lofty trees, with straggling roots, and with either great mossy trunks and boughs, or with slender stems, having tints of grey, red, and yellow on them, all blending into each other; and close by was a cactus-looking tree, rising out of brambles, gigantic reeds, and the enormous leaves of the *circuma cauhina*. But numerous as are such scenes for those who like a solitary walk in the woods, the fashionable promenades and drives are equally so, and much more frequented. There are to be met the same people every evening.

On approaching the different points, one knows Mrs. —— is at hand, for her gorahwallahs wear green-and-gold puggrees (turbans).

Then there are a few ladies of the *crême de la crême*, who like to dash along in their carriages, disturbing the red dust of the road, which covers all their neighbours; and the gorahwallahs have to jump down at every turn to see if anything is in the way.

The number of attendants on the English children must astonish all new-comers from Europe.

During the evening drive, one sees, at some little distance, a long train of people advancing at a slow pace. What can it be? Is it the body of a Hindoo carried forth to be burnt, or a religious procession?

As they come near we see women in white, natives with parasols, then ponies, and soon perceive, among the crowd, some little children: they are taking their evening airing. The women in white are the ayahs: they wear white sarees, gold bangles, and nose-rings;[1] one carries a pale-faced

[1] The ayahs, when they receive their wages, often buy either gold bracelets or necklaces, converting their little fortunes into jewellery, and when they require articles of dress, give gold beads in exchange for them. Their nose-rings and bangles are, in fact, their savings-bank. This custom of the native women wearing ornaments is frequently the cause of serious calamities. Both women and children are frequently murdered for the sake of their jewels, and

'chotah butcha' (little child), 'in long petticoats,' and over the infant's head a native man-servant holds a parsol; then comes a small carriage, drawn by a man, and in it sits another child. The procession ends with a pony, on which is a little boy; he is held on by one attendant, while another leads the animal: both the young charioteer and rider are protected from the evening sun by servants carrying parasols, and thus they all creep on for an hour every evening at the same funeral pace.

their finery carried off. In the report of Captain Hervey, —(Assistant-general Superintendant for the suppression of Thuggee and Dacoitee)—on the habits and pursuits of the Kaikaree tribes, there are curious accounts of poisoners who, when they meet peasants in secluded places, are in the habit of giving them what appears a sweetmeat, or merely sugar. This, however, being mixed up with certain drugs, generally composed of the seed of the beautiful white datura, causes almost immediate insensibility. The victims are then robbed, and when they come to themselves find their ornaments gone.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE HILLS—THE GOWLEES—THE VILLAGE AND TEMPLES OF MAHABALESHWUR—LEGEND—PERTABGUHR—WIDOWS OF THE LATE RAJAH OF SATTARA—THEIR VISIT TO THE GOVERNOR—VISITS TO THE WIDOWS AND A BRAHMIN LADY—DINNER SENT BY HER—MOHURRUM.

ONE evening, as I was walking in in a wild path fre quented only by the natives, I found some tombs under a grove of jambool-trees.[1] This was an unusual sight, as the Hindoos are in the habit of burning their dead. I learnt that these monuments belonged to the Gowlees, and I gathered the following account of this people.

The Gowlees are still found on the Mahabaleshwur Hills, and scattered along the coasts of the Syhadree range as far as Kolapoor, and are, I believe, a remnant of the races of trans-Himalayan origin,

[1] *Syzygium Lambolanum.*

which appear to have inundated the peninsula before that later invasion of the ancestors of the great families that *now* occupy all but the mountain fastnesses, from the Himalayas to the Crishna. The Gowlees, in fact, belong to the same family of nations as the races which now people the greater part of southern India, and speak Canarese, Telego, Malabar, &c., and who seem in turn to have been driven southwards by a subsequent inundation of the races who speak languages allied to Sanscrit,—such as Punjabee, Hindee, Bengalee, Mahratta, &c. It is true the Gowlees now speak Mahratta; but they have a great number of peculiar words, which are all Canarese, like their features, and many of their usages; so that it may be believed that, like other remnants of a conquered nation who have been left in a remote corner of the country surrounded by their conquerors, they, for a time, retained their own language, and only by degrees learned that of the people who had surrounded and subdued them, just as the people of Cornwall have done, and as the Welsh are now doing. I do not think that philologists have yet settled what these races who preceded those speaking Sanscrit were, originally; but there is much to favour the belief that they were of Scythian origin, their pastoral

Nomadic habits, their mode of sepulture under barrows, and with rough stone monuments and temples, are all Scythian; and these tombs and monuments are traceable from the Neilgherries, through India and Central Asia, to Europe.

All this is, however, what has been said for the Gowlees, or rather their southern kinsmen, by European writers. Their own account of themselves is, that they came from the north-east; that a boy of royal race, who, from being possessed by a spirit, was looked on as an idiot, had been sent to keep cattle. One day, neglecting the rest of the herd, he followed the guidance of a white heifer, and was led to a spot in the plains eastward of Sattara, which were then covered with forests and woodlands, where the heifer halted, and where the people who followed up his track founded a royal city. One of his strongholds was near Kolapoor, and he ruled over nearly the same territory that afterwards belonged to the rajahs of Sattara. The subsequent invasion of the races to which the Mahrattas belonged, drove his successor into the hills; but, to this day, any tank or temple so old that nothing is known of its origin, is attributed by the Mahrattas to the Gowlee rajahs. From these rajahs the head families of the present tribe

claim descent; and, though their claim is supported by no written record, all the Mahrattas about them acquiesce in the tradition. This want of any written record renders it impossible to say when they reigned, with any approach to certainty. Apparently, they have not reigned in the plain country, and the Mahrattas have for the last ten or twelve centuries; so that their dynasty was probably anterior to the time when Brahminism became the dominant religion of that part of the Deccon. In India such changes are not so unnatural as in Europe, and the descent in life is not more rare than the rise of such families as those of Scindia, Holkar, and the Gaekwar, whose ancestors were very humble cultivators, a century and a half ago. Besides, I fear, if the truth were known, the Gowlee rajahs were kings in but a very small way, and owed their regal attributes rather to their living in a remote, jungly district, where none of the Asokas or Chandragusstas of their day cared to meddle with them, than to any great power they possessed.

The earliest traces we find of any settled government in that part of India, convey the impression of there having been a multitude of independent rajahs, rather than any one dynasty ruling, for a

long period, over a large tract of country. Here and there, we find a grant by some sovereign, whose titles announce him as the conqueror of many kings; but it is evident that none of these sovereigns founded any great empire, and the number of their conquests is rather a proof that the individual kings subdued were little more than petty chiefs, and such probably were the Gowlee rajahs. Similar tribes—pastoral in their habits, distinct in customs, appearance, and language from the people among whom they live, and, like the Gowlees, apparently remnants of some race which has been swept away before a later inundation of nations from the north—are found in many parts of India. The Brahmins of Khelat, the Santals—who have lately made such a stir on the borders of Bengal—and the Todas and Burghers of the Neilgherry hills, all more or less answer this description; but I know of none with whom the Gowlees claim special cousinship, nor whether the points of resemblance enumerated are more than superficial.

The Gowlees are at present Hindoos, and are considered of good caste by all other Hindoos, but not in any way superior to other shudras, and rather inferior to those who pretend to Rajpoot or Cshatriga

origin. Caste in its present form in India is probably of more recent origin than the Hindoos would have us believe; and as two castes which are of equal pretensions as to rank, never think of intermarrying or bringing their pretensions to any similar practical test, it is difficult to discover on which side any real superiority rests.

'Gowlee' means a cowherd, and is often used to denote cowherds and milkmen who are not of Gowlee caste. I do not know any distinctive title by which the Mahabaleshwur race is known. They have many peculiar customs, one of these is the practice of burying their dead in the neighbourhood of their temples, which are always near a large grove of very old trees; no one ever ventures to touch these trees; they are supposed to be under the peculiar guardianship of the *genius loci*. [1]

There are two little buildings at the Mahabaleshwur Hills which would puzzle anyone, who saw them for the first time, to guess the purpose for which they were intended. One, at a distance, looks rather like a small, pretty, fancy dairy, with ve-

[1] For the above information regarding the Gowlees, as well as many other matters, I am much indebted to my friend, Bartle Frere, Esq., a very distinguished civil servant of the East. I. Company; formerly commissioner at Sattara, and now commissioner in Scinde.

randahs. On nearer inspection we perceive it is the church. From the platform on which it is placed, there is a lovely panoramic view. The interior, which is carpeted, is almost as unlike a church as the exterior. [1] The other building is the circulating library, containing one tiny room; none of the shelves of which are overstocked; odd volumes occupy the upper tier, their companions having been lost by careless readers. Crowds of novels, tales, and romances, fill the lower shelves, and of this kind of book there is a great variety to suit everyone's fancy. This style of reading had evidently been in constant favour; and the volumes had suffered materially in their binding, proving either the popularity of the authors, or the decided taste of the visitors—or both.

Travels, and biography, and works on scientific subjects were at a discount; and as to theological books, they were out of sight, for the 'book wallah' [2] told me once 'they were not often asked for.'

[1] Since I left India the taste in ecclesiastical architecture has considerably improved. I understand the churches lately finished at Colaba in Bombay, and at Kurrachee are beautiful.

[2] 'Wallah' means fellow. Thus 'cootah wallah' is dog-fellow, 'gorah wallah' horse-fellow or groom, 'roti wallah' bread-fellow or baker. The Portuguese are sometimes called 'topee wallahs,' hat-fellows.

I went one day to the library, the 'book wallah' was not there, his deputy, a native, after a time made his appearance, and, to my surprise, stood motionless at the door. I soon perceived he had thrown on his half-European, half-eastern costume, in a hurry, probably having very little of any kind on before I arrived, and the poor creature was evidently afraid of moving, being aware his clothing was not secure. As soon as I observed this state of things, I retired, and could not help contrasting this child of nature with the 'spick and span' dress, coloured cravats, gay shirt pins, studs, and brooches of the 'book wallahs' in a library in London.

The village of Mahabaleshwur is three miles from that part of the hills where the English live.

It is a small place, but there are some temples, one very old, of black stone, said to have been erected by a Gowlee rajah. He built another, called Koteshwur, it looks down on the Waee valley, and commands a grand wild view.

At the temple called Maha Bulleshwur, and Panneh Gunga, situated close under a hill, is the stone cow, from whose mouth five rivers are said to spring. These rivers fill a tank, round which there

is a raised walk, and near it are several recesses, where the 'saints' ensconce themselves.

This place is very sacred; no European is allowed entrance. At one temple there is Crishna's[1] bed. The priests themselves believing, or making people believe, that when they ring a bell every night, at a certain hour, the god, though invisible even to the eye of a Brahmin, enters the bed, and rests there till morning.

The origin of this sacred place, and the rise of the five rivers just alluded to, are related in the following legend:—

"Thousands of years ago there were two brothers, giants, and their spirits were evil. The elder was Anteebullee, and the younger Mahabullee, and they had an army of one hundred lacs, (a crore) ten million of men, with spirits as evil as their own. They destroyed the people, particularly the religious, and devastated the country. Then the distressed hindoos prayed to Mahadeo for assistance and relief, and their prayers were heard, and Mahadeo took with him Vishnu and Brahma, and waged war upon these brothers, and their host. After a long, and sanguinary battle, Anteebullee, who fought with an

[1] Crishna is one of the favourite gods among the Hindoos. He is of a deep azure colour

immense bow and arrows, was slain; and the younger brother, Mahabullee, was desperately wounded; and the entire host destroyed. Then Mahabullee repented of his evil deeds, and made submission to the gods, and said 'do not kill me until I have made a representation.' The three gods then said, 'what is it you would ask?' He answered 'I pray. as I have met my fate by your hands, that my name may in connection with yours, live in the world for ever. One of your holy titles is eshwur, let this place for ever be called Mahabullee eshwur, a similar favour I crave for my brother, let a temple be erected, and served on this spot, and called Anteebullee eshwur; and for the one hundred lacs[1] of our army, whom you have slain, let another temple be erected, and called Kotee eshwur and, let five rivers spring from my body on this spot; one in honour of Vishnu, to be called the Crishna; one in honor of Mahadeo, the Vennia; one of Brahma, the Koina: and in honor of the two rivers of Brahma, two other rivers after their names, the Savetree and the Garetree, and let those who bathe therein, be cleansed in spirit. Then the gods said, 'we are merciful even at the eleventh hour, to those who repent and implore our favour; your brother

[1] A crore or one hundred lacs.

and your host all died without repentance; but you have repented, and for your sake, favour shall be granted to those who died infidels. Your requests are granted! Then Mahabullee yielded up his spirit, and his body, and all the other bodies, turned into rocks. And this is the origin of the rivers and their names. The Vennia and Koina join the Crishna, the former at Mowlee, about three miles from Sattara; the latter at Karad, between Sattara and Kolapore, about twenty-four miles from the former.

"The Temples, Anteebullee eshwur, Mahabullee eshwur, and Panneh Gunga were re-built about one hundred years ago by Persaram Naraiu Angull, a wealthy Brahmin soucar, or banker of Sattara. The sixth temple, called Koodra eshwur, was built about seventy-five years ago, by Ullee-a-bai, a ranee of Crishna, then prince of Indore. The Crishna falls into the sea on the Coromandel coast, in the bay of Bengal, and does not join the Ganges anywhere. Crishna is feminine, because all rivers in Mahratta are so; and Crishna is one of the names of the god Vishnu, because inseparably connected when the prayer of Mahabullee eshwur was granted."

Pertabghur, the fort, seen from almost every point of the hills, I visited every year, finding new beauties each time in the scenery around.

Six miles below the table land of the mountains, is the neat little village of Parr, where there is a striking change in the trees and flowers.

The bamboo re-appears, and is splendid, and nearly conceals the native huts with its feathery boughs. There are besides, other trees and wild-flowers that would not grow on higher ground.

The ascent from thence to Pertabghur is by no means easy for the palkee bearers, or horses, should they be required to carry gentlemen. There are no roads for carriages

This fort must have been exceedingly strong. It is entered by large gates, and a wall of some extent surrounds the present buildings. There are temples inside the walls, and handsome black stone pillars, or 'deepmals,' for lights.

The fort was built in 1656, by order of Sivajee. Half way down the hill is the tomb where the body of Afzool Khan is said to have been buried. I doubt if this is the tomb; it looks very modern.

The widows of the late Rajah of Sattara, a descendant of Sivajee, make a pilgrimage every year to the temple of Pertabghur. Sivajee's family were Mahrattas—a Shudra race, who claim a Rajpoot descent. Their ministers were Brahmins, and with the characteristic ability of their caste, soon

got all real power into their own hands, and established themselves as sovereigns, in all but name, at Poona, which thenceforth became the virtual headquarters of the Mahratta confederacy.

Many of the most influential Mahratta chiefs were of the same race as Sivajee's family; and this and many other motives of policy, induced the peishwas to leave to the titular rajahs all the insignia of royalty, while they contented themselves with the solid advantages of the substance. Thus the first care of any new successor to the office of peishwa, was always to obtain investiture from his titular sovereign at Sattara. The unfortunate puppet was brought out from his palace-prison, and after going through the ceremony of investing his real master with the insignia of office as minister, was quietly shut up again, till the death of his minister should again draw him forth to invest a successor.

Once only in the course of a century did the degraded prince attempt to assert his nominal sovereign rights, and then the only result was a less disguised and more rigorous captivity for himself and his family.

When the English came into final collision with the Mahrattas in 1817 and 18, and defeated the peishwa and his confederate chiefs, the last descendants of

Sivajee, two brothers under the age of manhood, were released from their thraldom; at that time, so powerful was the name of the royal race, that it was determined to restore to the titular rajah, a portion of the conquered territory, making him its efficient ruler; and thus leaving a court, where many ranks of native society, for which our rigid system affords scarcely any room, might find a refuge. This was accordingly done at the suggestion of Mr. Mountstuart Elphinstone, who appointed Captain Grant Duff, one of the ablest of his assistants, to settle the territory which was assigned to the raja, round Sattara, and to train the young prince to the task of governing, in reality, a portion of those dominions, over which his family had so long nominally ruled. Under such auspices, advised and directed by two of the best and ablest servants of the East India Company, the young rajah was for some years a model to native princes. But in time he become discontented, and was found to be nourishing absurd projects for putting himself at the head of the Hindoo nationalities, and expelling the British. He was deposed and sent to the banks of the Ganges, near Benares, where he lived for some time in semi-captivity, and died childless. His younger brother had been made rajah in his stead,

and under the advice of the British residents at his court, governed for some years pretty fairly; he too died childless, just before we reached India, and as it was supposed that the experiment of governing the territory by native agency had not succeeded, his territories were declared lapsed, for want of heirs, and were annexed to the Bombay presidency. In his latter days the last raja had virtually adopted a little, low caste boy,[1] but as such adoption was not legal by Hindoo law, he, in his last illness, formally adopted a very distant scion of his own house. Such adoptions, however, are not valid to convey sovereign rights, without the consent of the paramount power, which, in this instance, was withheld for the reasons above given, and the adopted son succeeded merely to the rajah's personal property, which was considerable, and to a very handsome pension, which he still enjoys from the British government. Besides the two

[1] This little boy who was such a pet of the rajah's was the son of very poor parents, who lived near Mahabaleshwur. One day his mother made her way into the rajah's presence when he was receiving petitions, and throwing her infant at his highness's feet, told him she could not feed the child, and adjured him to provide for it. The woman was dismissed with a present, and the child taken care of by the attendants, and it soon became a great favourite at court, and the rajah became extremely attached to him.

adopted boys, the raja left three widows, to whom I have already alluded, as making a yearly pilgrimage to Pertabguhr, when with hundreds in their train, they encamped on the hills, where they remained some time, and never failed to visit the governor, if he happened to be there. On the first of these occasions, as our cottage was on rising ground, we could see the approach of the ranees, and their numerous retinue at a distance, as they wound their way up the hill. It looked like a procession on the stage. There were flags flying, banners streaming, prancing horses, stately elephants, tall camels with their heads towering over everything; soldiers on foot; tom-toms and discordant horns, becoming louder every minute. Then as the ranees came near, we saw *maids of honour* running by the side of the closed palanquins in which, the princesses were, and as each one arrived at the entrance of the bungalow, crowds of attendants rushed on, and pressed round the palanquin screaming out their mistresses' titles. In the background were the elephants waving their trunks over the crowd, horses rearing and neighing. and a band of native musicians straining their lungs in blowing wind instruments, and nearly breaking their arms in beating the drums. Arrived at the door, the poor ladies

were still kept shut up, till a wall of red cloth could be held up on each side of the entrance to prevent their being exposed to the vulgar gaze of mankind. When all was ready, they crept out of the palanquins, and were received by the governor. They were concealed in splendid sarees, which covered them from head to foot—not even the tip of a finger was visible. They were conducted, one by one, into an inner room, and to sofas, by the governor.

With the ranees came the two adopted youths. The eldest, called Venkajee, was handsome, noble-looking, and one of Sivajee's family; the other was a very common-looking, stumpy, thick-set, little fellow. With him was his little betrothed wife—a pretty child, with large, dark eyes, and covered with jewellery.

I saw the arrival from my window. The maids of honour, when the rances entered the bungalow, hastened into a verandah, where they squatted down, beginning to dust their legs and feet, which operation was very requisite.

After some time, I went in to see the ranees; but the room was so dark I saw very little, as they continued closely veiled. The governor put round their necks chains of flowers—I giving them sweet

meats, paun[1] leaves, betel nut, and sprinkling rose-water on their pocket-handkerchiefs, and the durbar ended.

A few days after, I visited these royal dames, and had an opportunity of seeing them unveiled.

Their camp covered a considerable space of ground near a tank, to which the elephants went to bathe every evening. From a distance the scene was imposing; on nearer inspection it was little else but a gigantic gipsy camp—not, however, the less picturesque for that.

There were tents of all shades of red, and brown, and blue, and *dirty* white. Hundreds of the followers of the ranees were busy with elephants or horses, or tending bullocks or camels; all the animals were picketed about. Many people were cooking—all occupations being carried on in the open air.

The tents of the three ladies were inclosed within walls of canvass, painted red at the top.

The elder of the adopted boys received me at the tent-door. He was magnificently dressed; trowsers, turban, tunic, and shawl, round his waist, of red and gold tissue. From the turban fell a

[1] 'Paun' is the leaf of the piper betel. In each leaf is wrapped a bit of the betel-nut, with a little lime.

large tassel of pearls and emerald drops; round his throat were rows of pearls, diamonds, and sapphires; and he had handsome diamond bracelets. His appearance and manners were dignified.

The other little boy came out also to meet me, but all his finery and precious stones did not suit him. He was an exception to the rule 'that fine feathers make fine birds.'

As I was unaccompanied by any gentleman, the ranees met me inside unveiled. They had on velvet jackets, the usual saree, worn by all Hindoo women (which is of such a length as to serve for petticoat and head-veil in one), and wore quantities of jewels, besides toe-rings! Over the back of the sofas were thrown handsome sarees, embroidered in gold, near at hand, and ready to be put on instantly, should any strange man enter suddenly.

This time I could see the ladies, although the tent was dark.

One was more ugly than another; they had small, black, lifeless eyes, flattish noses, large mouths, teeth discoloured by chewing paun, and on their foreheads a red sectarian circular spot; behind the sofas, rows of maids of honour were standing waving over their mistresses' head peacock feathers, fastened into silver handles; these attendants were as plain as

the ladies. There were some children belonging to the ranees' family. The poor things were perched on chairs, looking anything but amused; their little bangled royal feet fidgetting about, a long protracted yawn occasionally confirming my suspicions that they wished me gone.

In the tent were also about twenty men, relations of the ranees, and before whom they could unveil. The father of the elder widow sat in a chair; her mother stood. I inquired the cause. It was because her husband was there, and wives in India do not sit in the presence of their husbands. However, a chair was given her behind the maids of honour, so that her husband could not see her when she sat down. Presently, a very aged and ugly woman crept out of a corner; she also was a relative of her highness, and looked as if she had just risen from the lower world, where 'Yama,'[1] judge of departed souls, resides.

The interpreter was a Portuguese woman, who translated the no doubt high-flown eastern speeches of the ranees, into very plain, simple English. The woman said to me, "Her highness say, she

[1] Yama is represented with dreadful teeth, as having a grim aspect and terrific shape. A very ugly old woman is sometimes called by the Hindoos, 'the Mother of Yama.'

hopes master and misses will take care of her, and give her bread to eat, for else 'she will have none."

This meant neither more or less than that her highness was not contented with the pension given her by the E I. Company, but which was, iu fact, I understood from those competent to judge, an ample one. When the conversation flagged, the ranee's jewels were brought on silver trays for me to look at. Then her copy-book was shown, for she had just began to read and write; and one little child recited a Sanscrit prayer, and having finished it, began over again, and was with difficulty silenced.

During all the time I was in the tent, a natch girl was going through different movements with her feet and hands, for dancing it cannot be called in any sense of the word.

She scarcely moved away from the place where she stood at first. Some of the positions were graceful, but at times she seemed to distort her limbs; meanwhile the band outside played slow and monotonous airs.

The girl had a very full petticoat, of a rich material, in which gold thread was interwoven; a large velvet jacket, trowsers tied tight round the ankles, and a handsome shawl twisted loosely round

her waist; of this she sometimes made use in her different attitudes, once spreading it behind her head, intending it to represent a peacock's tail.

The visit was now drawing to a close; sweetmeats were laid at my feet in silver dishes, jessamine chains put round my neck, and after the usual offerings of betel-nut and paun, the sprinkling of the pocket-handkerchief with rose-water took place. I then took leave of the three widows, and was not sorry all was over. The heat in the tent was almost stifling.

One season, two other visitors came to the hills when the ranees did—the Punt Suchew and his wife. They are Brahmins. The Punt is one of the few noblemen of the Mahratta empire remaining. He has a large fortune, which is the case with few others. Most of these Mahratta nobles have considerably diminished their patrimony by running into debt.

Mrs. Punt (if I may so call her) paid me a visit, which I returned at her tent, into which I was led by her husband, who was waiting to receive me. He wore bright-red silk trousers, a thin white dress fastened round his waist by a shawl. The dress was transparent, so that his black shining neck was seen through it. His ear-rings and ornaments were

of pearls and emeralds. "I hope you well, sir," said he to me in English. Having assured him I was, he said he would go and send his wife to me.

She could scarcely walk or raise her feet, the gold bangles on her ankles were so heavy. She was very young—quite unveiled: no Brahmin ladies concealing their faces.[1] She was short, fat, and dumpy; had large, bright dark eyes, very little hair, dirty hands, blackish teeth: she was covered with jewels.

I endeavoured to find out her occupations. I could get no further information, but that she could cook.

One of the few remarks she made to me, through an interpreter, was, that I resembled her mother; at which I expressed my great satisfaction—although I knew the mother was in all probability like all middle-aged Hindoo women, something between a griffin and a witch.

The next day the little Brahmin lady sent me a dinner cooked entirely by her own fair hands.

[1] The ranees are not Brahmins, but Mahrattas. They conceal their faces when men are in sight. This is not a Hindoo, but a Mahomedan custom, which the Mahrattas and other races have learnt from their conquerors. The seclusion of their women is allowed by all Hindoos to be an affectation for which no warrant can be found in their shasters

What a number of dishes there were! They did not look inviting. It is understood, that when these dinners are sent, one is only expected to taste something, then all is given to the servants. Among the dishes were thin cakes, pastry, and vermicelli covered with saffron and sugar, rice, mangoe-pickles,—various preparations of milk curds and sugar, and other dishes, the composition of which it was impossible to divine.

Nevertheless, as soon as the dinner left my room, it was eagerly pounced upon by the peons, and it was not long before I heard a serious quarrel had taken place between them and the hamals, who, it appears, got no share of this repast.

The head servant was sent for to settle the point. In the meantime, my maids had offered some of the dainty bits to my tailor, (a Brahmin;) which he civilly declined, frankly telling them that, as they had touched the plates, he could eat none of the contents.

Once we were at the hills when the 'mohurram,' a Mahomedan fête, took place. It is held in memory of the death of Hassain and Hoosein, the two sons of Ali, nephew of Mahomet, and his cousin Fatima, the prophet's daughter.

The cause of their death was a dispute as to

who was the lawful successor of Mahomet, as 'Commander of the Faithful.' This controversy still rages. The Sheeas hold that Ali and his sons were the true Imauns, and annually, at the mohurram, lament the death of his sons. To this sect belong all Persian, and most Indian Mahomedans. The Saunis, on the other hand, regard Ali as an impostor, and Oomar and Abubukr as the only true successors of the prophet. Hence they abominate Ali and the Mahomedan festival, which is held to commemorate the martyrdom of his sons. To this sect belong all Turks, Affghans, and Arabs.

Hassain was poisoned, and Hoossein slain with the sword at the battle of Kerbela, near the frontier of Mesopotamia, where their tombs are still shown, and are great objects of veneration to all Sheea pilgrims. A series of scenic representations of the battle and of the death of the martyrs are given at this fête.

Before the feast of the 'mohurram' begins, every Sheea Mahomedan of high rank or great wealth erects, on some part of his premises, a temporary building of poles, mats, and canvass. Within this are prepared models of the tombs of Hassain and Hoossain, and of all their accessories; the biers, coffins, the war horse, stands of arms, &c.—all

which models are known by the general name of 'taboot.' People who are not rich enough to have private 'taboots' of their own, club together; and every regiment, or department, or quarter of a town, in which many Sheea Mahomedans are congregated, has a general 'taboot,' to which all subscribe.

The models are made of wooden frame-work covered with cloth, paper, and tinsel, and are sometimes of great size, requiring a large number of men to carry them, and the very large ones are sometimes mounted on wheels. They are usually models, and often very beautiful ones of some of the commoner kinds of Mahomedan mausolea, not of any one building, or kind of building, but of various shapes and sizes, according to the fancy and means of the architect. Besides the 'taboot,' there is always ample space within the temporary building, I have mentioned, for the owners and all their friends and visitors, and on the first day of the feast, the taboots are inaugurated, as the French would say. The workmen and their rubbish are cleared away, and the taboots are displayed to view. Seats are placed in front, and here the host and his family sit to receive visitors. It is a polite mark of attention to go round to all the taboots of your friends and acquaintances, and you are received and

presented with paun leaf, garlands of flowers, rose-water, attar, &c., as in a durbar. Boys and grown men too, turn 'fakeer,' or beggar, for the occasion, let loose the ends of their turbans, and tie a bundle of coloured threads round their wrists, and smear their faces with ashes. They are supposed to represent the followers of Ali, devoted to martyrdom, along with his sons, and prepared to die, as becomes Moslem martyrs. In most cases the representation goes no further than a masquerade, dressing up the martyr, who goes about levying 'fakeer' alms, or a kind of christmas box from all who will give to him; but there are always some, who form themselves into bands, and dress, and act the part very well. They go about singing a dirge in chorus, and beating time with their arms, if they have them, or with sticks and strings, on which are strung metal rings, which clash whenever they are shaken. One of their number, selected as a good reader, occasionally halts and reads aloud an elegy, all his companions join in a chorus of groans or sighs, at the most pathetic parts, and after the final death and burial of Hassain and Hoossein, they raise shouts of wailing, cry, and beat their breasts.

Among the crowd on these occasions, are generally men dressed up as tigers, or horses, who play tricks

among the people, and mix up a good deal of coarse buffoonery and practical joking with the lamentation, which is the proper business of the festival.

The procession always includes figures intended to represent the martyrs, both before the battle and after their death, their followers armed for battle and in despair after the defeat and death of their leaders. Dhuldul, the famous steed of Ali, is always a conspicuous figure, and the whole is always wound up by the procession of 'taboots,' which are intended to represent the martyrs' tombs.

This sort of thing is repeated daily and nightly for several days, till the time comes for throwing the 'taboots' into the water. All the models are then carried forth, and there is great rivalry as to whose 'taboot' should go first, and sometimes desperate battles occur in the struggle for precedence.

It is usually regulated by custom, but sometimes a new body or community build a taboot of greater size than any other in the town, and then in virtue of the magnitude of their taboot, or under some similar pretence, essay to go first. As the people on these occasions are more or less excited, the mohurram is always an anxious time for magistrates and others concerned in keeping the peace.

Many Sheeas even, and all Saunis regard these representations as tending to idolatry, and disapprove of them. When once duly marshalled, the procession of taboots moves on to the place appointed for their immersion. They are stripped of the most moveable, and most easily preserved of their ornaments, which are kept for next year, the wreck is thrown into the water, and the mohurram is over.

CHAPTER IX.

LEAVE THE HILLS FOR THE DECCAN — HEAVY RAINS — JOURNEY TO WAEE — BEAUTIFUL SCENERY — TRAVELLERS' BUNGALOWS — SIGHT-SEEING AT WAEE — LEGENDS — DOM — VISIT TO THE WIDOW OF NANA FURNEWEES — LEGEND — ENORMOUS BANYAN TREE — MONKEYS — VISIT TO RASTIA.

It is scarcely safe to remain at the Mahabaleshwur Hills after the first week of June. The rains are then very frequent; the roads, up and down the Ghaut, are nearly impassable, and the rivers not always fordable. Bridges are not common, and the traveller, either in his carriage or palanquin, has frequently to wait some time till it is safe to pass over the rivers. Visitors at the hills therefore hurry back either to Bombay or Poonah at the beginning of June. As soon as they leave, those in charge

of the bungalows prepare for three months and a half of continual rain. It is a rain of which no one who has not been in India can form an idea. In the three months and a half, upwards of three hundred inches of rain generally fall at the hills; and the fall has been known to exceed three hundred and fifty.

I have only heard of one person not a native passing many monsoons at the hills, and that person was the widow of an American missionary. There she lived for several years, having, in the rainy season, no one with her but a few native servants; snakes, hyenas, tigers, land-crabs, and cheetahs, her only neighbours.

The first preparation for this deluge is the packing up of the bungalows. Each is completely encased in a most comfortable great-coat, consisting of 'chuppers,' which are large screens of thatch, fastened to frames of poles, and so contrived that they cover up each face of the cottage, and prevent the rain from reaching the walls.

The chimney is taken care of in the same manner; the bungalow has no longer any shape whatever; it looks much like the figures of ladies in the loose "polka" great-coat, which has been the fashion of late years, more useful than graceful. The only

inmate of the bungalow in the rains, is the 'mali' (gardener), who, I hear, when once he enters, never leaves it again till the fine weather re-appears, except to get the necessaries of life; he lays in a store of provisions and comforts, rice, ghee, cocoa-nuts, barley, tobacco, and fire-wood.

On the morning when we left the hills it was raining very much, and a storm seemed likely to follow,

"There, like a string of elephants, the clouds,
In regular file, by lightning fillets bound,
Move slowly at their potent god's command;
The heavens let down a silver chain to earth;
The earth that shines with buds and sheds sweet odours,
Is pierced with showers, like diamond-shafted darts,
Launched from the rolling mass of deepest blue,
Which heaves before the breeze and foams with flame,
Like ocean's dark waves by the tempest driven,
And tossing high their flashing surge to shore." [1]

Many persons had already quitted the hills, and that part of them usually inhabited by Europeans presented a most melancholy appearance. The bazaar seemed deserted—the fronts of the shops, usually open, were closed. The Hindoo peasants, who dislike wet and cold weather, had on their heads the singular covering they wear during the rains.

[1] The '*Toy-cart*,' Select Specimens of the Hindoo Drama translated by Mr. Wilson.

temples, picturesque buildings, mingled with graceful palms, bamboos with their feathering foliage, and groves of fine mangos, making a very pleasant picture.

I know nowhere a more lovely spot than Waee, and although I often visited it during my stay in India, I saw new beauties every time. Here there is grand scenery, as well as pleasing, quiet spots, and charming bits.

The view from the traveller's bungalow is perfectly beautiful. Behind the city rise hills of all the shapes which are peculiar to the mountains in the Deccan. There are round, peaked, flat-topped hills; some covered with rocks, looking at a distance like forts and castles. One hill, near the city, rises very abruptly, and has a hill-fort on the top. It is called Pandooghur.

Waee is crowded with temples. In all directions from the verandah of the traveller's bungalow, temple after temple is seen, some of simple architecture, others elaborately carved; some have their ornaments gaily coloured, while others show only the natural rich grey of the rock of which they are built.[1]

[1] One is very large, dedicated to Gunputty. Its exterior is plain, very solid, and of dark stone, surmounted by a well-proportioned and very large conical spire. It has a very

All along the edge of the river, on the side of the town, are handsome flights of stone steps, where women were filling their vases with water; men driving their cattle over the river; priests washing vessels used in the temples, or sitting lazily on the stone walls, looking like monkeys, and gazing into the sacred Crishna.

On the banks of the river, near the bungalow, are many pipuls and mangos, under which were encamped picturesque groups: camels and men sitting round a fire, ponies picketed about, tents of travellers, from the purest white of the English sahib, to the dingy-coloured one of the more humble native traveller.

A traveller's bungalow is one of the most wretched-looking abodes when no visitor is there. In each room there is a table, if it has three legs and a half it is well. Should the chairs have backs, seats, and their usual number of legs, the traveller who brings none with him may congratulate himself.

The small narrow cots are skeletons of beds denuded of all furniture, except dirty mosquitoe curtains, with very open holes in them, large enough to admit a dragon-fly.

singular roof, made of large stones, keyed, or dovetailed together, so as to make a perfectly flat stone ceiling, exactly like a pavement reversed.

Everybody travels with as many comforts as they can. Linen they must bring, and if they do not bring a cook, they will often have to put up with native fare.

It is frequently the case that persons arrive at these wretched resting-places, which are scarcely better than the durumsalas (native inns), who are far from affluent, and very ill, trying to "get home" before it is too late, and what inconveniences have such invalids to encounter! when (their few comforts being perhaps detained on the road,) they find an empty, dismantled chamber, a mud floor, a bed without furniture, and food from which the healthiest would turn with disrelish.

People in Europe talk of the 'luxuries of the East.' It is but little known how much the wife of a subaltern in the Indian army undergoes, when she travels with young children, on arriving at one of these bungalows. I often think of the strange and melancholy scenes which have occurred in such places.

I heard, not long ago, of the following sad and touching inscription being found scratched with a nail on the wall of a room of a traveller's bungalow, at Kurrachee, in Scinde, close to one of the couches. Some of the words were almost illegible.

'As on this bed of pain I lie,
And count the hours of each long day,
And think, with terror, I must die,
And scarcely even dare to pray.

* * * *

'——— Yes! it has come at last—
The last on this sad earth for me—
The time for hope, repentance, past—
An eternity of what's to be!

'And I have laughed this hour to scorn,
And deemed this life an endless age—
The light of a returning morn—
The man is' (*illegible*)—'turn the page.'

The servants of the bungalow said they knew of two gentlemen who had long lain ill in that room. One died, and was buried at Kurrachee; the other recovered, and went away; but who they were they could not tell.

Our furniture and servants always preceded us, and, on arriving, I found my room as comfortable as my own at home.

Waee is, according to local legends, the place where the five Pandoos[1] lived in exile, obliged, by

[1] The Pandoos were a brotherhood of demi-gods. They are supposed to be the heirs of one of the Rajpoot races who conquered India. According to vulgar tradition, all great works and giant undertakings are ascribed to them. Their adventures form the subject of one of the most popular of the Hindoo poems.

their vow, to remain there for twelve years. The hill behind Waee is called after the Pandoos. Some of the cave temples excavated by the brothers are shown on its sides. I had not time to see them, but I heard they are not worth a visit.

Beyond this lofty Pandooguhr are seen two more high hills, Kulinga and Kummulguhr, which one of the Pandoos tried to place one on the top of the other, that he might lie at length and look at the sea, as he rested his head on his hand. But he could only work at night, and the envious demon who wished to thwart him, roused the sun before his time, and made him appear just as Pandoo had wedged his hand in below the hill, *where the huge cavity* made by his fingers is still to be seen.

I should think it would be difficult to find a hotter place on this earth than Waee. I have been there often in what is elsewhere called the 'cold season,' but that season never visited Waee. The heat, however, was bearable in the day; at night it was insupportable. Closed windows could not be endured; and, in consequence, I had very little sleep: there was a 'tom-toming' going on in one temple or another all night. Then there were also singing fakirs, barking dogs, braying donkeys, and neighing horses.

Sight-seeing in India is very fatiguing. The early sun I always found very overpowering; it is impossible to go out in the middle of the day, unless one is protected in a carriage, or in a palanquin: the afternoons are so short, and it is so hot till late in the day—the sun keeping up his strength to the last—that it requires some resolution, and a good deal of health and strength to overcome all these drawbacks. Fortunately, I had all three, and fancied I could set the sun at defiance; and though I had one slight *coup de soleil* during my residence in India, I never learnt prudence. Had I been as prudent as I ought to have been, I should have seen nothing. I therefore went one morning, rather late, to the city of Waee, in a covered ton-jon, open at the sides, which enabled me to see a great deal.

In the large temple of Gunputty is an image of that god hewn out of half of an enormous stone. The other half is carved into a very large and sleek 'nundi,'[1] in the temple of Mahadeo, close by.

[1] Mahadeo's conveyance, or 'nundi,' is the white bull, on which he is seen riding. The image of that animal, near temples, is usually represented lying down facing the image of its master. The most ancient and remarkable notice in the Scriptures on the worship of this animal, is that of the golden calf, which was cast by Aaron from the ear-rings of

The canopy, or mundup, in front of Mahadeo's temple, is very light, and a beautiful specimen of stone-work, as far as accurate masonry goes. The roof, like that of Gunputty's temple, is like a pavement reversed; it is made by cutting stones so as to form three cubes, joined at the corners; these are then locked together, so that each stone locks into a portion of six of its neighbours; and when the roof is complete, the support, generally of earth, is dug out, from the inside of the temple, and the spectator from below sees only the flat under-surface of the third, or lowest cube.

There is not much variety in the temples, but those of Vishoo and Luximee are in different styles, and each as far as stone work is concerned, in very good simple taste.

Waee is completely Eastern; we do not even see English needles and thread sold there by the natives, as we did at Poona.

Waee abounds with fable and legend.

There is a large pool beneath the town, where the mark is shown where Bheem lay and rolled in

the people while the Israelites were encamped at the Mount Sinai.—*Kitto's Popular Cyclopœdia of Biblical Literature.* For more information on the ancient worship of that animal, see Kitto, under the head of 'Calf.'

the river, after he had slain the giant Kinchick, and dragged his body from the hills, making thereby the Kinchick "Nulla," or ravine.[1]

Looking down the river we see black stone piers, which seem to have been the support of a bridge, but of this there is no other vestige.

I was told that "Crishnabyee," the (Lady Crishna) "did not allow her stream to be profaned by a bridge, for vulgar mortals to cross over dry shod."

A Mahomedan Soobadar, who lived at Waee as governor of the provinces under the Delhi emperors, designed a bridge over the Crishna, where the want of one is much felt, even to this day, and built the piers on a rock below the town; but before the arches could be turned, the river goddess appeared to him in a dream, threatened him with her vengance if he insisted in his impious attempt, and commanded him to desist; and the piers of the incomplete bridge still stand as a monument of his ready obedience, and as a warning to all future utilitarian rulers who may disregard the traditionary prohibition.

In my morning excursions to sketch, I saw the early Pooja (worship) of the priests, as well as of the

[1] Bheem was one of the five Pandoos and famous for his strength.

laity. One boy had a very extraordinary manner of shewing his feeling of devotion: he fell full length upon his face, then rose, then fell down again where his head had touched the ground, so he went round and round the temple of Mahadeo. He was under a vow to make a certain number of circuits in the prostrate fashion. A woman with a rosary in her hand, walked quickly round and round the temple, as if in a hurry to get over her pooja. Another came and put red powder on a carved stone cobra,[1] in a niche near where I was sitting; of course the Tulsies, Pipuls and Nundis were not forgotten, they had plenty of rice and flowers offered to them. I was never tired of observing the curious customs of the people. Every day there was something new to excite one's curiosity, and to make one enquire the *why and the wherefore.*

At about five miles from Waee, is a small village, called Dom. I was attracted there, having heard of a very large basin, and a singular pillar, and, besides, that the idols were all of white marble.

[1] Images of snakes are common. The idea of their medicinal virtues is very old in India. A Hindoo attacked by fever or other diseases, makes a serpent of brass, or clay, and performs certain ceremonies to its honor, in furtherance of his recovery. Such ceremonies are particularly efficacious when the moon is in the Nakshetra (Mansion) sign or asterism called Sarpa, or the Serpent.

I was rewarded for my trouble; all these objects stood in the court yard of an exceedingly handsome temple.

The pillar is about five feet high.[1] On the top are five white marble heads of Siva with the usual cobras twisting about them. A pillar is an emblem of that god.

I remained long in this court yard. While sketching the pillar and heads, one of the priests sat by me, watching every stroke I made with the pencil, and at the end, asked me to write my name down on paper, and give it him, which I consented to do, provided he let me take a sketch of him, to which he agreed. While I was drawing, another priest came to the pillar, and anointed the faces of Siva with some liquid. In all the temples large and small, are images of white marble.

There was no lack of 'holy men,' as they deem themselves; one more disfigured than another—some with their faces covered with red powder, and all were sitting on the ground, on 'sackcloth' and ashes.[2]

[1] Black pillars are almost always placed before temples. When they finish in a point at the top, it is meant to represent *a flame*, Siva being an emblem of fire.

The Hindoos have a reverence for pillars. When any one is zealous in religious ceremonies, it is said of him, "He is the pillar of black stone, belonging to the temple.

[2] "It is to bow the head like a bull-rush, and to spread

On a platform, round a temple, were several men cleaning the lamps, bells, spoons, images, plates, and various utensils used in Pooja, all curious—some of beautiful form, especially the lamps. One brass spoon attracted my attention, its stem was crowned by a five hooded cobra. In vain I coaxed the Brahmin to let me buy it. He only gave a determined negative by shaking his head continually; but I got one like it in the bazaar of Waee on the same day.

The enormous basin stood in the middle of the court. It is very remarkable—all of stone, and of very considerable dimensions; on the edges are carved lotus-leaves. It reminded me of the 'Molten Sea.' 'And the brim thereof was wrought like the brim of a cup, with flowers of lilies.' [1]

On a stone pedestal was an enormous black tortoise, which the Hindoos believe supports the world. On its back reposes a 'nundi,' or bull; over him a canopy, or mundup, the pillars of which rest on the back of the tortoise.

On the roof of the canopy is a small temple, with its carvings painted many colours. When there is

sackcloth and ashes under him; wilt thou call this a feast, an acceptable day to the Lord?"—Isaiah lviii.—5.

[1] 1 Kings vii. 23.

water in the basin, the tortoise appears to float on it, bearing on its back the bull and temple.

The lotus is the most sacred flower among the Hindoos; it enters into all the ornaments of the brass vessels used in the temples.

It is alluded to in the most popular poems, and the poets say, that the lotus was dyed by the blood of Siva, that flowed from the wound made by the arrow of Kama (Cupid).[1] This flower is also considered an emblem of beauty; and in the 'Retuavali; or, the Necklace'—a play written in the twelfth century—Vasautaka says to his lady-love: "My beloved Sagarika, thy countenance is as radiant as the moon; thy eyes are two lotus-buds; thy hand is the full-blown flower, and thy arms its graceful filaments."[2]

I had just begun to sketch the large basin, when the whole village—men, women, and children—rushed into the court-yard: some ran between me and the object I was drawing, and, squatting down, stared at me with their sloe-black, deep-set eyes;

[1] 'Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flower—
Before, milk-white, now purple with Love's wound,
And maidens call it love-in-idleness.'—
Midsummer-Night's Dream.—Act II.

[2] Wilson's 'Hindoo Theatre,' p. 296.

others looked over my shoulder, and many, who found the place full, sat on the top of the wall.

My servants could not keep the crowd off, so I made a hasty retreat down into a shady ravine, where I thought I should be alone, but was mistaken; for, on looking up, I saw the priest, with his sharp, piercing eyes, peering at me through a milk-bush, as if determined to see the last of me.

On returning to Waee in the evening, I saw several natives hastening to meet me. One of them told my parsee servant that the widow of Nana Furnawees had heard I was in the neighbourhood, and begged I would, as I passed her village, pay her a visit. I was very glad to have the opportunity of seeing her, and so hurried on to Manowely.

Passing a narrow lane, I came suddenly on a handsome flight of steps, leading down to the Crishna, where a scene burst on me I did not expect. There was the glorious evening sky, against it stood a dark temple, and palms, and bamboos with their drooping boughs dipping in the sacred stream. In a few minutes the walls, and steps, were covered with villagers, all had hastened out to meet me. I hurried on to visit a small temple I had heard of, where hangs a large bell, taken from

a Portuguese church, it bears the date of 1706, a Latin inscription is round it, "*Laudate Dominam Cymbilis bene Sonantibus*;"[1] and there is the figure of the Virgin and Child, in relief. But I had not time to tarry here, it was getting late, and the lady I had to visit was waiting for me.

The entrance to her villa was very primitive, and not as I thought suitable to the widow of Nana Furnewees, the great minister of the Peishwa. There were small court-yards, with inclosures, in which were goats, cows, and other domestic animals; under sheds were heaps of old rusty arms. Numerous servants received me at the door of the house, some dressed, and some very undressed.

I followed a person up a very steep, narrow staircase, perfectly dark, and entered immediately into a small room, quite open to the front, with no windows. Between the pillars hung very shabby curtains, an old bit of carpet, and two ricketty looking chairs were all the furniture of this apartment.

Here I sat some minutes among a number of strange, wild-looking people, wondering from whence the lady would appear, when I perceived a small,

[1] It is a remarkable instance of perversion of the text, Psalm cl. 5, that in the inscription on the bell, the feminine is used, Dominam, instead of Dominum.

low door-way at the end of the room, before which hung a bamboo blind.

I saw all eyes were directed towards that door; still the lady came not; at last I inquired if she were coming; one said in reply, "Her feet were painful." I therefore concluded, that as she was somewhat aged, she could not move fast. I was much amused by some of her servants going up to the door, and peeping behind the blind. Presently there was a great stir behind it, and a mysterious hand gave out two very large and square packages. The attendants opened them; one was a picture as large as life, of Nana Furnawees, the other of his master, poor Mahadeo Rao, the young Peishwa. They could scarcely be placed upright, the ceiling of the room was so low.

In a few minutes there was a still greater bustle behind the blind; it was pushed on one side, and I beheld, sitting in the small doorway, and as if in a frame, a little old woman; there she remained motionless, reminding me somewhat of one of the Hindoo deities in its shrine. She was covered from head to foot with a large red shawl.

When I advanced to her, she gave me her hand, and was very silent at first, so I had time to observe her. She is very old, but still traces of great

beauty are visible, the features small and delicate, and her eyes large and bright for her age; her little naked feet peeped out from under the folds of her shawl, and I remarked her hands were well formed. On her forehead she had a small round, black sectarian mark. Very little conversation was carried on, beyond enquiry after each other's health; the pictures, however, were naturally the topic of discourse, and she seemed to prize them. They had been painted by a good European artist, in the time of her husband's greatest prosperity. She had also a few letters, written to her by the Duke of Wellington, when he undertook to settle her affairs with the Peishwa, in 1804, and these she seemed greatly to value. As it was getting late, I bade her farewell, groping my way down the dark staircase, and when I reached the bottom, felt thankful I had not broken my neck. I was covered with flowers, having thick chains and bracelets of jessamine, and holding in my hand a sceptre made of the same flowers.

Nana Furnawees died in 1800. The following account of the fate of his widow is taken from Captain Macdonald's Memoir of the Life of the late Nana Furnawees:

"Bajee Rao being anxious to secure possession,

both of the widow, and of Nana's treasure, which was generally reported to he immense, immediately sent a party of troops to bring her to Poona, and after considerable resistance from a party of about two thousand Arabs, whom Nana had retained in his service, in which many of the Peishwa's troops were slain, an arrangement was concluded, by which the Arabs were allowed to proceed to Cambay, in Guzerat, while the widow remained in Bajee Rao's custody, until Jeshwunt Rao Holkar's approach, compelled him to fly from Poona. Holkar treated her with the greatest kindness and consideration, as long as he remained there, but on Amrut Rao's coming to Poona, the widow did not feel herself secure from his ancient enmity towards Nana. She, therefore, fled for refuge to the fort of Loghur, the Killadar of which, Dhondoo Bullal, was a staunch dependant of Nana's; by him she was protected until the year 1804, when General Wellesley, who had been invested with full political powers for the affairs of the Deccan, on the part of the Peishwa, made a treaty with Dhondoo Bullal, by which the fort of Loghur was to be evacuated, and Nana's widow to be allowed to settle wherever she wished, in any part of the Peishwa's domains, under the guarantee of the British government, and

a pension of rupees, twelve thousand annually, conferred upon her."

Panwell was the station fixed upon, and she resided there for about a space of sixteen years, when she obtained permission to proceed to Manowley, where she has resided ever since.

It was at Panwell, Lord Valentia visited her in 1804. He describes her as "really a very pretty girl, fair, round faced, with beautiful eyes, and apparently seventeen years of age."[1]

In the life of Nana Furnawees, by Captain Macdonald, there are translations of the letters which the Duke of Wellington, when General Wellesley, addressed to this lady, in whose welfare he evidently took an interest: one I will extract as it may interest the reader.

Letter from General Wellesley to Joo Bye, widow of the late Nana Furnawees, dated Bombay, 25th March, 1804.

"General Wellesley, invested with full authority in political affairs of the Deccan, on the part of the British government, informs the widow of the late Nana Furnawees, that, according to the proposal made by Dhondoo Bullal, Killedar of Loghur, she

[1] Valentia's Voyages and Travels to India, Ceylon, the Red Sea, Abyssinia, and Egypt, p. 173.

will be allowed to reside in any place she may think fit under the Peishwa's government. He also promises, on the part of his highness the Peishwa, that an annual grant of rupees (twelve thousand) shall be granted to her, under the guarantee of the British government, so long as she shall hold no communication with the enemies of either the Peishwa, or of the British. He promises, also, that she shall meet with no injury from anyone.[1]

" (Signed) ARTHUR WELLESLEY,
" Major-General."

About eight miles from Waee is a banyan tree, covering a space of ground between three and four acres. The road to it is along the valley, and here again, at the foot of a mountain called Wyratghur, I heard another legend, in which the Pandoos are the great actors.

It is related, that on the top of the mountain lived King Wyrat, whom the Pandoos served in disguise, till Bheem, the largest of them nearly disclosed their real character and rank, by eating up, at one meal, all the contents of the royal larder and granary!

Under this magnificent tree I remained some

[1] 'Memoir of the Life of the late Nana Furnawees.' By A. Macdonald.

hours. The shade was so complete, I could sit in the middle of the day without any covering on my head. I have described elsewhere the singular manner in which the boughs of the banyan tree bend down and take root. The tree I am describing was of such a size that separate pic-nic parties might take place under it, and not interfere with each other. There were countless avenues, or rather aisles, like those of a church, the pale-grey stems being the columns, which, as the sun fell on them, glittered in parts like silver; and here and there were little recesses like chapels, where the roots from the boughs formed themselves into delicate clustering pillars, up and down which little squirrels were chasing each other; while large monkeys[1] were jumping from bough to bough, the boughs cracking and creaking, as if both monkeys and boughs would fall on my head.

[1] There are a village and temples on the way from Waee to Poona which are surrounded by pipul and banyan trees. I always stopped there on my journey, to visit the enormous monkeys, which live in that grove. I was much amused by watching their gambols. My servants used to throw stones up into the trees in order to make the animals jump over the walls of the temple and run on to the plain. As soon as they had cleared the walls they stopped, sprung forward, raised themselves on their hind legs, then, springing high up into the air, ran on again; and when they disappeared behind

There are many banyan trees, of great size, in this part of India; but I have never heard or read of any larger, or more perfect, than this. The exact area shaded by it at noon-day is, by careful measurement, three acres and three-quarters. The space covered is a very symmetrical oval. There is no brushwood underneath, nor anything to interrupt the view, except the numerous stems of the tree itself. My tree is so regular in its external shape, as to take off in, some degree, from its beauty. It looks, at a little distance, like a closely-planted clump of trees, or a gigantic green mushroom; but in every other respect, seen from underneath, it is beautiful, whether in the heat of noon-day, or in the dark night, when the servants and camp-followers have lighted their watch-fires in its lofty aisles; or, perhaps, most of all, when a bright moonlight struggles through some of the few openings in the leafy canopy. I really did not wonder at its being regarded by the simple villagers as a deity; and many were the marvels they related of the punishments inflicted on those who had violated its sanctity. One story ran—that an impious Soobadar, who ruled the district in former

cactus-bushes, I saw nothing but their enormous tails brandished in the air; and so they went on till they were lost in a bushy ravine.

days, having more regard for his own comfort than for the sacred tree, caused two of the descending shoots or roots, or whatever the pendulous boughs should be called, to be cut as poles for his palanquin. But he was so terrified by a frightful vision of the tree-goddess, who appeared to him the first time he reclined in the palanquin, that he made large offerings to her, to atone for this act of sacrilege, and placed the poles he had impiously cut in the little village temple hard by, where they still are to be seen.

Towards evening, I returned to the travellers' bungalow at Waee; and, the next morning, paid a visit to a Hindoo gentleman, who had expressed a wish I should see the fountains at his villa, outside Waee. Having never visited the *country seat* of a native nobleman, I was glad to have an opportunity of seeing one.

The name of the gentleman was Bala Sahib Rastia. His ancestors built almost all the temples at Waee; he is, therefore, a great man there, and is looked up to by all the natives.

The road to the Motee Bagh ('garden of pearls'), where Rastia's house stands, led through lanes shaded by splendid bamboos, mangos, and tamarinds. On arriving at the compound, I found

a pretty wilderness—no attempt at neatness or arrangement.

Many attendants were standing at the entrance. Rastia himself stepped forward, and led me into the house of the 'garden of pearls.'

The house is curious as a specimen of the style of house built by the Mahomedans, and of which but few remain. They are not built round squares, like the Mahratta houses, but are entirely open on one side, from top to bottom, and shaded by huge curtains. The Motee Bagh is about eighty-five years old; but the decorations are still fresh, except that one of the mirrors has been broken by an enraged monkey, who got in from the garden, and believed he had met with a rival intruder. The walls and ceilings are brightly painted with gay arabesque patterns, and pictures of Hindoo potentates and deities.

We went up a very narrow staircase into the room from whence we could see the fountains play; and Rastia sat by my side, trying to speak a word or two of English, and at last accomplished a sentence, saying to me, while looking at my shawl—"Your honour have on a very fine cloth." I had not time to express my satisfaction that it had found favour with him, for the 'pearls' began to

play, and the water for a few minutes rose and fell very successfully.

The fountains were on a very primitive plan, I conclude. In a long empty basin were two rows of pipes, beside each of which stood a man who held a stout wooden plug, which closed the mouth of the pipe. At a given signal they set the fountains playing, and then all scampered out; each man did not scramble up that part of the side of the basin nearest to him, but they followed each other to one end of it, when they got out as fast as they could; those who came out the last, were wet through, though they had very little clothing, and ran to a charcoal fire to dry themselves. In the meantime the 'pearls' had exhausted themselves; the men were called back to make them play again. This was repeated over and over again, and it was with difficulty I could restrain a smile; but the good old Rastia was so delighted, that it was a pleasure to see him made so happy, and when I wished to take leave of him, he said he he would go before me in a palanquin to show me his town residence, where there was nothing to see but an old dilapidated house, wooden benches being the only furniture in the rooms.

This gentleman was a very fine specimen of his

class. He had been a Mahratta chief, and won his spurs as honorary commandant of the Peishwa's horse at the siege of Seringapatam, and afterwards served under 'the Duke' in the South Mahratta country.

The Punt Suchew a Mahratta gentleman, once paid a visit to the governor at a traveller's bungalow, half way between Waee and Poona.

The approach of the Punt was announced by the tinkling bells of his elephants, which preceded the procession. Men came hurrying on waving flags, others carrying spears, then the Punt himself appeared on a prancing horse, on which he did not appear to sit with much ease and comfort. An attendant ran on one side holding a stick, at the end of which was a bunch of feathers—this was to keep the flies from teazing the horse. Another servant tried to keep up by the side of the rider, and, by means of a large umbrella adorned with yellow fringe, to protect him from the sun. As he came near, I saw the saddle was covered with red and violet satin.

Next followed several people carrying the gifts which the Punt was to present to the governor. All were, more or less, the produce of his estate. One man held tight under his arm a couple of

crowing cocks; another a cackling hen; a third, a poor bleating sheep; every kind of grain, variety of fish, with fruits and eggs in baskets, were laid at the door of the bungalow.

When the visit was over, the Punt galloped off, and I remarked one servant, who could not keep up by his master's side, endeavouring to catch hold of the horse's tail!

CHAPTER X.

THE DECCAN—RAINY SEASON—THE PEISHWA—DAPOORIE—MAJOR FORD—GARDEN AT DAPOORIE—SNAKES—WHITE ANTS—INSECTS—TAMENESS OF BIRDS AND SQUIRRELS—BALL AT DAPOORIE—EMIRS OF SCINDE—BLISTER-FLIES—DURBAR.

WHEN 'the rains' are about to set in at Bombay, all Europeans who can leave the presidency flock to Poona in the Deccan, and thither many who have been at the Mahabaleshwur hills since the commencement of the hot weather also repair.

The fall of rain at Bombay is about seventy inches during the monsoon, which begins in June, and is supposed to be over at the end of August: whereas the average quantity of rain that falls in the Deccan, during the same period, is less than forty-nine inches; and the country being

somewhat about two thousand feet above the sea, it is at this season much cooler than the Island of Bombay.

"According to Hindoo geographers, the Deccan, or country south of the Nerbuddah and Mahanuddee rivers, consists of a considerable number of parts; but there are five principal divisions, named Drawed, the Carnatic, Andur, or Telingana, Gondwaneh, and Maharashtra." [1]

The last-named division is the part of the Deccan visited by the English from the presidency in the monsoon, and is that portion "which is bounded on the north by the Sautpoora mountains, and extends from Naundode, on the west, along these mountains to the Weyne Gunga, east of Nagpoor. The western bank of that river forms a part of the eastern boundary, until it falls into the Wurda. From the junction of these rivers, it may be traced up the east bank of the Wurda to Manikdroog, and thence westward to Mahoor. From this last place a waving line may be extended to Goa; whilst, on the west, it is bounded by the ocean." "The whole tract comprehends a surface of upwards of 102,000 square miles." [2]

[1] Grant Duff's 'History of the Mahrattas,' vol. i., page 1.
[2] Ibid, vol. i., page 3.

"The term 'Deccan,' as at present used by all classes, is different from its ancient Hindoo signification, which, we have seen, included the whole tract of the five grand divisions of the Indian peninsula. Europeans have adopted the Mahomedan definition; and the modern Deccan comprehends most of Telingana, part of Gondwaneh, and that large part of Maharashtra which is above the western range of ghauts, and which extends from the Nerbuddah to the Kistna." [1]

Maharashtra signifies, in Sanscrit, great and illustrious descent.

In Grant Duff's 'History of the Mahrattas,' we read of the conquest of the Deccan by the Mahomedans,—of the Bahminee dynasty,—of the three kingdoms of Amednugur, Beejapore, and Golcondah—of every mountain and valley, city and village, fort and river, connected with the wars of Sivajee—the founder of the Mahratta empire—of the rise of the Peishwas, who usurped the authority of Sivajee's descendants, and finally of the fall of the late Peishwa, in 1818.

In the midst of a plain on the table-land of the Deccan, two miles from Kirkee, and eight from the city of Poona, is Dapoorie, the

[1] Grant Duff's 'History of the Mahrattas,' vol. i., page 73.

residence of the governor of Bombay during the monsoon.

Dapoorie was built by Major Ford, who commanded a brigade of troops in the Peishwa's service, equipped and drilled like the sepoy regiments of the British army. When hostilities appeared to be impending between the Peishwa and the British government, Major Ford informed the Peishwa, that he and his men could not be expected to take part against his own government.

The Peishwa, however, relied on the effect of promises, and threats to change this resolution, and was greatly surprised and enraged when, on the morning of the battle of Kirkee, the brigade from Dapoorie moved across the river, and taking post on the right of the British lines, contributed very materially to our success on that day.[1]

After the conquest of the Deccan, Major Ford continued to live at Dapoorie for several years; on

[1] It was Major Ford who made the romantic compact with Moro Punt, the Peishwa's Commander-in-Chief, which is so well described by Grant Duff. Moro Punt knew that they must take opposite sides, and that probably one must fall, so he bound himself to his English friend by an oath that the survivor should take care of the other's children He was killed at the battle of Kirkee; and I have heard that Major Ford faithfully performed his promise, and protected the family of his friend.

his death it was purchased on account of government, as the residence of the governor, while in the Deccan, by Sir John Malcolm, who was very fond of living there, and it had been from time to time enlarged and improved by his successors.

There are several detached bungalows, and an extensive garden, which, after the commencement of the rains, becomes daily more beautiful. Trees and plants seem to revive, creepers burst into blossom, running over large trees, and hanging in graceful festoons, or garlands, which are seen peeping through the thick foliage.

Flowers *petted* in green-houses in Europe are almost weeds here. But, although the gardens in India can boast of the gorgeous colouring of their flowers, it cannot be said in their case, that 'round the happy soil diffusive odour flows,' as it does from the commonest garden flower in Europe, especially in England, for with the exception of the Tube-rose, and Jessamine, there are few plants in India that have a powerful scent. In Mr. Wilson's specimens of the Hindoo drama, there are plays called "the Necklace," and "the Toycart," which he translated from the Sanscrit, containing beautiful allusions to gardens in India. "The garden is now most lovely. The trees partake of the rapturous season, their new

leaves glow like coral, their branches wave with animation in the wind, and their foliage resounds with the blythe murmurs of the bee. The bakula blossoms lie around its root like ruby wine; the champaka flowers blush with the ruddinesss of youthful beauty; the bees give back in harmony the music of the anclets, ringing melodiously as the delicate feet are raised against the stem of the asoka tree." [1]

"Look round the garden with these stately trees,
Which daily by the king's command attended,
Put forth their fruits and flowers
And clasped by twining creepers, they resemble
The manly husband, and the tender wife." [2]

All nature is more lively in the monsoon, and

[1] 'The Neckace,' Wilson's Specimens of the Theatre of the Hindoos. Act 1, page 272.

[2] 'Toy Cart,' Act 8, page 125. Specimen of the Theatre of the Hindoos, translated by Mr. Wilson.—*Ibid.*

This play is supposed to be written by a king, named Sudraka; over what kingdom he reigned, it is not ascertained with certainty. This play is, however, of considerable antiquity, and Mr. Wilson remarks in his introduction to the 'Toy Cart,' page 9, that it may be safely attributed to the period when Sudraka, the sovereign, reigned, whether that be reduced to the end of the second century after Christ, or whether we admit the traditions chronologically, and place him about a century of our era. These specimens of the Hindoo drama are certainly curious. We are struck with the little change in the customs of the Hindoos since the plays were written.

with the beautiful flowers, come snakes, birds, white ants, blister flies, and insects of all sizes and colour.

It is astonishing how people become accustomed to snakes in India. At Dapoorie, and at the Mahabaleshwur hills, they are very common. Not long after our arrival in the Deccan, when sitting in my verandah, about ten o'clock at night, after an intensely hot day, we saw several servants, one of whom carried a lantern, stealing along the passage; in a few minutes after, I heard the sound of a violent blow, and a cry of 'Nag hie' (a snake is here), and there was the reptile, which had been reposing on a mat close to the entrance of the verandah. It was an exciting scene! The gentlemen of our party ran to join the servants, who were standing as far off the snake as possible, so that their blows did not always fall on it. 'Knock it on the head,' cried one. 'Strike it on the spine, cried another; and at last, when head and spine were pretty well demolished, the cobra expired, and a servant carried it off in triumph.

I became accustomed to the sound of a snake coming to an untimely end, and have sometimes been awakened in the morning, by the servants killing one in the verandah.

The small snake, called the cowrie, is nearly as venomous as the cobra; but the latter being looked upon as large 'game' there was an unusual degree of glory in destroying it.

Our cook, who was a Frenchman, killed a cobra once at the hills—it was in the kitchen. The man ran about like a maniac; and, rushing up to my window, I saw him covering his head with one hand (for he had forgotten his cap) and with the other holding up a very large dead cobra, while he called out, "She shange her shin." At first, I did not understand him; but, at last, found that the snake was about to cast its skin.

The monsoon can scarcely be said to have 'set in' till the arrival of the white ants.

These insects generally make their appearance in June; and, perhaps, myriads of them during dinner fly on to the table-cloth, and for a time walk nimbly over it. It is useless for the servants to brush them off—more and more come. This itself is an infliction, but it is rendered worse by a faculty they have of letting their wings drop off, and then walking about quite unconcerned, as if unconscious of their loss. The wings are not separated by any violent effort, but simply dropped; some lose all their wings at once, others crawl about with two,

others with one; but, in due course of time, all are destitute of their delicate, gauzy appendages, and the table is literally strewn with them.

There are three orders of the white ant, which is the most common in the Deccan: first, the labourers—very minute animals, looking at first like small, soft, white grubs. It is this class which does all the mischief, eating up wooden floors and beams, trunks and their contents, books, papers, or anything vegetable which comes in their way. They rarely, if ever, attack the outside when the interior is soft enough to allow of their eating their way through it. When obliged to come to the surface, they carefully conceal their approach under a covered way of tempered mud,[1] which might easily escape the eye of even a sharp-sighted English housemaid. All they thus devour is converted into a paper paste, with which they build innumerable cells;—some are palaces for their queen—some

[1] After the last Peishwa had been removed to Bengal some of his jewels were taken there by an English officer. They were put into a case inside a casket. When he arrived at his place of destination, and the casket was opened, there was no appearance of the case—merely a lump of what seemed brown mud. On close examination, he was not a little overjoyed to find it was the white ants, which had worked their way in, and concealed the case with this tempered mud.

barracks for her soldiers—some nurseries for her children—for she is literally the mother of every one of her subjects.

There is no end to the building of cells; and it is this incessant passion for constructing new ones which impels them to do so much damage to every thing edible which comes in their way.

I leave it to naturalists to determine whether the second class, or soldiers, are a separate race, or sex, or merely the labourers in a more advanced stage of development. At any rate, they are very different in shape, being fifteen times as large as the workmen, and their habits and duties are quite distinct. When any work has to be done, a gallery repaired, or a breach filled up, the soldiers direct the gangs of workmen, but never attempt to work themselves. The third class is supposed to be the perfect insect, twice as large as the soldiers, furnished with four beautiful gauze wings, something like the English may-fly. They are not to be seen at all times of the year; it is only just after the first rain has fallen that they appear, swarming out of every crevice in the neighbourhood of the nest. The first notice is usually given by the crows and other birds, who wait for them as they issue from their hiding-places, and devour them by thousands, almost before they have seen the light of day.

It is not only the birds and the table-servants who make war on these insects, but all sorts of animals devour them. One of their worst enemies is a large black ant. As soon as the winged ants appear, these black ants come in pursuit of them, seem to take a positive pleasure in seizing the luckless white ant, with or without his wings, and dragging it about in the most savage manner till it expires, then the black ant goes off in search of another victim.

As might be expected, very few pairs of these persecuted winged ants survive. It is said that every pair which does escape, founds a new nest. How this is managed, I do not know, but I am assured that whenever the despised working white ants, who are always wandering about in obscure corners, fall in with a pair of the winged ants who have escaped the general destruction, they elect the winged pair monarchs of a new colony, and build for their queen, a magnificent chamber, which they enlarge as she grows, till she becomes the size of a small hen's egg, which is calculated to be 20,000 times the bulk of her largest subject. All this time she goes on laying eggs, at the rate of many thousands a day, which, as fast as they are

laid, are carried off by her subjects to the royal nurseries, where the young are hatched, fed, and tended, till they are big enough to take their place among the working ants, and go through the round of life that I have already described.

There is, indeed, a plague of flies by day and by night in the monsoon: in the day, there is a very small black fly, which well deserves the name of the 'eye-fly.' It is extremely annoying, hovers over one's eyelids, and while reading, one hand is constantly occupied in keeping off the persevering intruder.

It is at dinner, however, that the insects are most tormenting. Attracted by the lights, they fly into the room in countless numbers. There is every variety. The long, graceful green mantis alights on the table, and begins stretching out its arms as in an imploring attitude. There are myriads of moths, with wings which seem made of delicate gold and silver tissue; some look inlaid with mother-of-pearl. There is a long, dark yellow hornet-shaped insect, with no end of joints, which makes you shudder as it flies by; blister flies, with either ruby or emerald-coloured bodies; large beetles, 'armed to the teeth' in black, strong, shining armour, and with horns like formidable spears. These beetles are

so strong, that, when placed under a wine-glass, they move it before them as they advance along the table. It is in vain the table servants endeavour to remove these plagues. As may be supposed, many flew into the candles, others into the finger-glasses. So great was the annoyance, that I fear it was with something like satisfaction we heard some crackling in the flame, or saw 'some strong swimmer, in his agony,' struggling in the water.

The tameness of some of the birds in India is very remarkable. The crows used to come and perch on the edge of the verandah, close to where I sat—perhaps, even enter the windows, settle on the table, and if a cake, or piece of bread, were on it, carry it away. This they would do even when a person was in the room. The kitchen, in India, is usually detached from the family bungalow; and should a servant, when carrying a dish to the dining-room, happen to have his attention diverted for a moment from his charge, a crow will often swoop down and attack its contents. This reminded me strongly of the chief baker's dream, when he related that the birds ate the baked meats out of the basket on his head.

Small birds were in the habit of building nests

even in my sitting-room, and they frequently pecked bits of wood off a table and flew away with them to their nests. There is a large kite, which at all times of the year is a great enemy to little chickens, and some of these robbers are always to be seen hovering over the house.

I must not forget the pretty green parrots, which are the wildest creatures I ever saw. At sunset, in the garden, they are more noisy than in the day, thousands settle on the mango-trees, shrieking and screaming, and it is only by the noise you know they are there, as it is next to impossible to distinguish them from the bright green leaves.

The small grey squirrels are beautiful little animals, and very numerous in the Deccan. They are very sociable, sometimes impertinent, running in and out of the verandah, scrambling up and down the bamboo blinds, keeping up a merry, but sharp noise, almost like the chirp of a bird.

At Kirkee, two miles from Dapooree, there is a very pretty cantonment, and a number of bungalows, and pretty gardens, where military officers and their families reside all the year. It is the station of a cavalry regiment. At Poona, six miles beyond, is another cantonment, for the infantry and artillery; here many more officers, both military and

civil reside with their families; some constantly, others only during the monsoon.

Dinner parties and balls go on at that season of the year, in spite of the inconvenience and discomfort caused by the insects. The heavy rain even, does not prevent people from coming eight miles to a ball.

On one memorable occasion, when the rain had been unusually heavy, when the roads were flooded, and the river had risen so high, as to invade, not only gardens, but even the interior of bungalows,[1] a ball took place at Dapoorie. The day had been so rainy, especially towards evening, that the guests arrived late; and we began to think no one would come. At last a young cadet entered, when the following conversation took place between him and myself, the young gentleman beginning with—

"It is a very rainy night."

"Very!"

"It is a very long way from Poona here."

[1] I have known the river at Dapoorie overflow its banks, rushing past with violence, carrying along myriads of the bodies of the large black ants, which swarm everywhere in the black soil on its banks. The waves frequently drive snakes from the grass and brushwood, on to the lower branches of trees, where they often remain after the water has receded, and are easily shot.

"It is, indeed, a very long way."

"I don't think any one will come."

"I fear, indeed, no one will."

This was, I thought, encouraging for the hostess to hear. In the mean time, a hamal having seen the youth enter with rather dirty boots, which had done a little injury to the white cloth floor, approached, and requested my new acquaintance to retire, and allow his boots to be brushed, which he accordingly did.

It was a dismal night, though the rain had ceased. Presently, carriages were heard; but out of them came people perfectly useless at balls—a middle-aged colonel, or a collector, who I knew made a point of never dancing. Then, wheels approached again, and a troop of young hussars advanced. I began to think all woman-kind had been drowned. At last, some ladies appeared. I always knew, by the expression of the aide-de-camp's face, who was about to enter: he was all smiles when flounces, feathers, and fans were at hand; while his face lengthened at the sight of swords, spurs, and sabretaches.

The natives are glad to be invited to what they call a 'European natch,' and on this evening two emirs of Scinde came to the ball: they reside in

Poona since their country was taken from them. One was an elderly man, with a snow-white beard; the other, a young man with a black beard. Their dresses were picturesque—the former wearing full red silk trousers and a long white dress, over which was a crimson pelisse embroidered in gold. The younger had a similar costume, with the exception that he wore a green cloth jacket richly adorned with gold lace. Both had red caps, square at the top, very like that of a lancer, and extremely handsome swords. After saluting the governor, they walked with a solemn and stately step to a sofa prepared for them, on which the elder one sat down and tucked his feet under him, having left his slippers on the ground; the younger emir arranged himself to see the 'natch' in a very curious position, sitting with his knees close up to his nose. I thought he might have chosen a more becoming attitude. Their servants stood behind the sofa with small hand-punkas, constantly moving them over their masters' heads.

With their Eastern ideas, they must have considered the polking and waltzing very strange, and how they stared at the performers!

This did not surprise me; for the dancing at an English ball is by no means so quiet and dignified as that of a natch-girl at a durbar.

The rain having ceased, great numbers of blister flies flew into the ball-room, and a scene followed I never can forget. These insects often alight upon persons without their being aware of it, and should anyone unwittingly crush one on their face or neck, a large blister instantly rises, and causes considerable pain and inconvenience. On this evening there was a complete swarm of blister-flies. Some of these little tormentors climbed up into flounces, hid themselves in folds of net, visited the mysterious recesses of complicated trimmings; some crept up gentlemen's sleeves, others concealed themselves in a jungle of whisker, and there was something very attractive in a bald head, the owner of which, in removing the insect, was sure to blister his hand, or skull, or both. One heard little else all the evening, but "Allow me, sir, to take off this blister fly, that is disappearing into your neck-cloth," or "permit me, ma'am, to remove this one from your arm." This, however, did not stop the dancers, and they polked and waltzed over countless myriads of insects that had been attracted by the white cloth on the floor, which was completely discoloured by their mangled bodies, at the end of the evening.[1]

[1] There is a blister fly found in all parts of Bengal, Behar, and Oude. It is a species of Meloë, an insect of the first-

When a child, I had read a little poem, called the 'Butterfly's Ball;' the 'Blisterfly Ball,' however, has made even a deeper impression on my mind, than the former ever did.

During the residence of the governor at Dapoorie, he occasionally holds a durbar, to receive the native Sirdars,[1] and gentlemen of Poona.

It was an amusing sight to sit in the verandah, and watch the arrival of the visitors.

There is no longer any eastern magnificence to be seen in this part of India, among the natives of high rank. Once or twice a stranger came to Dapoorie, to visit the governor, and had fine elephants, and sat in a handsome howdah; but it seemed to me that, whenever the natives attempted to assume

class, or coleopterous order in the Linnean system, and is said to possess all the properties of the Spanish blister fly, a Meloë vesicatorius. I do not know if the one in the Deccan is the same.

[1] "Sirdar" means "one having rule," and is used to designate all classes of the native nobility. They are divided into three classes. The first includes those chiefs, who are petty sovereigns in their own dominions, and have power of life and death, subject to the confirmation of their sentence by the British government. In the second class are chiefs with smaller principalities, and more restricted powers, while the third comprises all other members of the ancient native aristocracy. They are simply exempt from arrest for debt, and have the privilege of being tried before a special court.

'state,' there was a complete want of harmony in all their arrangements. What would strike an European as necessary for comfort, or for state, the native gentlemen would not think of, while they were strict about trifles, which to us seemed almost childish.

When these durbars took place, the style in which the natives presented themselves was very amusing. The gentlemen would be preceded by 'patta-wallahs,'[1] wearing trowsers tucked up to their knees, and with muddy legs, carrying in one hand a sword—in the other an umbrella.

Then would come a shabby shigram, drawn by one horse, filled with native gentlemen, with jewelled ear-rings and necklaces! and by the side several 'running-footmen.'

Next a mussulman on foot, a servant carrying a large red umbrella, adorned with deep yellow fringe, over his head; suceeeded by a native on horseback, his steed capering, and prettily caparisoned (like all the horses in the Mahratta country) with red saddle-cloth, cords, and tassels, the attendant endeavouring, unsuccessfully, to shield the rider from the sun with a kind of enormous silk screen. Then more pedestrians, riders, calêches, and palanquins, came in quick succession into the compound.

[1] Literally, 'belted fellows.'

And, at last, several servants would be seen hurrying on, carrying shields as well as swords; they, therefore, must belong to some very great man, who himself comes on a prancing grey horse, behind which marches his elephant with red and green housing, and bells round its neck. Then a second, with a young man sitting in the howdah; and the procession closes with camels wearing red-cloth caps on their heads, and ridden by men.

The owner of these elephants is, I understand, one of the Sirdars of Poona; he is very poor, but will not give up his elephants or submit to the loss of what he deems indispensable to his dignity, depriving himself of what is actually needful, in order to keep these animals; yet this poor native is not more absurd than the lady in London, who went without necessary comforts to enable her to have two footmen standing behind her carriage.

CHAPTER XI.

THE DECCAN—THE DECCAN PLAINS BEFORE AND AFTER THE RAINS — VILLAGES — STORIES — PILGRIMAGE TO SACRED PLACES—LEGEND—BEAUTIFUL SUNSETS IN THE RAINY SEASON.

THE Deccan plains—which, before the rain falls, are brown and nearly bare—are very beautiful in August and September. The jowaree (*holcus sorghum*) and bajree (*holcus spicatus*)—grains much cultivated in this country—are high, concealing, no doubt, many a cobra; and it is not unusual for officers, when out shooting, to meet with, and kill, these dangerous snakes.

Where there is no cultivation, the plain becomes covered with grass and minute wild flowers.

Babool trees[1] and groves of mangos, interspersed

[1] *Acacia Arabica.*

with the beautiful bamboo, are at this season rich in foliage. The babool thrives well in the Deccan, even in waste places; it is a very useful as well as ornamental tree, for its seeds are of service to the peasant in the hot season, when grass is difficult to be obtained, for his goats and sheep, which form the principal part of his property; the wood is tough and strong, and not only furnishes the greater number of his agricultural implements, but is much valued by wheelwrights; while the bark is used by tanners as the staple ingredient in all mixtures for tanning leather. The trees bear small yellow flowers, which fill the air with their delicious odour. The mango, though as fine a tree here as at Bombay, does not yield so excellent a fruit; indeed, so inferior is it, that one accustomed to the mangos of Mazagon would scarcely consider those of the Deccan worth eating. But it is here, on these extensive plains, where I have wandered so much, that the shade of these trees is so valuable.

The Hindoos have a legend that the tip of one of Kama's (the god of love) five arrows is steeped in the mango blossom.[1]

[1] How true is the remark of Major More:—'It is in India that every flower has some romantic tale linked with its sweetness.'

There are several small villages on the plains in the neighbourhood of Dapoorie, some very picturesque, among them Pashan (which means rock or stone in Sanscrit), and which was a favourite resort of the last Peishwa. One or two temples are inclosed within the walls. There are a few miserable huts, and a number of very fine banyan-trees, under which I have often rested during the declining heat of the day, waiting for the cool evening to begin my sketching. I was never tired of looking at these grand trees and the fantastic forms the boughs fell into as they descended to take root in the ground; some hanging singly, others, meeting on the way down, were entwined together; then, while some fell in plaits, or were twisted into knots, some formed gothic arches; and, from all those which had taken root, fresh stems were springing up, and there were more knots and more arches in process of formation.

None of these trees had their trunks disfigured by names cut on them.[1]

Oomraj, a small village of the Deccan, near Poona, has, like many other places here, a very

[1] Sleeman says, "Where an Englishman would write his name, a Hindoo would write that of his god, parent, or benefactor."

pretty tradition connected with it. It is called the history of 'Now-lakh Oomraj, or Oomraj of the 900,000.'

"Once upon a time, in the days of the Mahomedan kings, there was a very covetous king, who had a very beautiful wife. She was the only being in the world for whom he cared; the only thing he loved, except money. When the king's tax-gatherers oppressed the people, and denied them justice, they used to fly to the queen, and she would always use her influence on the part of the poor and oppressed, and was the only source of mercy or justice in the kingdom.

"One day, when the king was in a very good humour with her, he told her to ask of him whatever she wished for, and promised to give it to her. She prayed him to give her one day's transit duties at the toll-gate of Oomraj. The king, covetous as he was, was half angry at the smallness of her request, and said, 'That's always the way with her! instead of asking for something really useful, she is for ever begging for something that can do her no earthly good.'

"However, he was comforted by thinking that she had asked for the tolls of a wretched village in the mountain, where they hardly covered the pay

of a single toll-keeper, when she might have begged for the customs of Surat or Lahore. So he gave the order, and it was proclaimed that his majesty, of his royal liberality, had granted to his beloved consort one whole day's toll of the village of Oomraj.

"The day fixed was far in advance, so that though not one in five millions of his people knew where Oomraj was, when the edict was proclaimed, all had inquired and discovered, many months before the day came, that it was among the hills near Poona and Chakun.

"Every trader and cultivator in the kingdom had some cause to bless the queen's name, and wish her well; so with one accord, they agreed, in every village throughout the land, that, as the king's rapacity left little else in their power, they should every man go, with his cart or his bullocks, and pay toll to her on that day. So to Oomraj they went; and though there was no Bhore Ghaut road in those days, they all found their way to the place; and from sunrise to sunset, filed through the village by thousands and millions, each paying his four pice for one hundred head of cattle, and when the wearied toll-keeper counted the heaps of money after the day was done, the total was

900,000 rupees (£90,000), and the village has been called Oomraj of the 900,000, ever since. His majesty was so struck by this practical illustration of the financial benefits of a character for justice and mercy, that he reformed his administration, and the good queen had the pleasure of seeing his people happy and prosperous ever after." [1]

Alundi, about six miles from Dapoorie, was a favourite haunt of mine. It is a place of pilgrimage, to which natives in the neighbourhood of Poona resort for amusement, as much as for the performance of religious duties. At the yearly fair which is held there, whole families are to be met on the way thither. The Hindoos are taught

[1] Another story of royal domestic life in the palace of the Delhi emperors, is told in connection with zodiacal gold mohurs, each of which bears the impress of some sign of the zodiac. I do not vouch for it as an historical fact. It was told me, I think, of Noor Mahal, who, when her husband bade her ask a favour of him, begged that, for one day, money might be coined in a woman's name. So the emperor ordered all his mints, for one day, to coin in her name: and I have seen a very beautiful gold mohur, which was shown me as Noor Mahal's. I believe there are coins with her name on them. The story is told with variations: some affirming that the emperor allowed her to reign supreme for one day, and that the coinage was only one of her acts of sovereignty.

by their religion that the performance of pooja (worship) at certain places will be of peculiar benefit to them: for this reason they sometimes travel a long distance to a favourite town, or even isolated temple. I have often met them going to Alundi. [1] If a man has a wife and child of tender years, they ride a small pony; he walks, carrying a flag, which in the Deccan is of a brick-dust colour. [2] The elder children keep up with the party. There is no baggage; perhaps one or two bundles, containing a few cooking utensils, a rug to sleep on, and the common copper or brass drinking vessels. At the holy place the families remain often a week. They, of course, give presents to the Brahmins, and bring back to their friends, who remain at home, some flowers, rice, and sweetmeats, which had been offered to the god.

Often did I make a *pilgrimage* to Alundi while I was in India, sometimes regretting I was alone, but frequently not—agreeing perfectly with

[1] The last Peishwa used to go yearly to Alundi in great state, with his court: the rich made handsome presents to the temple, gave fine clothes to Wittoba; and what with feeding the Brahmins besides, the annual expenses were very considerable.

[2] This colour is sacred to Siva, or Mahadeo.

what Petrarch says in a letter to Father Dennis, his spiritual guide, when giving an account of his ascent to Mount Ventoux:

"I sought a companion for this expedition among the friends I had; I met with no one quite suited to my mind: so true is it that it is rare to find, even among persons who love one another the best, a perfect conformity in taste, inclination, and manner of thinking. One appeared to me too quick, one too slow; I found this man too lively, the other too dull. There is one, said I to myself, too tender and too delicate to sustain the fatigue; there is another too fat and too heavy—he can never get up so high; this is too petulant and noisy, the other too silent and melancholy."[1] So says Petrarch. I do not know whether I give the correct words or not; but that is the spirit of what he said to Father Dennis.

There is no carriage road to Alundi, so I went there in my sedan-chair, open at three sides, the head being removeable when the oppressive heat was over.

The plain I traversed was in parts very rocky, and here and there small babools and calatropus gigantea were spread thinly about. The distant

[1] The Life of Petrarch by Mrs. Dobson.

hills which surround the plain were clear and distinct, with deeper shadows playing on them than is usually the case in India early in the day; for after the heavy rains are over, the sky does not immediately resume its cloudless aspect, and wonted deep cobalt blue, but looks like a naughty child that has not quite recovered its good-humour, when the least thing would bring back a flood of tears; and so the large grey clouds, tipped with white, seemed half inclined to weep.

Trees became more frequent as I approached the River Indroani, on which the small town of Alundi is situated. Among them was the neem, [1] the lilac-tree of India, as it is called; and though the blossom is not so fragrant as *the* lilac-tree *at home*, it is very sweet and pretty: the tree is highly esteemed by the Hindoos, and it is married sometimes to a pipul! The neem I saw to day was in single blessedness; but in the neighbourhood of Poona, these two trees are married by being planted together, and surrounded by the low stone wall, which is so often placed round trees for which the Hindoos have a peculiar reverence. These marriages are attended with many ceremonies. Tamarinds are generally planted near villages in India, and this

[1] *Azadiracta Indica.*

tree is often married to the mango. The bhere tree,[1] also a favourite with the natives, likewise grows near Alundi. I was always struck by the servants and palkee-bearers knowing the use of all the trees, plants, and even of the minute weeds we trod on. The grove I passed would in a few years yield a pleasant shade to the weary traveller, and he who planted it was, no doubt, full of hope that (as Ward says, in his work on 'The Literature and Mythology of the Hindoos'), "having set apart these trees to afford shade to his fellow-creatures, so after death he will not be scorched by excessive heat in the kingdom of Yama, the regent of death."

Bridges, not of European construction or origin, are uncommon in the Deccan; but there is one here over the Indraoni; it is a curious one, very narrow, evidently not built for carriages, as there are at each end steps leading up to it.

The town of Alundi looks well from the bridge. Temples, neat, picturesque houses, walls in perfect order, trees in gardens, all look prosperous.

There were several good points of view; and, before I entered the town, I made a sketch—the rain every now and then putting a stop to my proceedings; but I could not on this occasion take

[1] Either *Ziziphus Zujuba*, or *Vulgaris*.

refuge under one of the arches of the bridge, as I once afterwards did in the spring (at which season the beds of the river are nearly dry), as the stream to-day was rushing madly on, splashing over rocks and stones, determined to have its own way.

The little town, on nearer inspection, did not disappoint me. Among the temples are two very large white stone ones, the ornaments carved in grotesque figures. Wittoba is worshipped here; and in one temple is buried a saint, named Naneshwur, the hero of a famous legend, which I will relate presently. The streets are very narrow, only wide enough for one bullock-cart. Little altars are dotted about on green grass, close to the water; temples stand nearly in the river, pipuls and mangos being planted on its banks.

The curiosity of the people was very great. How they ran out to look at me! wondering what I could be, and why I came there.

It is said that, in one of the courts of the temples, grows what the Brahmins called 'the unknown tree.' A gentleman of my acquaintance was very anxious to obtain a bit of this mysterious tree, but the priests always refused complying with his request. The gentleman's servant, not wishing that

his master should be disappointed, attempted to climb over the wall and get a small branch; he was, however, caught in the attempt, and the angry priest nearly beat him to death. Afterwards, the gentleman procured, by fair means, a bit of the tree, which he planted; but, when I left India, it was too young to ascertain what it was.[1]

This sequestered place, which may well be ranked among the 'nooks and corners' of India, can boast of its mythological legend. Major More heard the story from some Brahmins, at Poona and Bombay; and in his 'Hindoo Pantheon,' page 425, relates it in the following words:—"Naneshwur is an avatara, or rather, perhaps, an avantara of Vishnoo, of recent date; by some stated to have happened twelve hundred, by others six or seven hundred years ago, at the village of Alundi, about nine miles eastward of Poona. This city belonged, until lately, to Sindia, and the English had a detachment of troops there in the late war with that chief.[2]

[1] Since the above was written, I have received a letter from my friend, Dr. Gibson (Conservator of forests in the Bombay presidency), who tells me that the tree in question is an antidesma. Although it turns out to be a well-known tree, it is not common.

[2] Major More's work was written many years ago.

"Naneshwur was a Brahmin living at Alundi, and wrote a great book on religion, metaphysics, theogamy, &c., in poetry. He is highly venerated for his learning and piety; his book is named after him, 'Naneshweri,' and is not scarce; indeed, I believe it to be a metrical commentary on the Gita. It is said to be a work of such erudition, as not to be fully comprehended without a knowledge of fifty-six dialects; that number of languages having flowed from the inspired penman through the composition of this work. In the fullness of time, as is not very unusual with Sanyasis, Gussayns, or Yogis,[1] Naneshwur was buried alive at Alundi, where his tomb is seen under a splendid temple; and he condescends to appear, (for he is not dead) to very pious suppliants, and others he encourages by spiritual movements."

The story proceeds to say, that the name of Naneshwur's father was not known—that losing his wife, while childless, he was so unhappy, he determined to become a saint. After some years, he learnt that his wife was still alive; but his re-union with her, after having entered on the austerities of his probation, caused so much scandal among the Brahmins, that they would not allow him to be a saint any longer.

[1] Holy men of different sects.

They now had four children—three sons and a daughter. Naneshwur was the second son. They were left orphans at a very early age—were considered outcasts by the Brahmins, and sadly persecuted; but at last, they were relieved from their sad condition, by their receiving suddenly the power of performing several miracles.

One miracle was this: "Naneshwur was desired by some Brahmins to endow a male buffalo, that happened to be approaching, with human faculties. He was at this time under reproach that he could not read the Vedas, and exclaimed that he would make the buffalo recite from the sacred volume; and he laid his hands on the beast, commanded it to speak, which it immediately did, and accurately recited such portions of the Vedas as the sceptical Brahmins chose to point out."[1]

Another miracle is related, "that a holy man, named Changa Deva, attracted by the fame of the first miracle, was coming towards Alundi to visit Naneshwur, who, with his brothers and sister, happened to be sitting on a wall. The sister, intuitively knew of the approach of the holy man, apprized Naneshwur of it, and of his business, and described his equipage. On his nearer approach,

[1] Major More.

Naneshwur laid his hand on the wall, and commanded it to bear him and his relations to their visitor; which, to the astonishment of all, it did, about a quarter of a coss, into the presence of Changa Deva, who now appeared on a Bengal tiger, and for a whip, whirled a cobra capel."

It is by making expeditions like that I made to Alundi and other places, and by taking an interest in the daily events of native life, that the monotony of an Indian existence is ameliorated. It is not always easy to appreciate the significance and value of what is constantly before our eyes, but I think people can learn to do so; and nowhere is such a faculty more valuable than in India, where one is left so completely to one's own resources—that is, the ladies; for assuredly the gentlemen who hold office have much to do, and are hard worked, being employed early and late.

In returning from our evening drives during the monsoon, we are generally favoured with magnificent sunsets. One looks forward to them as the great event of the day, quite sure that each will be different from, and perhaps more beautiful than the one of the day before. There are colours in the sky not seen at any other time of the year, especially shades of green. Towards five o'clock, the

edges of the clouds gradually become sharper and more distinct, and their tints more vivid, as they take the form of castles, forts, and mountains, of a rich copper colour. As the day declines, gorgeous hues of lilac, rose, and crimson, pour in among the deep dark purple clouds, and, as the sun sinks below the horizon, a blaze of golden light bursts over the whole sky, making it bright and glorious beyond description.

CHAPTER XII.

WORSHIP OF WITTOBA.

I HAVE mentioned in the preceding chapter, that Wittoba is worshipped at Alundi, but his principal shrine is at Punderpoor, on the Bheema, to the westward of Sholapoor.

Wittoba is one of the many subordinate incarnations of Vishnoo. It took place at Punderpoor, a town about eighty miles to the south-east of Poona. More relates the history of this incarnation. It conveys, unlike most Hindoo legends, a moral lesson.

"A Brahmin, named Pundelly, was travelling on a pilgrimage from the Deccan to Benares, with his wife, father, and mother; his neglect of the two latter caused them many vexations on the journey; for he would sometimes ride with his wife, and leave

them to walk, &c. Arriving at Punderpoor, they took up their abode in a Brahmin's house for the evening and night; during which, Pundelly noticed, with some self-abasement, many acts of filial piety and kindness on the part of his host towards his parents, who, with his wife, composed the hospitable family. Early in the morning, Pundelly observed three elegant females, attired in white, and richly decorated, performing the several duties of sweeping the host's house, and putting it in order; filling water, arranging the vessels for cooking, &c., &c., and, astonished at the sight, he proceeded to enquire who these industrious strangers were, he not having seen over night any such persons in the family: but his enquiries were received with repulsive indignation by the beauteous damsels, who forbad him, 'a chandala,' an ungrateful and undutiful son, to approach, or converse with them.

"Pundelly, humbling himself, solicited to know their names, and learnt they were named Ganga, Yamuna, and Saraswati, and immediately recognized the triad of river-goddesses. More and more astonished, he, after prostration, inquired how it could be that such divine personages, in propitiation of whose favour he, with his family, among thousands of others, undertook long and painful

pilgrimages, should descend to the menial occupations he had witnessed. After reproaching him for his undutiful conduct, they replied to this effect —'You have witnessed the filial and dutiful affection of the heads of this family, to their aged and helpless parents; for them they seem solely to live, and for them they find delight in toiling; they seek no pleasure abroad, nor do they deem it necessary to make pilgrimages, or even to go to the temples for the purposes of prayer. Know ye that these acts, necessary and holy as they may be, are, nevertheless, of no avail unless earlier duties have been attended to. Bad men, especially those who neglect their first duties to their parents, to whom all first duties are owing, may pass their whole lives in pilgrimages and prayer, without benefit to their souls. On the contrary with those who are piously performing those primary duties; the outward ceremonies of religion are of secondary and inferior moment; and even deities, as you have witnessed, minister to their comforts and convenience. He who serves his parents, serves his god through them.'

"Struck with remorse at this rebuke, Pundelly resolved amendment; and, dropping his intended pilgrimage, remained at Punderpoor, and for a

series of years acted in a most exemplary manner towards his parents, exceeding even in attention and duty the pattern of his former hosts; inasmuch that Vishnoo inspired him with a portion of his divinity, and he now assumed the name of 'Wittoba.'" [1]

Punderpoor was the scene of Wittoba's most famous miracles, and the whole town—a very large one—is more or less directly dependant on the great temple of Wittoba, which stands in the middle surrounded by the houses of the principal 'Poojaris,' as the conductors of the worship and religious ceremonies of the pilgrims are called. One of the most efficacious and important of these observances is to walk round the temple a given number of times reciting prayers, or invoking Wittoba.

The more devout, and persons bound by special vows, often make their circuits prostrate. The pilgrim measures his length with his face to the ground, makes a mark as far forward as he can reach with his arm, and then rising, puts his feet to the mark, and repeats his prostration. For the convenience of the pilgrims, while thus employed, the street which runs round the temple at some little distance from it, and which, as including all

[1] 'More's Hindoo Pantheon.'

the subordinate shrines, is esteemed the orthodox circuit, has been furnished by some votary of former days, with a pavement, a luxury unknown elsewhere in the city. Within the circuit of this street, the ground is holier than outside, and hence every available spot has been built on by the 'Poojaris,' who, for the better accommodation of their pilgrim guests, have carried up their houses to the height of six or seven stories, an elevation very unusual in the Deccan, whilst the cross streets between them have been reduced, so as barely to admit of two persons passing.

There are few institutions connected with the Hindoo religion, more curious then those established by these 'Poojaris.' No temple, however small, is without one or more, and attached to all the larger shrines in the country, are several families of them. At Punderpoor, they are Brahmins, but they are not always of that caste. At a large shrine, like that at Nassick, Punderpoor, or Alundi, it is their province to receive and entertain the pilgrims, to direct their religious observances, and to record their visit, and, as might be expected, the emoluments they derive from each branch of their duties are very large. These are divided, in the most minute and methodical manner, among

the various families of 'Poojaris,' and in each family among the various members, just as one member of an English family which has a share in a leading journal, receives as his portion, a column, or so many inches of a column of the daily sheet of advertisements, so a Poojari heir or heiress inherits a right to the emoluments of so many rooms in the family mansion, or so many hours' service in the temple.

The following description of the proceedings of a pilgrim family visiting a great shrine during one of the 'Jatras,' or periodical religious fairs, may give some idea of the mode in which the Poojaris turn their superstition to account:—

Sometimes a 'Poojari' makes a progress through those parts of the country in which votaries most abound, and beats up for pilgrims, who attach themselves to him and follow his guidance till he has conducted them to the end of their pilgrimage. But this seeking for disciples is not considered a very dignified or respectable practice, and is usually reserved for those shrines which are remote or really difficult of access. At all the large and more accessible shrines in the Deccan, the Poojaris generally await the pilgrims on the outskirts of the holy town, where a group, containing a representa-

tive from every principal Poojari family, may be usually seen on each of the principal lines of road watching for the bands of pilgrims. As the latter approach, they are accosted by the Poojaris, who inquire their names, caste, and place of residence, and soon discover, through means which will be noticed hereafter, to what family of Poojaris they belong. They are then directed to one of the houses of that family, and lodged and entertained according to their condition and wealth; the rich, and such as promise to be liberal, are accommodated in the Poojaris' house; the poorer classes in a 'dhurmsalla'—a place of public shelter, like a caravanserai —or in the courts and porticos of the temple, or, during the busiest part of the 'jatra,' encamped in the open air, on the banks of the sacred stream, which is always to be found at every place of pilgrimage, ablution in which, is always an essential part of the religious observances.

There are no 'hand-books to Punderpoor,' and the pilgrims have to apply to the Poojaris for oral instruction as to the bathings, ablutions, prostrations, and circumambulations (if there be such a word), which are essential to a meritorious performance of the pilgrimage. The poorer pilgrims club together, and go through these ceremonies in

crowds, under the guidance of one 'Poojari.' But the richer pilgrims get separate spiritual directors for themselves or their own party.

The most important as well as most troublesome ceremony, is the salutation of the idol, Wittoba's image—(regarding which many incredible stories are related)—the statue of a man with his arms akimbo, about four feet high, and carved out of the black basalt of the country; and it is one of the peculiarities of his worship, that his votaries are not content with "salaaming" in front of the idol, which is the usual fashion in ordinary temples; but they must embrace the idol. It is placed in a small and perfectly dark cell, not above twelve feet square, accessible by but one small doorway from the outer temple, which is itself a very moderately sized room; and the consequent difficulty of getting in and out on the days of the great festivals, when the visitors are numbered by tens of thousands, may be imagined. A Poojari stands behind or beside the idol to direct the pilgrims, and receive the offerings which are laid before the image, and which are often of considerable value. This functionary is changed, when the crowd is great, every half hour, and it is said to be impossible for the strongest man to endure, for a longer period, the heat and

confined air, which frequently cause the weaker pilgrims to faint.

It is not etiquette for the Poojari who entertains a pilgrim in his house to make any charge for his entertainment; all is supposed to be done for the love of Wittoba; but the pilgrim is expected, before his departure, to mark his sense of his host's hospitality by a voluntary offering, according to his means. This is always much in excess of the cost of his entertainment; and these gifts, together with some share in the offerings laid before the idol, constitute the income of the Poojari families, all of whom are enormously rich.

When all the ceremonies are concluded, the pilgrim is requested by his host or conductor to state his name, parentage, and residence, for record, with the date of his visit, in the Poojari's books, and, if he can write, to inscribe them with his own hand, and in his own tongue. These books are not smartly-bound albums, such as a Swiss innkeeper shows to his customers, but huge, business-like volumes, such as a native banker uses as his ledger. The requisite particulars are recorded in the most methodical manner; and the great tome, when filled, is carefully preserved among the family archives of the Poojari. The inscriptions are in a

wonderful variety of tongues; the majority, of course, are in Mahratta, the language of the country. Next in frequency are Guzeratti; but Oordoo and Persian, Hindee (from the N.W. provinces), Bengali, Tamul and Teleegoo, Canarese, (from the south), Punjabi, Goormukhi, and Scindi (from the west), and Marwari (from central India), may usually be all traced by turning over a few dozen pages of one of these books.

It is something beyond mere curiosity, or the desire to possess the autograph of an agreeable or distinguished stranger, which induces the Poojari to insist on this record by his guest. While at the shrine, the pilgrim takes the Poojari as his 'gooroo,' or spiritual teacher, for the time being, and this relation is a sacred one, which endures throughout any number of generations, so that a pilgrim is morally bound, when he visits the shrine, to adopt as his 'gooroo,' the same Poojari, or the descendant of the same man, who may have acted as 'gooroo' to any ancestor of his who had visited the shrine in former days. As the income of a Poojari family depends on the number and wealth of its disciples, its claims over them are very jealously guarded, and it is as a record of those claims that the

Poojari album becomes so valued an heir-loom. From constant study of these documents, and long practice, the Poojaris can usually tell at once to which of their houses a pilgrim of any well-known family belongs, should the pilgrim himself have forgotten the name of his hereditary 'gooroo;' and the Poojaris who wait for the pilgrims as they arrive at the outskirts of the town, have rarely any doubt as to the ownership of their visitors. In case of a dispute, a reference to the books settles the question, and they are kept with such fidelity, that they are occasionally referred to in courts of law, as registers of particular facts connected with cases of descent and inheritance.

In the case of pilgrims coming as the first members of their families who have visited the shrine, or where the family name affords no clue, the new comer is assigned according to his native province, each family of Poojaris having one or more provinces assigned to it, as its peculiar district, the inhabitants of which are taught to regard the representative of that family as their 'gooroo,' in all cases where no other hereditary tie can be proved to exist.

Wittoba was not originally an orthodox Brahminical god, though his great popularity, especially

among the Mahrattas, has induced the Brahmins to recognize what was originally a local divinity, to adopt his legends as their own traditions, and to engraft him on their own system as an avatar of one of the orthodox deities of their own very accommodating pantheon. In this respect, he resembles many other local divinities, such as Kandoba, who is next to Wittoba, the most popular object of worship among the Mahrattas, and whose most famous temple is at Jejuri, near Poona. But Wittoba has had less difficulty in making his way into the Brahminical olympus than his rival, whose worship is connected with such gross superstitions that all the more intelligent and moral Brahmins are heartily ashamed of his admission on any terms. Wittoba owes this advantage to a succession of disciples who have flourished within the last two centuries, and who have composed in his honour a great number of poems, some of considerable length, but the majority are hymns and short didactic pieces, which form by far the most popular branch of indigenous Mahratta literature. The superiority of mind to matter—the vanity of earthly possessions, and distinctions of caste, class, or creed—the beauty of moral excellence—the follies and wickedness of hypocritical religious professors—and similar topics

are constantly treated of with a liberality of expression which contrasts strongly with the narrow and exclusive views of genuine Brahminism ; and which, joined to the poems being written in a dialect which is intelligible to all Mahrattas, render them universal favourites among that shrewd and intelligent people.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE DECCAN—KIRKEE—THE SUNGUM—VIEW—GOSAEENS—SUTTEE—SACRED TREES—CITY OF POONA—JAIN TEMPLE—GARDEN OF DIAMONDS—TEMPLES OF PARBUTTEE—CEREMONY OF DATCHMA—DINNERS IN THE OPEN AIR—BAMBOORA—HINDOO FESTIVALS.

At Kirkee was fought, in 1817, the battle[1] which decided the fate of the Peishwa,[2] and liberated the

[1] *Grant Duff's History of the Mahrattas*, vol. 8, p. 223 to 227.

[2] There are some curious particulars connected with the family of the late Peishwas, which are to be found in Mr. Wilford's 'Chronological Essay,' in the ninth volume of the 'Asiatic Researches, Art. 3 :—"According to the Pauranics, Parusu Rama, having extirpated the Cshettris, and filled the earth with blood, wanted to perform a sacrifice, but could find no Brahmin to assist on account of his being defiled with the effusion of so much human blood. As he was standing on the summit of the mountains of Kucan, he espied fourteen dead bodies stranded on the adjacent shores below: these were the corpses of so many Mlech'chas who had been

rajah of Sattara, who was restored to his throne and to a small portion of his ancient dominions.

The view of Poona, at a short distance from Kirkee, is beautiful. The scenery is still more so, on reaching the Sungum, where the landscape from the bridge is perfectly enchanting.

Sungum means junction of rivers. Here the Moota and Moola join their waters.

The place where rivers unite in India is looked upon as particularly sacred. There is a bridge here, called the 'Wellington Bridge,' built by Major Nutt, of the Bombay Engineers, in the time of Sir John Malcolm. From it, on either hand, is a lovely view, quite a subject for the artist. To the right, Singhur, 'Lion's Den, or 'house,' rises

flung into the sea by their enemies, in distant countries, in the west. They had been wafted by the winds, and were then in a high state of putrefaction. Rama recalled them to life, imparted knowledge to them, and conferred on them the Brahminical ordination, and bid them perform the sacrifice. From these fourteen men are descended the Kucanastha tribe of Mahrattas—thus called, because they have always *staid* and remained in the Kucan.

"There were three other individuals whose corpses were similarly stranded, more to the northward, towards the Gulf of Cambay, and these were brought to life again by a magician. And from them are descended three tribes; one of which is the Chitpawana, the ranas of Udayapur with the Peishwa's family belong to it."

above all the adjacent mountains, and on the buildings there, at this season of the year, many a heavy cloud seems to rest. On a lower hill stand the temples of Parbuttee[1] and the ruined palace of the peishwas. At the foot of this hill is the city of Poona, and among a variety of trees are seen native houses, long lines of walls and houses of all heights, with Moorish arched windows, Hindoo temples, and musjids.

At this end of the city is a long, low bridge, and the banks are clothed with woods.

To the left are several temples standing in a garden; among them is a very tall, handsome white one, belonging to the gosaeens, followers of Mahadeo; gosaeens are a very numerous sect in the Deccan.[2]

[1] Doorga or Parvati. Parvati is pronounced Parbuttee at Poona.

[2] To become a gosaeen, such castes as wear the kuryoota (the sacred cord) destroy it, and substitute a piece of cloth, if any covering be deemed necessary; and the person generally attaches himself to some one of the fraternity, as desirous of becoming a chela, or disciple. The novice may proceed thus far, and still retract; the irretrievable step by which he becomes a gosaeen for ever, is the ceremony called 'home,' or sacrifice, which, in this case must be gone through in the most solemn manner. It is performed by taking an earthen vessel, one cubit square, called 'stundeel,' that is to be filled with pure, unmixed mould, over which powders of various colours are to be strewed; upon this a fire is kindled, and over the whole, ghee or milk is poured

In the niches of the temple are figures of monkeys, which seem to be creeping out, and about to jump down to do mischief to the persons beneath.

In the garden are, of course, all the favourite trees, and among them I observed the graceful areca palm. Handsome steps, as at all temples, lead down to the river's edge.

At the Sungum,[1] and on the shore of the river, by the temple, the Hindoo woman formerly immolated herself on the death of her husband.

It is now many years since this ceremony called by the natives, Suttee, has been performed either

for a certain number of times, during which time, munturs, or mystical verses are repeated, and vows solemnly made of poverty, celibacy, and perpetual pilgrimage to holy places throughout India.

The disciples of a gosaeen are obtained in three ways; voluntary followers, slaves purchased, and children obtained from parents who had vowed to make them gosaeens previous to their birth.' — *Grant Duff's History of the Mahrattas.* Vol. I. p. 16.

[1] The Sungum was a favourite resort of mine. I was always amused at the curious scenes around me when I went there to sketch. There were frequently Hindoo women close to the water, washing their long, black hair, and their sarees; not far off, stood Parsees, worshipping the evening sun; near them, little boys catching water snakes; here were Brahmin priests, cleaning vessels used in the temple; there a man beating a tom-tom, and every now and then, when he ceased, the voice of a priest in a temple would be heard reading sentences out of some sacred book.

at Bombay or the Sungum, at the latter place not since the Deccan has been in the possession of the English.

A suttee took place at Sattara, (then a native state) as late as 1838. Major More tells us that in his time, a few years only had elapsed, since a widow in Bombay wishing to perform suttee, (that is, to burn herself), requested permission of the governor to be allowed to do so, and on his refusal, "crossed the harbour to the Mahratta shore, and there received her crown of martyrdom."

In Major More's Hindoo Pantheon, there is a very interesting and affecting account of the sacrifice of a young Hindoo widow, which he witnessed at the Sungum, before the conquest of the Deccan. And he carried his sympathy so far as to wish to have some ashes of the lady to preserve in lockets, but was unable to obtain any!

A gentleman who was in the Deccan, when it still belonged to the Peishwa, told me he took a friend to be present at the burning of a widow, and that in the middle of this awful ceremony, he heard his friend say to himself, "Well, I think a good hanging is better than this burning." One of the principal causes of suttee was, the wretched life of the Hindoo widows (who are not allowed to marry again), after

the death of their husbands. As a mark of widowhood they are forced to shave their heads, and do not wear the nose-ring.

Formerly, it was a very common custom among the Hindoos to drown themselves in sacred rivers; and persons afflicted with incurable diseases buried themselves alive.

When the water was low at the temple at the Sungum, I have seen flat stones visible with two feet engraven on them. More mentions, that they are in remembrance of the widows who have performed suttee there.

The Hindoos have generally a great reverence for the impression of feet.

Near Poona there are very fine groves of mangos, which were planted by the late Peishwa at command of the priests, to purchase a dispensation for his sins. Were such acts not connected with idolatry and superstition, they would be really praiseworthy. [1]

[1] There are such a number of sacred trees planted by Hindoos, it would be tedious for the reader to have a list. Besides the pipul, among the boughs of which the natives say the gods sit and listen to the wind playing among the leaves, there are the mango, banyan, and the champa.

The peasant women often wear the yellow flowers of the

At the military station at Poona is a Protestant, as well as Roman Catholic church, and a Scotch kirk, the architects of all of which must have had very distorted imaginations when they designed them.

The view from the cantonment, looking towards the ghauts, is very fine. In the open space here reviews are held, races take place, and the *beau monde* of Poona assemble to discuss public affairs, as well as the private affairs of their neighbours; in other words, they meet here to gossip, as people in all countries do meet somewhere or other.

The city of Poona is very large; for an eastern

champa in their hair. More says, 'the fragrance of the champa is so very strong, that bees refuse to extract honey from it'—a circumstance that could not escape the keen eye of the Hindoo poets; and they accordingly feign the champa to be sadly mortified by this neglect. They have, however, afforded it consolation by dedicating it to Crishna, the black deity, as they, contrary to some poetical naturalists, consider the union of yellow and black particularly beautiful. The champa is further consoled by the preference it has obtained in decking the glossy locks of black-haired damsels; also in the following stanza, literally translated from the Sanscrit:

'That thou art not honoured by the ill-disposed bee, why, O Champaka, dost thou so heavily lament? The locks of lotus-eyed damsels, resembling the fresh dark clouds adorning the sky—let these embellish thee.'—*Asiatic Miscellany*, vol. ii.

one, the streets are wide. There is scarcely anything here to remind one of Europe; this is not always the case in the native bazaar of Bombay. In the streets of Poona an European carriage is rarely seen. The city is divided into seven quarters, called after the days of the week.

The principal street is long, wide, and on each side are 'trottoirs.' There are crowds of natives and shops similar to those at Bombay. A few, however, are different. I observed heaps of the red powder, with which the natives mark their foreheads,[1] piled up.

[1] The Hindoos—men, women, and children—have a sectarian mark on their foreheads; these are of different kinds and shapes. Those who adore Gunputty, use red minium for the small dot between the eyebrows.

The perpendicular lines belong to the followers of Vishnoo; horizontal, to those of Siva. Some of the lines are made with turmeric, borax and lime; some, with red sanders, or chalk, or sandal wood; and some lines on the foreheads are double upright lines; some have marks shaped like crescents.

Many imprint their skin with gunpowder, which leaves a blue mark. Roberts, in his 'Illustration of Scripture,' p. 91, says: 'All Hindoos have a black spot or some other mark on their foreheads; and the true followers of Siva rub holy ashes every morning, on the knees, arms, shoulders, brows, and crown of the head.'

In Leviticus xix. 28, we read, the Jews were forbidden to 'print marks' on their flesh.

This powder is used especially by those who are followers of Gunputty, the elephant god, who is more particularly worshipped in the Deccan than in the Concan; and here is a great display of the sweet-scented mogra-flowers, used for garlands and offerings to gods.

Then, what a supply of gold and silver ornaments, and jewellery of all kinds! and how numerous are the shops where the coloured glass bangles are sold, which the women wear on their wrists! These bangles hang up close to the entrance of the stall, glistening in the sun.[1]

At Poona are to be seen more 'saints' than in Bombay. Some walk about wearing the skins of wild animals; others, such as the gosaeen, have merely their own skins, which barely cover their emaciated frames, and long, lanky legs and arms.

At the doors of houses men are singing, half-reciting tales and legends, probably kuthas,[2] in which the exploits of their gods are related.

[1] Men often travel from village to village, carrying a great number of these bangles, strung closely together, suspended over the back.

[2] The kutha is a very favourite entertainment among the Mahrattas. It is a sort of religious ceremony, and is a kind of sermon or moral lecture, having for its text some portion of the sacred books. But the art of the preacher is shown by the mode in which he illustrates his subjects by tales and

Large fighting rams are led by men;[1] lazy sacred bulls lie about in everybody's way—one has a wooden leg, and, I conclude, is a doubly precious animal.

There is every variety of temple. The walls inside are covered with figures of gods and goddesses, rudely painted in very bright colours. Here and there are houses, all more or less in ruins—some belong to the sirdars of Poona, others are converted into government offices. Some are built round court-yards. The staircases narrow and steep—the rooms low, and not large.

The habitations of the poorer community at Poona are very miserable; the walls seem all

anecdotes which he often repeats with dramatic imitations of the voice and manner of the actors in his story. This is often done with so much humour as to throw the audience into ecstacies of delight. A good hurdass (as the reciter of the kuthas is called) will sometimes keep up the unflagging attention of a very crowded congregation for several hours, without more respite than is afforded by the occasional chanting of portions of the sacred books. These are generally known by heart to many of the people present, who join in chorus, and assist in relieving the hurdass and allowing him a short rest for his voice.

[1] The keeping of fighting rams seems to have been an old custom in India. We read in that ancient play, 'the Toy-cart,' translated by Mr. Wilson, when Maitreya enters the stable, he says—"Here the ram stands to have his neck well rubbed, like a wrestler after a match."

crumbling down; nothing ever appeared to be repaired, and all is left to fall into ruin. Still there is much that is picturesque, particularly in those parts of the city near the river, where there are some very 'Prout'-like buildings, white musjids near warm coloured Hindoo temples; walls overrun with moss and lichens, and steps down to the water, on which dobies and peasant women wash or rather beat their clothes on slanting boards. Poona was the principal residence of the peishwas.[1]

In a large 'place' where the market is held, are the remains of the peishwa's palace; it must have been of considerable size.

On each side of the gateway is a tower. The doors are very large, covered over with large iron spikes. Above the gateway is a small balcony supported on pillars; the ceilings of the rooms are low.

We saw the terrace from which the young peishwa, Mahdoo Rao Narrain, threw himself in a fit of melancholy; he only survived two days after the fall. This event occurred in 1795.[2]

In driving through the city, a narrow street was

[1] The Brahmin ministers of the Mahratta rajahs who soon shut up their masters in their old capital of Sattara, and while ruling in the rajah's name, exercised for more than a century uncontrolled power at the new capital which they founded at Poona.

[2] Grant Duff, Vol. 3, p. 126.

shewn, where the peishwas caused offenders to be tied to elephants' feet and crushed to death. [1]

There was another residence of the peishwas—the Boodwar Palace, situated in the 'Wednesday quarter.' In this building there is an English school for the natives, and also public offices. We went into the palace of Nana Furnawees, who was minister of the last peishwa. There was but little to see—a small court-yard and fountain, confined, dark rooms, dingy passages, staircases like ladders. It is only the historical recollections which make the houses we visited interesting.

[1] Such was the death of Wittoojee Holkar. "That the Peishwa had a right to inflict the punishment of death on subjects so taken in arms cannot be doubted, but insurrection and plunder are not rigidly viewed among the Mahrattas, and in public opinion, a more lenient sentence than loss of life ought to have been passed upon the son of Tookajee Holkar; that circumstance, however, operated differently on the mind of the peishwa, who could not forget that he was the son of the friend of Nana Furnawees. Having seated himself with his favourite, Ballejee Koonjur, at a window which overlooked the exterior court of his palace, Wittoojee Holkar was brought before the peishwa, and there tied to the foot of an elephant, in vain did he offer up the humblest supplications for life and mercy; the execution went forward; Bajee Rao sat as a composed spectator, and heard the yells of the unhappy malefactor as the animal dragged him forth from the palace yard, to a lingering death (as in this case it happened to be) in the public street." *Grant Duff's History of the Mahrattas.* Vol. 3. Page 199.

At the end of the town is a very large Jain temple, Chinese-looking in its ornaments. The interior of the temples of this sect of Hindoos is quite different from that of the Brahmins, being perfectly clean. In a small room, with the ceiling, walls, and pillars painted red and green, and all the quaint ornaments carved and painted the same colour, there is a small square cage, with bars, in which are two marble elephants, and on each side a little white marble god.

Some of the musjids at Poona are very handsome, especially one near the tank under the hill of Parbuttee. The temples built by the Gosaeens are curious, as all the ornaments are painted red, green, and yellow.

The drive to the foot of the hill of Parbuttee is very pretty, by the side of an extensive sheet of water, or tank, having handsome tamarinds or pipuls on its banks; on a wooded island are one or two cocoa-nut palms. Near this tank is the small villa once belonging to the peishwa; it has small rooms, some of which have pretty coloured ceilings. It is in a large garden, now in great disorder; but the trees are fine, including mangos, tamarinds, and palms; this garden is called the 'Diamond Garden.' I mounted the narrow staircase, and

came on the 'platform with two verandahs, one at each end,' the same as described in Lord Valentia's travels, in which he gives a minute account of his visit to the peishwa in 1804, and the ceremonies that take place at a durbar.[1]

On leaving the tank, a hill, crowned by temples, is immediately before you. Although the largest is not that dedicated to Parbuttee, the hill receives its name from that goddess. A long flight of handsome steps leads from the bottom of the hill to the very summit; they were built by the peishwa, Bajee Rao Ragonath.

Besides six temples, we find the ruins of the peishwa's palace. From its numerous windows there are beautiful vistas, and we see mountains, fertile fields, green plains, wooded hills, and extensive groves of mangos. On the western side there is a view that can never tire, overlooking Poona, its bridges, river, meadows, palms, and environs; and as far as the eye can reach in the horizon, are two or three hills, quite detached from each other.

The largest temple, including the shrine, is that of Siva, the third god of the Hindoo triad.

[1] See Lord Valentia's 'Travels to India, Ceylon, the Red Sea, Abyssinia, and Egypt.'

In it is a silver image of Siva, on his knees sit his wife, Parbuttee, and his son, Ganesa; these two are supposed to be of gold.[1]

This building is said to have cost Ballajee Bajee Rao £100,000. It was erected, as were nearly all the others in 1749, by that peishwa.

Among the temples is one dedicated to Devi, which is another name of Parbuttee or Parvati. This lady has many appellations; she is often called Kalee and Bhowanee. Here she is worshipped as the goddess of war, bloodshed, murder, *and the supposed incarnation of small-pox and cholera.*[2]

[1] I should think this unlikely, though they were originally of gold and silver doubtless. I have heard Parbuttee's eyes were of precious stones, but they are certainly not so now.

[2] Although human sacrifices have perhaps ceased in India, they existed once to a great extent. It was always to this dreadful goddess Bhowanee that these sacrifices were made,

"The name Parvati took its rise from a wild poetical fiction.

Himalaya, or mansion of snow, is the name of the vast chain of mountains that limits India to the north, and embraces it with its eastern and western arms, both extending to the ocean; one name is Chandra Sechara, or moon's rock; and the other, which reaches westward to the mouths of the Indus, was called, by the ancients, Montes Parveti. The mountain Himalaya, being personified, is represented as a powerful monarch, whose wife was Mena; their daughter is named Parvati, or mountain-born, and Durga of difficult access."—*More's Hindoo Pantheon, p.* 151.

This goddess is the personification of all that is frightful. She is described in various ways. One account of her is that her attitude causes immediate terror; her limbs bend, enormous teeth and tusks are fixed in the lifeless gums; 'her hair is stiffened out, forming a frightful glory round her head.' To complete the picture, she has goggle eyes, and is sometimes represented with eight, sometimes with four arms.

Then a serpent forms itself into a necklace, earrings, and a girdle; sometimes she has a necklace of human heads. She holds all kinds of destructive weapons, and a sword, and a cord to strangle sinners with.

In the time of the peishwa, who founded this establishment, the whole expense was borne by the state; and the eatables, clothes, &c., furnished from the public stores. The guard furnished to the shrine was taken from the retinue of the peishwa, and consisted chiefly of Sundees, whose prescriptive right it was to guard the forts and shrines of government.

Eventually the establishment was abolished. A fixed monthly allowance of £350 per mensem was made to the shrine.

As in former times, there is still the gooroo (a

teacher); also the sacrificing Brahmin, the disciples of the shrine, the books, the water-carriers, the lamplighters, the cleaners, the strikers of the gong, the band, the readers of the poorans, and the karkoons (clerks).

The present grant to the shrine is £1,800 a year.

The palace, of which nothing remains but one side of a wall, was built by Bajee Rao Ragonath. It was struck by lightning in 1817, and totally destroyed. There are houses, also, where the Brahmins live; and, towards the north-west, is a very picturesque moorish window, where, it is said, the last peishwa sat and watched his troops at the battle of Kirkee, and from which the plain so called is distinctly seen.

More, in his 'Hindoo Pantheon,' gives a very amusing account of the ceremony of the datchma, or alms-giving, which took place once a-year at Parbuttee.

It was in the year 1797. The peishwa was present. Major More was allowed admittance into a large enclosure where this ceremony took place. Thousands of Brahmins, came from great distances, and on their journey through all villages and towns were fed and taken care of by the inhabitants.

At the gate of the enclosure was a large cauldron full of red liquid, into which a man dipped his hand, and marked the garment of every person who came in, or if he had none on, which was not unlikely, the mark was made on his skin; when they returned to the entrance, they received their money. Major More relates—"That on another occasion, among those who came for the present was one pleasant, jolly-looking fellow, who was waiting with others on the outside, who said he expected to get five, seven, or ten rupees; but I could not gather from him what might ensure him a high share or confine him to a low one: he said, indeed, that it was all fortune or fate. He came from Surat." In concluding the account of this ceremony, Major More adds, in his usual quaint style of writing, and with his dry humour:—

"I note as rather an extraordinary thing that a man, not I think a Brahmin, who had been instrumental in obtaining us admission, refused to accept a rupee in return. I please myself to think he was not the man, nor our broad faced friend at Surat, who took my topaz pin, for some one had the address while I was in the crowd to convey a handsome one from my shirt." On this occasion the Peishwa, it was believed gave away 60,000*l.*

Natives are frequently seen dining under the thick foliage of the mango-trees, near the tank at Parbuttee. The climate admits of these fêtes in the open air at almost all times of the year in India.

There is often a crowd of people assembled on these occasions. When the repast is ready, the men sit down together on the grass. The women assembling at some little distance, dine apart from the men, as Hindoo wives never eat with their husbands, except on their wedding day.

These dinners of the Hindoos in the open air, are often connected with their religious duties.[1]

The food at dinner is at all times laid out on plantain leaves, which serve for plates. It consists of split-peas, fruits of all sorts; fish sometimes, if the party be not one of Brahmins; and always clarified butter. The natives are fond of spices and acids. The only beverage is water.

In the neighbourhood of Poona, particularly near the river, are exhaustless subjects for the pencil.

Many of the streets and buildings in the city are highly picturesque. It is, however, difficult to

[1] This reminds me of a religious sect in north America, of which I so often heard when there. The members used to have 'love feasts,' which began with prayers, and ended in *roast-beef*.

sketch here as the streets are so crowded. I attempted to draw once or twice, but was obliged to give it up. Once, in a secluded part of the city, I had sat down in a corner, with my servant standing near me, and was about to begin a very pretty subject, when an elephant passed, nearly treading on my feet; in a few minutes a large buffalo came sharply round a corner, and, startled at the sight of me, turned back, raising up a considerable quantity of dust. Then the children rushed out of their houses, and ran about; the women came to the doors to look at me; the fakirs and 'saints,' too, stopped to wonder at me—no doubt they all thought me insane. At last, a herd of cows and goats were driven by, and as the dust not only shut out my view, but completely covered my paper and the inside of the colour-box, I went to the carriage in despair.

The natives very rarely have an eye for the picturesque, or any admiration for nature. They have merely a regard for those trees and flowers, that are connected with the worship of their gods and goddesses, or for those herbs which they use for medicinal purposes.

I heard of a gentleman arriving at a station in India, when a native met him, and said there was

a madman, who was a European, walking about the neighbourhood; he carried with him a basket and an instrument, with which he broke off pieces of rock, and sometimes returned with the basket full of stones. The gentleman, on meeting the reputed madman, found he was an eminent geologist!

There is no lovelier view than at Bamboora, a small village opposite Poona.

On a high bank by the river, stands a very lofty temple, which, as well as its picturesque gate, is painted of divers colours.

In former times, a gun was fired from Bamboora in the evening, which was a signal for the inhabitants to return to their dwellings. It was the Mahratta curfew. Disregard of this warning was the cause of a tragedy in the year 1791. The account will give some idea how sacred the persons of Brahmins were considered in former times.

On one occasion, several Brahmins who had been merry-making, remained out till a late hour, the police locked them up, and put them into prison. The *kutwal* (head of the police) was not aware of what had taken place. It was known the next morning that the Brahmins had been shut up, and, although the kutwal was innocent, the people were

so irritated at Brahmins having been imprisoned, that they demanded he should be given up to them. Nothing could save him, and he was stoned to death. If in former times the imprisonment of a Brahmin was considered criminal, the murder of one could not be overlooked, for Menu says, "that no greater crime is known than killing a Brahmin, and the king, therefore, must not even form in his mind the idea of killing a priest."

This sacredness of Brahmins has ceased in a very great degree. Should they commit any crime worthy of death, they are no longer inviolate. I have heard of a case when the friends of a Brahmin culprit found the means of conveying poison to him, the night before the execution, so that he might not have the disgrace of dying on the scaffold.

The fête of Gunputty or Ganesa is celebrated in September, and lasts several days. He is considered the god of prudence and policy, wisdom and foresight. He is always invoked by devout Hindoos before commencing any new undertaking, such as building a house, or even when they commence writing a letter they invoke the aid of Ganesa. When their horoscopes are drawn out, an image of this elephant-god is at the top.

He is greatly admired, and when a man writes a good hand, the natives say, "he writes like Ganesa."

The festival in honour of Ganesa lasts several days. From Poona there are processions—crowds of people and palanquins, called doolies,[1] in which are images of Ganesa. Then, there are elephants followed by men on foot carrying guns, swords, or sticks, on which are iron hoops, and as the stick is flourished in the air, the iron hoops jingle, making rather an agreeable noise.

There are led horses with gay trappings, picturesque Guzerat carts, with singular wheels, and two domed roofs, and red curtains all round.

There is an incessant drumming and trumpeting, with constant popping off of guns; and when this procession reaches the Sungum, their much-valued Ganesa is thrown into the river.

The legend runs, that Gunputty was created by Parbuttee, and all the gods in the pantheon came to see him. One of them gazed at his head with such intensity, that it was reduced to ashes; and the nearest head, within reach, happening to be that of an elephant, it was substituted for the lost one, and the god was ever after elephant-headed.

[1] The dooly is a kind of cradle, suspended from a pole, and surrounded by curtains.

Images of him, with his attendant mouse or rat, on which he rides, are made of clay, and richly painted and gilt—worshipped by all devout Hindoos for several days, and finally thrown into the water. During these ceremonies, it is very unlucky to see the moon; should a Hindoo be so unfortunate as to see her, he asks his friend to abuse him, and believes that the ill-luck he has incurred will be comprehended in the abuse, and thereby averted.

I was never able to get any quite satisfactory explanation of the practice of throwing poor Gunputty into the water, after making so much of him. The best reason I have heard is, that when the image is made, it takes very powerful prayers and incantations to induce the divinity to inhabit it. He could not be expected to remain there very long, so the image is thrown into the water, when the separation of the clay image from the divinity takes place, and they remain separated for the lapse of another year, till fresh incantations induce Gunputty once more to inhabit a tenement of clay.

There are two other days in the year when clay images are in a similar manner made by the Hindoos, worshipped, and thrown into the water. It is said that this is done in obedience to a command contained in the Shasters, that the earth

should be worshipped on these three days, viz., Gunputty-day, Gokul Ashtumi, and Nag Punchami.

On Gokul Ashtumi, clay images are made of the infant Crishna, whose birthday falls on that day; after being worshipped the figures are thrown into the water.

There is a curious custom among the Mahrattas connected with this day. It is considered sacred to Canoba, a god of rather doubtful orthodoxy, but who for the sake of bringing him into the Brahminical pantheon has been identified with Crishna. All disciples of Canoba practise a kind of mesmerism, and the high priest who by the way is never a brahmin, affects to be possessed himself, and to cause others to become possessed by Canoba, through processes which are quite identical with those used in mesmeric operations among ourselves. The patient is thrown into what we call a state of 'clairvoyance,' and while in this condition he prescribes for the sick and insane, and casts out evil spirits. During the time he is in this trance, his disciples pay him divine honours, in the belief that he is possessed by the spirit of the deity.

The third festival occurred while we were in Poona, in August; its observances were very

curious, and almost equally suggestive of melancholy reflections on the effect of idolatry on the human mind. The day is known as 'Nag Punchami,' or the fifth day of the moon, sacred to the 'Nag,' or snake. The deities worshipped are all the serpent demi-gods; earthen figures of snakes, in all sorts of forms, but generally some figure of the hooded cobra, are prepared, and consecrated, and placed in the evening outside the house, adorned with paint and gold paper, and garlands of flowers; a street in a native town, on such an occasion, presents a very singular and picturesque aspect, with the snake shrine before every door, and the people of the house generally seated round it, clad in their holiday garments. These serpent figures also are finally thrown into the water.

There can be little doubt but that the festival is a remnant of the ancient serpent worship, once so mysteriously universal. It was evidently a fêtish worship to avert evil, apprehended from a malignant spirit, rather than to obtain a blessing from a beneficent being. Volumes might be written on the honours still paid to the serpent by Hindoos of all classes. Deadly as the cobra is known to be, it is not often willingly killed. I have heard the downfall of a powerful family attri-

buted to the death of a cobra, who had long inhabited the house, and was looked on as the tutelary spirit of the place. When their bodily fears so far overcome their superstition, as to induce the natives to kill a cobra, the common people always burn the carcase with an imitation of the usual funeral rites paid to the remains of a human being, and during the *cremation*, address apologies to the animal's spirit, assuring it that it was not killed from wanton malice, and deprecating any retaliation by the reptile of the wrong done to him.

I have said so much about other festivals and ceremonies with hard names, that I must not attempt to describe at length the observances of cocoa-nut day, which is one of the great feasts at every sea-port town. It occurs in August, and is supposed to mark the termination of the rainy season, the date when the navigation of the sea is open, and when the Hindoo trader may very safely trust his ships and goods to the ocean. At Bombay, the natives, clad in their holiday attire, go in procession from their houses in the town to the sea-shore, preceded by bands of music. On the beach, numerous ceremonies are performed over a cocoa-nut, generally covered with gold and silver

leaf, which is then cast into the sea as an offering by the principal person present. Every trader or boat owner there makes a similar offering on his own account. Many of the lower classes of natives swim or wade in, to fish out the cocoa-nuts; and as during the scramble, some of them often receive severe knocks from the cocoa-nuts, which are thrown in by persons in the crowd, there is generally a good deal of laughter, noise and excitement.

'The first boat of the season' generally puts to sea directly after, gaily decorated with streamers. In former days, the chief civil functionary at the company's factories, at such places as Tanna, Surat, and Broach, used to attend, and sometimes cast in the first cocoa-nut; but this practice has, I am happy to say, been long since stopped by orders from the court of directors, and no servant of government is now allowed to take any part in any such ceremony.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE DECCAN—CHINCHORE—THE LIVING GOD—HIS ORIGIN—VISITED BY LORD VALENTIA—ACCOUNT OF THE GOD BY A EUROPEAN GENTLEMAN—CHAKUN—HINDOO VILLAGE EARLY IN THE MORNING—LUXURIANT VEGETATION AFTER THE RAINS—THE FORT OF CHAKUN—FORT OF SINGHUR—TOLAPOOR—STORY OF AURUNGZEBE AND THE FERRYMAN—STORY OF GRAIN DEALER—NATIVE FERRY BOATS—GUNESKONDY—DANCE OF CRISHNA AND HIS WIFE—CANDALLAH—THE DUSSERA.

CHINCORE, a village about five miles from Dapoorie, has a 'goodly appearance' from the river side. Temples, high-walls, and a handsome flight of steps leading down to the water, often give an air of importance to a Hindoo village; but the temple at Chincore is not handsome. It is low, and completely devoid of external ornament; for there are no little stone monkeys grinning out of niches—no grotesque figures and hideous gods

sitting under arches; but there are many fine trees on the high bank just above the flight of stone steps, the lowest of which was, on the day of my visit, nearly hidden by the river. Passing up and down these steps were many figures in red, blue, orange, green, white, yellow, and purple drapery, mostly women, fetching water.

But it was not beauty of scenery I sought at Chinchore when I went there; it was a singular sight—that of a living god, whom the credulous Hindoos believe to exist there to this day. I failed, however, in seeing him; he was out—gone on a pilgrimage, or to receive contributions from his disciples. I was therefore obliged to be satisfied with making a sketch of the temple and trees, from the banks of the river Moola, on which Chinchore stands. A conspicuous object was a ferry-boat, at the bow of which was a horse's head carved in wood as large as life, and painted red.

The origin of the living god is this: Moraba Gosseyn Gunputty, a Brahmin of Poona, who lived upwards of two hundred years ago, was a great saint. At an early age, he determined to pay particular devotion to Gunputty, who, it appears, favoured Moraba very often, and performed several miracles in his behalf, especially when the saint was

persecuted by a family of Mahratta-Brahmins, who were at that time very rich, and in great power in the country.

During these persecutions, Gunputty appeared to Moraba in a dream, and told him, among other things, that he would visit him in his habitation, and take up his abode with him. Moraba, while performing his morning ablutions, found in the water an image of Gunputty; he took it home, and prepared a shrine for it. It was soon known that Gunputty had taken up his residence with Moraba, who shortly after married. Gunputty now appeared again to Moraba in a dream—told him he should have an only son, and that son would be himself, and he was to be called Chintan Mun Deo, one of the names of Gunputty. When the child was born, the surrounding country worshipped it as Gunputty. It is asserted that the god told Moraba he would remain with him for twenty-one generations. But I have heard that the original story was, that the god declared it should be for seven generations. However, this extraordinary imposture goes on to the present day.

Lord Valentia gives an account of his visit, in 1804, to this incarnation of Gunputty.

At the time Poona was attacked by the Moguls of Hyderabad, they went to Chinchore, and laid it under contribution; promised a nuzur [1] to the Deo; when sent, it was a dish of beef, [2] but on uncovering the tray on which it was, in the presence of the god, instead of beef, sacred Hindoo flowers appeared. In consequence, the Moguls granted a revenue of 2,700 rupees for the support of the temple, which revenue continued to be paid in the time of More, who wrote an interesting paper in the 'Asiatic Researches' about this living god.

A gentleman gave me the following account of his meeting with this extraordinary being:

"The only time I ever saw the living divinity of Chinchore, was when he was not at home, but on a tour, collecting contributions from his disciples. I had encamped at a small village in the Nugger Collectorate, and he sent a messenger to say he had taken up his quarters in a temple in the village, and would be happy either to pay me a visit, or to receive one from me. So, in the evening, I went to see him; and found a little wizen-faced man, with grizzled beard and hair which had not been shaved

[1] Nuzur means a 'present.'

[2] Beef is never eaten by Hindoos, except by those of very low caste, (who will eat anything), as the cow is considered a sacred animal.

for some days, and in the very scanty undress of a Brahmin, who has just finished his ablutions. He was very civil, gave me a chair, and introduced me to a younger brother; but complained, that what with the multiplication of the family, and defection and illiberality of his disciples, he found it very hard to maintain* himself in respectability. A Brahmin who was with me, and who affected great reverence while we were in the presence of the pretended deity, afterwards told me that the number of generations during which the divinity had promised to remain in the family had long since expired, and that very grave doubts were now entertained as to whether his godship was any better than a mere mortal. He had lately got into trouble, in consequence of suspected disaffection, and an inclination to some insurrectionary movements in the Deccan; and I gathered that one object of his attentions to me was a wish to convince me that the reports of his disloyalty were ill founded. He asked after Mr. Elphinstone, and other gentlemen whom he had heard of in former days; but he seemed singularly ignorant of the current events of the day. At parting, he gave me a cocoa-nut, as a 'prusad,' or gift conveying a blessing, and was very anxious to mark my forehead with the ashes

of incense burnt before an idol, but this I managed to escape; and, with a very pressing invitation to visit him at Chinchore, he let me depart."

At Chakun, another village in the Deccan, we passed some days in the months of both August and September.

The air there is very fine. It is only twelve miles from Dapoorie; but even a slight change of air and scene is always beneficial in India after illness. F—— and I lived in the collector's bungalow; it consisted of one large room surrounded by a wide verandah, or rather corridor, and two smaller rooms. For our servants there were numerous tents in the Compound, and a larger one in which we dined. The horses were picketted about, as there was only stabling for a few.

It was somewhat of a gipsy life; but it was very agreeable, very independent—and its great charm was its complete seclusion from the outer world.

When we arrived at Chakun, I heard that three snakes had been killed, the evening before, in the kitchen tent! This might have given me rather a distaste for gipsy life; but snake-finding, and snake-killing, were by no means uncommon, particularly during, and just after the rains.

The first evening we passed there was not pleasant: it rained violently all night, and I thought my maids who were in tents might be floating about in their beds in the Compound!

The next morning was, however, beautiful, though the clouds were unsettled, and looked rainy, notwithstanding that the monsoon was supposed to be passing away.

The village here is exceedingly pretty. It is close to the very extensive and curious old Mussulman fort, which stands on rising ground, overlooking, and seeming still—though in a ruinous state—to protect the plains, the pretty village, and the temples (none handsome), by which it is nearly surrounded on all sides.

The Hindoo peasant is up betimes, and the women—always industrious—begin early their household duties; and as I go out, I see some fetching water from the tank, others grinding corn, boys driving buffalos to graze—the animals, as well as boys, staring stupidly and wildly at me, and it is impossible to say which is the wildest-looking, the boy or the buffalo. Sometimes, a man drives goats and cows on to the plain; he is completely covered with a black woollen wrapper, that conceals his head and features, save one eye, which is

fixed on me in wonder; for it is not often that strangers come to this out-of-the-way place. Then the little bazaar shows signs of life, and the sellers begin to arrange their baskets of rice, split-peas, &c, and the villagers come to buy sundry things they require for daily use.

On this occasion, the rain of the night before had made vegetation, if possible, more luxuriant than usual.

The boughs of all the trees were bent under the weight of their thick foliage. The lofty pipul stretched its huge arms over every other tree; close by was a babool, with its delicate leaf, nearly overshadowed by its gigantic neighbour; while the small, elegant foliage of the tamarind seemed to shrink from the contact of the large leaf of a fine mango.

There was also the Pandanus Odoratissimus[1] (screw pine) a very remarkable tree. It is not

[1] Snakes are said to be very fond of this tree, and when in a low bushy form, are frequently met with among its leaves. *Graham's Catalogue of the Plants growing in Bombay and its vicinity. Page* 227

This tree is often alluded to in select specimens of the Hindoo Theatre. In "Malati and Madhava" the latter says:

"Faint in the east, the gentle moonlight gleams,
Pale as the palm's sear leaf, and through the air
The slowly rising breezes spread around
The grateful fragrance of the KETAKI."

large, and is more curious than handsome. Fusiform roots issue from the stem; the leaves are from three to five feet long; the flowers are white, and and their odour is fragrant, but too powerful.

What may be deemed the underwood consisted of milk bushes, prickly pears, Mysore thorn,[1] intermingled in wild confusion—and under all, through all, and over all, grew creepers, red, blue, and white, twisting themselves from bough to bough. Among them was the lovely convolvolus, already tired of the day, and beginning to close its leaves; and the gloriosa superba, with its flower of all tints of crimson, and orange, climbing over and nearly concealing the thick-leaved cactus; the neighbouring rocks and part of the old stone walls being masked by bush and blossom.

When the Indian convolvolus feels the power of the sun in the morning, it is quite time for the European to go in. So I went back to the bungalow.

The old Fort of Chakun has acted a prominent part in the wars and feuds of the Deccan. It has seen many English, Mahomedan, and Mahratta heroes. Grant Duff, in his History of the Mahrattas, vol. 1, page 61, says: "Chakun is a small fort, eighteen miles from Poona. It is nearly square,

[1] *Caesalpina Sepiaria.* It is much used in the Deccan as a fence. Hyder Alli surrounded fortified places with it.

with towers at the angles, and centres of the faces; it has a good ditch about thirty feet wide, and fifteen deep, but wet on the north side only; the walls are high, the parapet narrow, and the towers confined. There is but one entrance into the body of the place, though five or six gateways; and there is a mud outwork, which also has a ditch. I mention it particularly on account of its reputed antiquity; for, although it probably is the fort built by Mullik-ool-Tigar, according to concurring Hindoo legends, it was constructed by an Abyssinian Polygar, A.D. 1295. As to how he got there, they do not pretend to account."

The Fort of Chakun was given to Manojee Bhonslay, grandfather of the famous Sivajee; and certain districts in the Deccan made over to him also as a jageer [1] by the king of Ahmednugger in 1604. And it continued in the possession of Shahjee and his son Sivajee, till 1662.

Sivajee was then in the height of his power, and he began ravaging the towns and villages in the Mogul districts in the Deccan.

Aurungzebe, Emperor of Delhi, sent an army

[1] 'Jageer' is land of which the government land tax has been granted to a private individual—generally on condition of service. So that it somewhat resembles land held on feudal tenure.

against Sivajee, headed by Shaisteh Khan, who was also Viceroy of the Deccan. The Mogul commander laid siege to Chakun, which held out for nearly two months; but, at last, Phirungajee Nursalla, who had commanded the fortress for fifteen years, was forced to surrender, after making an excellent defence.

In 1667, Chakun was restored to Sivajee[1] by Aurungzebe. On one of the gates of the fort there are three inscriptions. The only interesting ones are the second, which is, 'after the opening of the fort, Umeer-ool-bourra entered it' (no date specified); and the third, which says 'Umeer-ool-bourra again entered the fort in 1011,[2] by force of arms.' There are two guns remaining with Mahratta characters on them.

One morning, during our stay at Chakun, when I looked out of my window there was an unusual commotion going on in the camp. On inquiring the cause, I learned news had come in that a goat had been killed by a tiger, not far from the village

[1] All the forts belonging to Sivajee's successors were in the possession of the Peishwa, who assumed sovereign power in the Deccan; and Chakun, with others, was given up to the English, when the last Mahratta war terminated. None of the forts were restored to Sivajee's descendant, the Rajah of Sattara.

[2] According to Mahomedan chronology.

of Chakun; and that the gentlemen were going out in pursuit of the animal. The horses picketed about became excited at the lively scene around them. I went out and stood on rising ground, to see the hunters go forth to the village; they were followed by crowds of villagers, and by our servants, amongst whom were hamals rushing along, their dusters, which they had not forgotten, flying in the wind; while fat Parsee domestics tried to keep up with gorrahwallahs, who, nimble as horses, outran everybody. The cook, in spite of a gouty foot, hobbled after the crowd, and had not forgotten his gun. When all were out of sight, I returned to the bungalow; and it appeared afterwards that the tiger (if there had ever been one, which I doubt) had entirely disappeared—and thus ended the morning's excitement.

The fort of Singhur is on a mountain, about 1700 feet above the table land of that part of the Deccan where Poọna is situated. On a clear day the outline of the fort is very distinct. The ascent is steep, in some parts almost perpendicular; and one is astonished that the palkee-bearers never slip back and roll down into the plain!

As we ascended, the balsams, both red and white, stood eight feet high; and the higher we ascended,

the more vigorously they grew. They completely covered the sides of the paths which led up to the fort. In the old ruined gateways were hanging boughs—leaves and flowers touching the traveller's head as he went through the archways.

The view from Singhur is fine. Sombre, and rugged ravines separate it from the neighbouring mountains—these ravines were then luxuriant with herbage and underwood, and I saw the wild plantain growing among the clefts of the rocks.

Far away was the plain where Dapoorie stands, and even beyond that place, open country stretching to the hills; in the middle distance was the river, almost hidden by trees, temples, and buildings; and the city of Poona, with its white musjids, its palms, and its many Hindoo temples.

Beneath a pale blue sky, a wall of darkish clouds seemed to touch the tops of the hills, and there appeared to be every likelihood of a thunder storm, which came, and was magnificent among the mountains which surrounded us on three sides. As the night advanced the lightning was constant, illumining the entire landscape, darting through the black clouds below us, and every now and then lighting up the river, which for the moment looked like a silver snake.

Singhur is thus well described by Grant Duff—

"Singhur is situated on the eastern side of the great Syhadree range, near the point at which the Poorundhur hills branch off into the Deccan; with these hills it only communicates on the east and west by very narrow ridges, while on the south and north it presents a huge rugged mountain, with an ascent of half a mile, in many parts nearly perpendicular. After arriving at this height, there is an immense craggy precipice of black rock, upwards of forty feet high; surmounting and similar to that which has in the first instance been described as a common feature in the mountains of the Concan and Ghaut Mata; surmounting the whole, there is a strong stone wall with towers. The fort is of a triangular shape, its interior upwards of two miles in circumference, and the exterior presents on all sides, the stupendous barrier already mentioned; so that except by the gates, entrance seems impossible.

"From the summit when the atmosphere is clear, is seen to the east the narrow and beautiful valley of the Neera; to the north a great plain, in the forepart of which Poona (where Sivajee passed his youth), is a conspicuous object; and though at the period, at which we have arrived, only a small town, it was destined to become the capital of the vast empire

he was founding. To the south and west appear boundless masses of rolling mountains lost in the blue sky, or mingled by distance with the sky." [1]

Singhur being near the cantonments of Poona and Kirkee is a delightful retreat for European families, several of whom had small bungalows there, with pretty gardens, where English flowers were sometimes *coaxed* to bloom.

It was at Singhur that the Brahmin who had caused two brothers, of the name of Vaughan, to be hung near Tullygaum, in the last Mahratta war in 1817, was confined in a wooden cage. These two gentlemen—one an engineer officer, the other a captain in the Madras army—were travelling from Bombay to Poona, where they were seized and murdered.

Sivajee got possession of the fort of Singhur after he had obtained Chakun. At that time Singhur was called Kondaneh, and belonged to the Moguls; but Sivajee restored its original name.[2]

This fort was alternately in the hands of Sivajee and the Moguls; and from hence, Sivajee performed his most daring predatory achievements, which are so agreeably described by Grant Duff, in

[1] *Grant Duff's History of the Mahrattas.* Vol. 1. Page 141.
[2] Ibid. Vol. I. Page 134.

his history of the Mahrattas; the perusal of which book will repay anyone, more especially those who reside in Western India.

Tolapoor is a little village on the banks of the Bhema, near Poona. A local tradition thus accounts for the name, which might be translated as 'weighing town.'

In his progress through the Deccan, the Emperor Aurungzebe came to a ferry, which then, as now, crossed the river near the village. While waiting for his troops to pass, he got into conversation with the ferryman, who had a great local reputation for humour, and mother wit. In trying to bandy repartees, the ferryman asserted that, "there was no living creature of which he could not give the exact weight;" whereupon the emperor demanded to know forthwith the exact weight of the elephant he had been riding. The ferryman begged the animal might be made to cross in his large ferry boat. This was accordingly done; and the ferryman marked the water line down to which the elephant's weight had sunk the boat. He then filled the boat with stones till it was sunk to the same line; and, after weighing the stones singly, reported their aggregate weight

to the emperor, as the exact counterpoise of his elephant. The story ends as all such stories should. The emperor was so pleased with the man's readiness and ingenuity, that he made a free grant of the village to him and his heirs, by the new name of Tolapoor.

Another version of the tale makes a grain-dealer, who followed the royal camp, the hero of the story. He was sitting by the side of the road, selling grain to the soldiers, as they came down to cross at the ferry. The emperor came up, and, while waiting for the boat, began to rally the pedlar on the clumsiness of the pair of scales he was using. The grain-dealer retorted "that they were better than they looked, for with them he could weigh even the elephant his majesty had been riding." The emperor ordered him to make good his boast, which, by resorting to the expedient of the ferry-boat and the stones, he accomplished, and received a grant of the village as his reward.

It must be remembered that the native ferry-boats on the large streams in the Deccan, are much more capacious and substantial than the cockle-shells at an English ferry. They are usually large barges, stoutly built of good teak timber, and capable of carrying fifty or sixty people at a trip.

They are very safe, and their clumsiness is to the natives a comparatively slight objection. Most of the rivers are fordable during the dry season, so that the ferry-boat is only needed when the stream is swollen during the rains, and when safety and capacity for carrying all the passengers who may collect during two or three hours are of more importance than speed. To build such a boat, which often costs from one hundred to two hundred pounds, or to create an endowment for ferrymen to carry over the poor free of charge, are reckoned by the Hindoos acts of charity almost as meritorious as building a temple, or sinking a well; and ferries so endowed are generally to be found on the rivers which cross the roads leading to all the great places of pilgrimage; to Nassick, to Punderpoor, &c., and on the main lines leading to the sacred Gunga.

Half-way up a hill, to the right of the road from Kirkee to Poona, is a temple. It is called Guneskondy, which signifies 'hill of Gunes,' who is the same as Gunputty, the elephant god.

An image of this god is said to have been miraculously found here, and the temple to have been in consequence dedicated to him. At the corners of the temple, near the roof, are two wooden tigers.

Inside, on the walls, are painted grotesque figures of gods and goddesses, with plenty of monsters and devils. There is a representation of Crishna and his wife performing a curious dance.

A Brahmin girl, in the temple, seeing I was amused at this dancing, said she and another girl with her would dance like Crishna and his consort.

Standing opposite to one another, and holding each other's hands, they joined their feet together, and bending their bodies as far back as possible without separating their hands or feet, they twirled round and round till it made one giddy to look at them. While doing this, they made the most extraordinary noises. Having finished the dance, they said "it was a favourite amusement of their gods!" for whom it seemed to me it might be a very wholesome, but somewhat undignified exercise.

A youthful priest in the temple, who was very communicative, informed me he was unmarried, his father wanting two hundred rupees before he got him a wife; but, he added, Devi would assist him, no doubt, in obtaining the money he so much desired. While I remained looking at the beautiful views and sunset, the same girls sat by me, singing a doleful ditty about a young maiden who went to a well. Her uncle was out shooting, and, taking her for a bird, shot the poor girl dead.

Korygaum on the Beema, is the village not far from Poona, which was so courageously defended by Captain Staunton (in 1818, with little more than 500 men, supported by two six-pounders, and 300 irregular horse) against the whole of the Mahratta force.

Grant Duff gives the following interesting account of the defence of Korygaum:—

"Most of the Peishwa's infantry, in number about 5000, had gone on in advance, towards the Bhore ghaut, east of Poona; but on first descrying the battalion, immediate orders were sent to recal them. As soon as they arrived, three bodies, of six-hundred choice men in each, consisting of Arabs, Gosaeens, and regular infantry, mixed together, advanced on three different points, under cover of the bank of the river, and supported by two guns, to storm the village. A continued shower of rockets was at the same time poured into it, and many of the houses were set on fire.

Captain Staunton had selected a commanding position for the guns; but, unfortunately, the interior of the village was not sufficiently reconnoitred, as there was a strong square enclosure commanding most of the streets, of which the enemy obtained possession, and whence they could not be dislodged.

The village was immediately surrounded by horse and foot, and the storming party was supported by fresh troops. All access to the river was speedily cut off. Captain Staunton was destitute of provisions, and the detachment, already fatigued from a long night march, now, under a burning sun, without food or water, began a struggle as trying as was ever maintained by the British in India. Every foot of ground was disputed, several streets were taken and retaken, but more than half the European officers being wounded, the Arabs made themselves masters of a small temple towards the east side of the village, generally used as a choultry, where three of the officers were lying wounded. Assistant-surgeon Wingate, one of their number got up, and went out, but was immediately stabbed by the Arabs, and his body cruelly mangled. Lieutenant Swanston, who had two severe wounds, had the presence of mind to advise his remaining companion to suffer the Arabs to rifle them unresistingly, which they did, but committed no further violence; and in the meantime a party of the battalion, under Lieutenant Jones and Assistant-surgeon Wyllie, arrived to their rescue, retook the choultry, avenged the death of Mr. Wingate, and carried their companions to a place of greater

safety. The sufferings of the wounded became extreme from thirst; and the men who continued the conflict were fainting, or nearly frantic, from the dreadful privation of water. Some of the artillerymen—all of whom bore a very conspicuous part in this glorious defence—proposed to Captain Staunton that they should surrender, if terms could be obtained. His determined refusal did not satisfy them; but Lieutenant Chisholm, their officer, being killed, the enemy, encouraged by this circumstance, rushed upon one of the guns, and took it. Lieutenant Thomas Pattinson, adjutant of the battalion, lying mortally wounded, being shot through the body, no sooner heard that the gun was taken, than getting up, he called to the grenadiers, 'once more to follow him,' and seizing a musket by the muzzle, rushed into the middle of the Arabs, striking them down right and left, until a second ball through his body completely disabled him. Lieutenant Pattinson had been nobly seconded; the sepoys, thus led, were irresistible, the gun was retaken, and the dead Arabs, literally lying above each other, proved how desperately it had been defended. The body of Lieutenant Chisholm was found by his gun with the head cut off; Captain Staunton judiciously took advantage of the circum-

stance, by pointing it out to the men, and telling them 'such was the way all would be served, who fell dead or alive into the hands of the Mahrattas,' on which they declared, 'they would die to a man,' and the conflict was resumed by all with the most determined valour. Captain Staunton, Lieutenant Jones, and Assistant-surgeon Wyllie were the only officers who remained fit for duty, and manfully persevered in continuing the defence. Their situation towards evening was very hopeless; Captain Staunton had apprized Colonel Burr of the difficulties he laboured under, and an unavailing attempt from Poona had been made for his relief. As the night fell, however, the vigour of the attack relaxed, and the men were able to procure a supply of water. By nine o'clock at night the firing ceased, and the village was evacuated by the Peishwa's troops. Next morning, the Mahratta army was still hovering round the village, and Captain Staunton opened his guns upon them as soon as he could see. They appeared to draw off in the direction of Poona; but they had heard of General Smith's approach, who was hastening forward with a very small force, in hopes that the Peishwa might be encouraged to make a stand; but Captain Staunton, not knowing of General

Smith's advance, and having reason to believe the enemy was in wait for him on the route to Poona, gave out that it was his intention to proceed thither. As soon as it was dark, however, taking as many of the wounded with him as he could carry, he moved out of the village, at first in the direction of Poona; then, changing his route, he retreated to Seroor, where he arrived next morning, with the loss of one hundred and seventy-five men in killed and wounded, of whom twenty were of the small detachment of artillery. Besides these, about one third of the auxiliary horse were killed, wounded, and missing." [1]

A large well, now dried up, was shown us, into which the bodies of those killed in the action were thrown.

There is a black stone pillar on which are engraven the names of the officers and men who fell on this memorable occasion. This monument is in the middle of an enclosure, ornamented with cypress and neem-trees.

The village, like many others in the Deccan, is dirty, and the houses little else than hovels.

One year, at the end of the monsoon, we went to Candallah, about forty miles from Poona, on the

[1] 'Grant Duff's History of the Mahrattas.'

road to Bombay. We had intended remaining at Candallah a couple of days, but the incessant rain, and no appearance of a 'break,' changed our plans, and we left, the next day, for Bombay.

A traveller's bungalow—never a cheerful place in the Deccan—is most wretched on a rainy day. In this one there were, besides the dining-room, two small rooms for myself and my maids. The gentlemen who accompanied me, were in a bungalow a quarter of a mile off.

I had come to Candallah for the sake of the scenery; and what did I see? Every now and then, from my window, I saw through a mist, as thin as a gauze, a brilliant, green ravine, distant hills, and the form of some beautiful tree; nearer were natives passing by—the rain pouring down their backs, rendered so shiny, you could see your own face in them; lazy buffaloes were strolling about; cocks and hens were quarrelling for the possession of bits thrown from the kitchen, which, while the dispute was going on, were carried off by the hungry dogs. Ponies, with long, outstretched necks, and with the anatomy of their bodies unpleasantly developed, stood drenched with rain. At last, it grew dark, and I shut out the mist, rain, and all the animate and inanimate, half-drowned objects. The interior

of my home was not more cheerful; the ceiling of the room was worn out by nearly four months' incessant rain, which now fell through into a pan of charcoal, and put out the fire.

We all met at dinner, and each had a dismal tale to relate. One person's servant had fever; one gentleman could not read, as the insects flew into the room and put out the candle; another had killed a snake near his room, and we all longed for the morning to leave this rainy region.

I was so fortunate, however, as to visit Candallah, again, and in fine weather; the scenery is, perhaps, even wilder than that at the Mahabaleshwur Hills. Few Europeans reside there. The hand of man has not been so busy in making drives, and cutting trees to give beautiful vistas.

There is a complete jungle everywhere, far and near, and all looks very *tigerish*. Near the travellers' bungalow, was a large trap for panthers, which are not by any means uncommon here. The trap is divided into two separate compartments, in one of which a living sheep or goat is placed at sunset; its bleating attracts the panther, which, entering the other compartment, the door falls down, and he finds himself in every sense '*taken in*.'

The cave or temple of Carli is not far from Candallah.

This magnificent excavation is high up in the mountain side, and cannot be seen from the road. The way thither is almost impracticable; there are heaps of rocks and jungly plants, over and through which the bearers had to carry the palanquins.

The temple is entirely cut out of the solid rock, and fills one with amazement; it seems as if it could not have been the work of *man*. It is dedicated to Boodhu. Ward, in his 'Literature and Mythology of the Hindoos,' says:—"It is a question not perhaps completely decided, whether the religion of Boodhu, now spread over the Burman empire, Siam, Ceylon, Japan, Cochin China, and the greater part of China itself, be not, in reality, the ancient religion of India, and the Brahminical superstition the invention of later times, and raised to predominance by the superior influence of the Brahmins with the princes of Hindoostan."

The large temple, including the vestibule, is one hundred and twenty feet long, and forty-six wide.

The ceiling is arched, and supported by wood. There are several pillars on each side of the temple.

"The entablatures," says More, in his 'Hindoo

Pantheon,' p. 245, "are elegantly formed of figures of men and women seated on kneeling elephants, whose probosci, joining the angles, form in graceful curves the volutes of the capitols."

The description of this temple in Lord Valentia's 'Voyages and Travels to India, Ceylon, the Red Sea, Abyssinia, and Egypt,' is well known. It is, therefore, unnecessary I should give any further account of it.

We were usually at Dapoorie during the festival called the Dussera.

It is in honor of Durga. More, speaking of this fête, remarks, "it is likely that this ceremony was one of gratitude for the past season, whence all necessaries are derived, for the rains may now be said to be closed, and the harvest in forwardness for reaping."[1] He adds however, "that no such idea can now be discovered among the modern Hindoos."

When the Dussera comes round, the peasants adorn the necks of their buffalos, cows, and goats, with garlands of flowers; the former having their horns often painted red, and red tassels suspended from them. It is a pretty sight.

The animals are then driven to a temple, dedicated to Durga or Parvati, where the peasants invoke her blessings on the cattle.

[1] *More's Hindoo Pantheon.*

One of the most singular observances of the Dussera season, is the custom of voluntarily swinging from an horizontal beam, to which the devotee is suspended by small iron hooks, inserted in the fleshy part of his back. The horizontal beam turns round on the head of another beam, which is fixed perpendicularly in the ground.

I cannot, of course, speak as an eye-witness, the ceremony is not one which I could attend merely to gratify my curiosity; but I have been assured by gentlemen who have been present, that there can be no doubt but that the hooks are actually inserted into the flesh, and support the whole weight of the body. The other end of the pole is then depressed, and the devotee elevated into the air, and slowly swung round, above the heads of the applauding crowd. He very rarely shows any symtoms of pain, but on the contrary, appears gratified by his temporary distinction.

This barbarous practice is supposed to propitiate the sanguinary goddess to whom the day is sacred.

The Dussera is always a great day with the horsekeepers. In India, every horse has his own groom, and on this festival they dress themselves out in their best, put garlands of flowers round their horses' necks, and bring them in a kind

of procession, in the hope of being allowed to pay their respects to the master of the house, and perhaps get a small present from him to assist at the merry-making, with which the day concludes. This is said to be in commemoration of the milk-white steeds of one of the five Pandoo brothers—the demigods whose heroic achievements form the theme of so many favourite Hindoo legends. The Pandoos selected this day for the commencement of the war which followed their twelve years' exile; and this is said to be the reason why the day was always chosen by the Mahrattas for beginning their annual predatory excursions. With them, the day always commenced with a general muster of all the warriors, in their best clothes, and on their showiest steeds. After performing solemn devotional rites to their swords, and other implements of war, a buffalo was led out and sacrificed—the rajah, or highest chief present, commencing the decapitation of the poor animal, whose head was hacked off by his attendants, and the ceremony concluded with every one rushing to the nearest field of corn, and carrying off a few ears of green corn, which he stuck in his turban.

But the days for these military pageants have passed away, and except the decoration of the

horses and cattle, the most noticeable ceremony in these degenerate times is the presentation of the leaves of the 'Sona' or golden tree. In the golden age the leaves of this tree[1] were pure gold, and though, in this iron age they are merely vegetable in substance, they are still presented as 'sona' or gold, with the expression of a wish for the receiver's prosperity. Every Hindoo carries at the season of the Dussera a bunch of the leaves with him, and presents a few to all friends he meets. Superiors are visited at their own houses, and the mock present of gold is made and received with perfect gravity.

Human sacrifices took place at Poona formerly, during this festival, which were continued till put an end to by Balajee Badjerow.[2]

Sir John Malcolm in his paper on the institutions and ceremonies of the Hindoo festival of the Dussera, gives the following interesting particulars on this subject, which he obtained from a Brahmin.

"The tribe of Brahmins called Kurradee, had formerly a horrid custom of annually sacrificing to their deities (sactis) a young Brahmin. The sacti

[1] I believe a species of Bauhinea—but I speak with caution.

[2] Balajee Badjerow died in 1761.

is supposed to delight in human blood; and is represented with three fiery eyes, and covered with red flowers. This goddess holds in one hand a sword, and in the other a battle-axe. The prayers of her votaries are directed to her, during the first nine days of the Dussera feast; and, on the evening of the tenth day, a grand repast is prepared, to which the whole family is invited. An intoxicating drug is contrived to be mixed with the food of the intended victim, who is often a stranger whom the master of the house has for several months—perhaps years—treated with the greatest kindness and attention; and sometimes, to lull suspicion, given him his daughter in marriage. As soon as the poisonous and intoxicating drug operates, the master of the house, unattended, takes the devoted person into the temple, leads him three times round the idol, and, on his prostrating himself before it, takes this opportunity of cutting his throat. He collects, with the greatest care, the blood in a small bowl, which he first applies to the lips of this ferocious goddess, and then sprinkles it over the body; and a hole having been dug at the feet of the idol for the corpse, he deposits it with great care, to prevent discovery. After perpetration of this horrid act, the Kurradee Brahmin returns to

his family, and spends the night in mirth and revelry, convinced that, by this praiseworthy act, he has propitiated the favour of his bloodthirsty deity for twelve years. On the morning of the following day, the corpse is taken from the hole in which it had been thrown, and the idol is deposited till next Dussera, when a similar sacrifice is made. The discontinuance of this horrid custom, however, of late years, is said principally to have arisen from the following circumstance:—At Poona a young and handsome Carnatic Brahmin, fatigued with travel, and oppressed by the scorching heat of the sun, sat himself down in the verandah of a rich Brahmin, who chanced to be of the Kurradee sect. The Brahmin shortly after passing by, and perceiving that the youth was a stranger, kindly invited him to his house, and requested him to remain till perfectly recovered from the fatigues of his journey. The unsuspecting Brahmin youth readily accepted this apparently kind invitation, and was for several days treated with so much attention and kindness, that he showed no inclination to depart. He had seen also the Kurradee Brahmin's beautiful daughter, and conceived for her a violent attachment. Before a month had elapsed, he asked and obtained her in marriage. They lived happily together till

the time of the Dussera had arrived, when the deceitful old Brahmin, according to his original intention, determined to sacrifice his son-in-law to the goddess of his sect. Accordingly, on the tenth day of the feast he mixed an intoxicating, poisonous drug in his victuals, not, however, unperceived by his daughter. She, being passionately fond of her husband, contrived, unobserved, to exchange the dish with that of her brother, who in a short time became senseless.

The unlucky father, seeing the hapless state of his son, and despairing of his recovery, carried him to the temple, and with his own hands put him to death, and made to his idol an offering of his blood. This being perceived by the young Brahmin, he asked his wife the meaning of so shocking and unnatural an action.

She replied by informing him of his recent danger, and the particulars of the whole affair. Alarmed for his own safety, and desirous that justice should be inflicted on the cruel Brahmin, he effected his escape, and, repairing to the peishwa, fell at his feet, and related the whole affair. Orders were instantly given to seize every Kurradee Brahmin in the city of Poona, and particularly the infamous perpetrator of the horrid

deed. He was, with a number of others similarly convicted, put to death; and all the sect were expelled the city, and strict injunctions laid on the inhabitants to have, in future, as little connexion with them as possible.

By this well-timed severity, Balajee Badjerow effectually prevented the recurrence of similar crimes; and the Kurradee Brahmins now content themselves with sacrificing a sheep or a buffalo." [1]

[1] *Bombay Literary Transactions*, vol. iii.

END OF VOL. I.

PRINTED BY CHARLES BEVAN AND SON, CHAPEL STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE.